

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1884.

## THE HILL-SUBURBS OF CINCINNATI.



NEWPORT BRIDGE AND MOUNT ADAMS.  
(FROM KENTUCKY SIDE.)

LARGE towns, like great men, are apt to develop in unexpected places; yet now and then the destiny of a city seems to have been preordained by the advantages of its site. There are irrepressible towns. The destruction of Buenos Ayres, for instance, would be followed by an immediate reconstruc-

tion. Damascus was a large city before Abraham's father pitched his tent at Haran, and has remained a large city in spite of earthquakes and crusades; and I do not believe that any combination of mishaps could have prevented the development of Cincinnati after the peculiarities of its site had once attracted the attention of a house-building race. In the summer of 1788 a party of New-Jersey and Kentucky pioneers explored the border-land of the "Great West," and decided to make their homes in the valley of the Ohio. There were several populous settlements at the head of the river,—towns with colleges and factories,—and Louisville, Kentucky, was prospering under the auspices of a protecting garrison; but the explorers preferred to renounce all artificial advantages and settle in the wilderness of the Shawanee Indians, in a valley where not less

than four navigable streams mingled their waters with those of the Ohio,—the Licking River, the Little Miami, and the Great Miami, with its broad tributary the Whitewater River.

In this Punjab of the West, Judge Symmes, of New Jersey, obtained a grant of one million acres of land, and erected a provisionary fort at North Bend, a few miles above the mouth of the Great Miami; but the Kentuckians, who had explored the ground more thoroughly, encamped just opposite the mouth of the Licking River, and at once went to house-building, confident in the self-recommending advantages of their location. Those advantages were, indeed, not easy to surpass. On both sides of the river were long stretches of deep water, where large vessels could approach the landing. There was a strait, where a battery of moderate calibre could command the river from shore to shore. On either side successive mountain-ranges were broken by a series of river-gates, formed in the south by the valley of the Licking and in the north by the Little Miami and the "Mill Creek." Along the banks of the latter stream a broad plain extends northward and upward, forming an estuary of rich bottom-lands, while the upper levels were entirely safe against all dangers of inundation. But the chief charm of the incomparable city site is the number of its *natural suburbs*. Athens, Edinburgh, Prague, Cape Town, and Gibraltar vaunt their acropolis hills, crowned with castles or ancient forts; but Cincinnati has not less than fourteen detached table-mountains, varying in height from two hundred to five hundred feet,—some mere isolated hills, others large enough to have water-works and tramways of their own, and all distinguished by a variety of topographical characteristics. Natural topographical divisions have made the fortune of Greece, of Rome, and partly of Great Britain. Division begets emulation, and as soon as the first Cincinnati merchants planted their villas on the heights they began to vie in beautifying their "ridge-ways" and rival "lookout-points." The de-

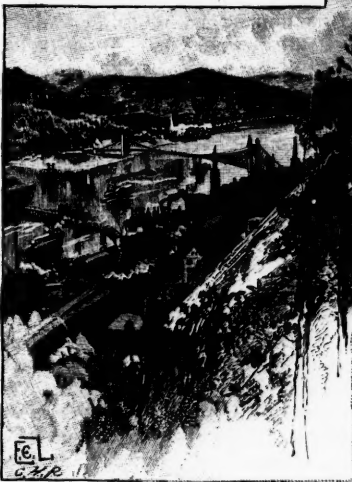
fects of the primitive hill-roads at first limited such improvements to the lower plateaus, but want of superfluities soon ceased to be an obstacle to higher developments. Fifteen years after the arrival of the first settlers the increase of population had already made it evident that Cincinnati was destined to become the leading city of the Ohio Valley.

At first the settlement at North Bend had the advantage of a fortified barrack; but one by one the settlers seceded to the "hill-camp," some in quest of better landings, others on account of the scenic attractions: Judge Symmes somehow managed to make himself unpopular, and, as mishaps rarely come alone, the fate of his colony was soon after sealed by the transmigration of the entire garrison. Tradition says that Ensign Luce, the post commander, devoted his leisure to the composition of canzonets on the black eyes of a North-Bend lady, till the lady's husband, alarmed at the progressive pathos of these effusions, sold his lot and shipped his household goods to Cincinnati. Ensign Luce soon after became topographical. He discovered that the river at North Bend was rather too wide for the range of his swivel-gun. He noticed that the camp was domineered by the heights of the Miami bluffs; he quoted Vauban on the advantages of isolated plateaus, and at last horrified Mr. Symmes by the announcement that his sense of duty obliged him to remove his garrison to the "upper camp." The Kentuckians had as yet not agreed on the name of their new settlement. There were two parties: Professor Filson proved that the only appropriate name should be "Losantiville,"—from *os*, a "mouth," and *anti*, "opposite," while the first *L* could stand for a French article, as well as for the initial letter of the Licking; Governor St. Clair, an admirer of antique simplicity in manners and nomenclature, proposed the name of *Cincinnati*. Superior fitness prevailed, and the governor's idea was adopted, with a slight modification. North Bend collapsed; "Venice," on the swampy south shore of the river, failed to become a Queen of the Lagoons; Newport

and Covington just managed to take root. But the city of twice seven hills flourished. Street after street expanded the circle of her circumference, and the first acropolis developed on the plateau of Mount Adams.

The hill rises almost from the centre of the city, which surrounds its base on all but the east sides, where a narrow ravine divides it from the uplands of Eden Park. On the brow of the western declivity, where the old colonists used to celebrate their picnics and May-days under the shade of the forest-trees, a famous hill-top resort now attracts the pleasure-seeker,—the "Highland House," a combination of turrets, pavilions, dancing-halls, restaurants, and glass-covered esplanades. It can be

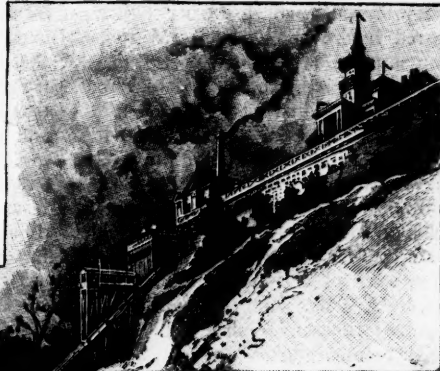
reached by an inclined-plane railway; but the magnificent view from all parts of the house and grounds would more than repay the trouble of a mountain-tour. The Ohio River, with its great bridges and picturesque shores, is visible for a stretch of eleven miles; in the south the blue hills of the Kentucky highlands; west, north, and northeast a bird's-eye view of almost the whole low-



VIEW FROM MOUNT ADAMS.

land part of the city. Mount Adams rises about four hundred feet above the level of the river, or three hundred above the base of the inclined plane.

Yet one of the church-steeple attains almost the same altitude,—the spire of the First Presbyterian Church, near the corner of Fourth and Walnut Streets, which towers two hundred and eighty-five feet above its foundations,—con-



siderably exceeding the height of Grace Church, New York. This Calvinistic minster occupies the site of a meeting-house which for years had nothing but a rude belfry to distinguish it from the cabins of the first settlers. James Kemper, the first regular minister, describes

it as "a building neither lathed, plastered, or ceiled, but enclosed with substantial clapboards."

The eastern gate of the Highland House opens upon a broad gravel road, which leads across a viaduct into the uplands of Eden Park, with its marvellous panorama of the river-valley, which is here visible from the mouth of the Little Miami to the steep cliffs of Sedansville and the summit of Price's Hill, the Montmartre of the "American Paris." The fortified peninsula at the mouth of the Licking has some resemblance to the *glacis* of the Ile de la Cité, but there analogies end: the valley of the Seine is broader and flatter, and the wooded highlands of the Kentucky

shore recall rather the glories of the Bergstrasse, near Heidelberg, or the Val de Sambre, above Namur. South of the Alps all but the highest mountain-lands are sadly destitute of forests; and where the vegetable mould has been washed away by the rains of eighteen centuries, arboriculture is a problem very different from the replanting of recently-felled forest-trees, as on the plateau of the Eden highlands, where the primeval woods had entirely disappeared before the district was turned into a park. Ninety-five per cent. of all replanted trees and shrubs took root, and in less than twelve years a naked table-land has been almost restored to its original shadiness and verdure. On the southern declivity of the park a natural ravine, surrounded by immense walls of solid masonry, forms the chief reservoir of the city water-works. The stone-work of the two enormous tanks has cost the city nearly four million five hundred thousand dollars. These artificial mountain-lakes are fed through subterranean pipes by the "Shields Pump," said to be the largest steam-engine in the world. It has a cylinder of nearly eight feet in diameter, and a pumping-capacity of *twenty million gallons* per day. Yet the city has not only four other reservoirs, but several hundred "municipal cisterns;" and to this abundance of water-supply it is perhaps owing that Cincinnati has thus far escaped the danger of a general conflagration. The half-finished building on the summit-hill of the park promises to rival the "Music-Hall" as the chief attraction of the city. The original plan was to make the "Park Museum" an art-gallery, but the trustees have decided to make it, besides, a depository of miscellaneous curiosities of antiquities and natural history, like the Museo Borbonico in Naples,—perhaps the only building of that kind which can be said to equal it in the beauty of its site.

Walnut Hills, east of Eden Park, is more than an aggregation of suburban residences. It is a highland city, with churches, markets, and even factories of its own, combined with hill-parks in a

way which embodies the prototype of the coming manufacturing town. The business-centres of the future will be plateau-cities. With our modern appliances of hydrostatics and steam-power, the difficulty of hoisting the raw material of life should not stand in the way of the advantages which highland dwellings enjoy over lowland abodes. The facilities of drainage, purer and cooler air, scenic charms, and the absence of malaria fully justify the Oriental's predilection for hill-cities; and the expenses of a system of public freight-elevators would be a trifle, compared with the direct gain in the health and comfort and indirectly in the working capacity of the inhabitants. In mid-summer an elevation of four hundred feet more or less makes often all the difference between comfort and sweltering misery; and on the slopes of Look-out Mountain and other foot-hills of the Southern Alleghanies the mosquito-and-fever-line is as well known as the timber-line in the Upper Alps. From the window of a street-car, Macmillan Street, on the very ridge of Walnut Hills, might be mistaken for a commercial thoroughfare in the most prosaic district of the Chicago business-quarters, and, after that impression, no contrast can be more striking than the view from the southern terminus of the same street, on the steep ridge overlooking the valley of the Ohio and the terraced gardens at the foot of the precipice.

The channel of the river here hugs the north shore, without much danger from tumbling rocks, since the railroads have escarped the cliffs; but a hundred years ago such points afforded fatal facilities for Indian ambushes. "Yesterday, one of our men was killed and four badly wounded," Judge Symmes writes from North Bend, "by a party of about fifteen Indians, who fired on the ensign as he was escorting several citizens in his boat about seven miles up the Ohio from this place, who were going to work on their houses in a new town erecting there. Mr. John Mills, your neighbor, and William Montgomery, of Kentucky, were the only citizens



wounded. Mr. Mills received a shot that entered under his right shoulder-blade and came out through his ribs."

Like William Penn, the judge at first tried a conciliatory policy, though not with the success of the persuasive Quaker, for soon after we find him a convert to the logic of gunpowder and importuning the authorities for more troops. "Beyond all doubt," he writes to Captain Dayton, "we are the most advanced settlement on the frontier of the United States, and yet all our guard is an ensign and twelve men to defend the most perilous post in the Western country. I beg,

sir, to repeat that we are really distressed here for the want of troops. If, therefore, you have influence with General Knox, do prevail with him to order us some further protection."

Soon afterward, things came, indeed, to a crisis, in spite of a personal interview with Black Beard, the Shawanese sachem, who had expressed his willingness to negotiate, though without concealing his mistrust in the pacific overtures of the settlers. "The chief," reports the representative of the colony, "wished to be informed how far I was supported by the United States, and



ENTRANCE TO EDEN PARK.

whether the 'Thirteen Fires' had sent us hither. I answered in the affirmative, and spread before him the thirteen stripes which I had in a flag then in my camp. I pointed to the troops in their uniform, then on parade, and informed the chief that those were the warriors which the Thirteen Fires kept in constant pay to avenge their quarrels. I also showed him the seal of my commission, on which the American arms are impressed, observing that while the eagle had a branch of a tree as an emblem of peace in one claw, she had strong and sharp arrows in the other, which denoted her power to vanquish her enemies. The chief, who observed the device with great attention, replied, by the interpreter, that he could not perceive any

intimation of peace from the attitude of an eagle bearing a whip in one claw and such a number of arrows in the other, and, with her spread wings, seeming to be wholly bent on war and mischief."

Farther east the table-land still rises, till it culminates in the heights of Mount Lookout and Mount Washington, both exceeding an elevation of five hundred feet above the level of the Ohio. These ridges and the intermediate highlands of East Walnut Hills are dotted with charming villas, many of them sequestered in sylvan dells where the neighborhood of a large city might be forgotten, if it were not for the signal-shrieks of the numerous railroads which converge in the narrow valley between the base of the mountains and the river-shore. The

Little Miami Railroad, which here enters the Ohio Valley, was the first Western road that adopted the system of special passenger-trains, and its night-express now carries travellers to the Pennsylvania terminus in less time than the first settlers could reach the next county seat. Only eighty years ago, Major Swan congratulates himself on the rapid transit of an expedition which passed more than a month on the road from Cincinnati to Pittsburg. "We arrived here after a passage of *only forty-four days*," he writes; "but we exhausted our provisions and groceries, and had to lay in a fresh stock at Marietta, at which place I purchased thirteen pairs of shoes for my men."

Four times within the last ten years the table-land suburbs have received a large access of population by the concourse of sight-seers and of refugees from the devastations of the river-floods. The average depth of the channel varies here from two to three fathoms; yet in the winter of 1876 the river rose forty-eight feet within as many hours; in 1882 it rose nearly fifty feet, in 1883 sixty-eight feet, and in 1884 more than seventy feet. Whole streets of the littoral suburbs were not only flooded, but submerged and obliterated. The rise of the "backwater" turned creeks into rivers, valleys into bays, plains into vast, surging lakes covered with the spoils of a thousand ruined homesteads. Rocks or stanch trees that managed to stand their ground became natural flood-gauges, constantly watched by anxious observers, who knew that every foot of vertical rise meant additional square miles of submerged lowlands,—“rich farms swept into the maddened current and gone; a thousand homes, with all their penates, their sweet associations that no relief-committee can restore, all scattered upon the waves and on their way to the Gulf.”

Yet to some observers the yearly-increasing magnitude of the visitation had still another meaning,—a dire prognostic significance. That winter floods are caused by the destruction of forests in mountain-countries is as well established

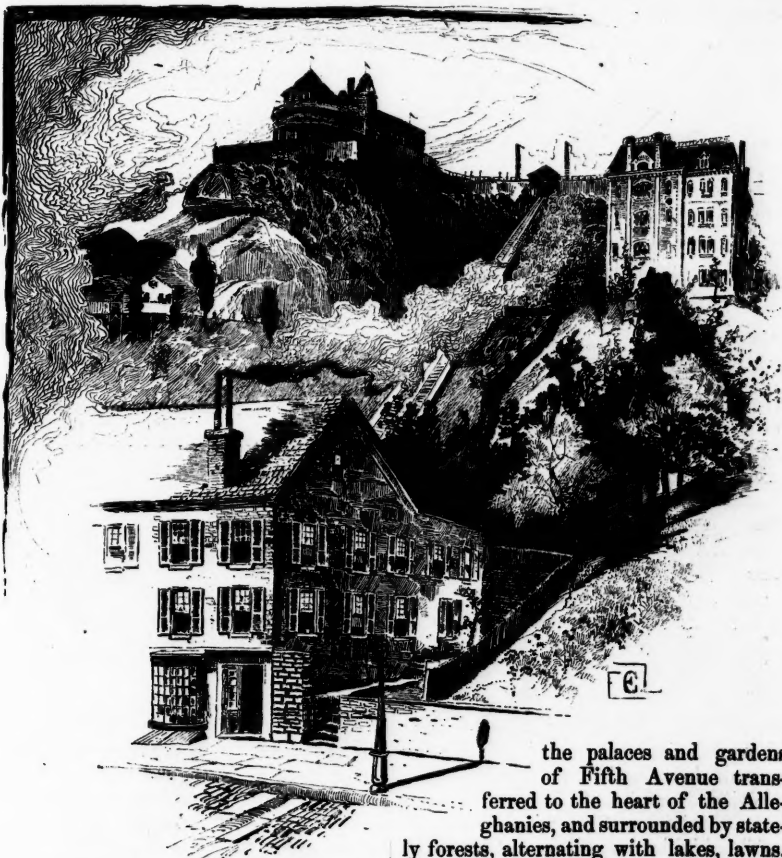
as any fact in the physical geography of our planet. European rivers, which once preserved their average level as steadily as the great lakes of our northern frontier, shrink now to humble brooks in summer and deluge their valleys in winter. "*Qualis estate, talis solet esse hyeme*," ("It is the same in winter as in summer,") says the emperor Julian of the Seine, a river which now varies more than forty feet in the levels of its water-marks. The Mella, an Italian river once famous for its "mellifluous current" and the Arcadian beauty of its shores, has caused more damage by its last inundation than its shore-dwellers can hope to repair in the course of a century. The Po now runs at a level of forty feet above its ancient bed, and still rises by flooding its valley with a yearly deluge of gravel and detritus. Spain, Dalmatia, and Southern France have witnessed similar changes. The Loire has repeatedly caused emigration *en masse* by totally ruining the bottom-land settlements of its upper valley. The Rhone has reduced hundreds of fertile plains to a state of desolation which Blanqui compares to the havoc of the Vandal invasion. But the Rhone drains only eighteen thousand square miles of mountain-lands, while the Upper Ohio, with its mountain-tributaries, embraces a surface of more than forty thousand square miles; and, as the work of forest-destruction is still progressing year after year, the floods of the last decade may be only a playful allusion to the possibilities of the next fifty years. The Ohio does not drain an alpine country, but the Alleghanies are quite as high and steep as the Cévennes, which have repeatedly flooded the valley of the Loire with "torrents that turned whole villages into ruins and a fertile plain into a chaos of débris and diluvium."

The farmers of the Mill Creek Valley have already become familiar with similar scenes. From the Chester Park hippodrome, seven miles north of Cincinnati, through Cummingsville, to the shores of the Ohio, a long stretch of demolished buildings marks the track

of the terrible "backwater" that poured through the mountain-gates of the estuary as if the drainage of the valley had been inverted. The grassy slopes of the foot-hills are smeared with sediment,

the tops of tall trees are festooned with hay and reeds, as if a whirlwind had thus scattered its spoils.

But extremes meet, and, by a strange contrast, this valley of desolation borders



BELLEVUE HOUSE, AND THE UNIVERSITY.

upon the finest highland park on the North-American continent,—the incomparable mountain-suburb of Clifton. I have seen Vaucluse, and the Val d'Arno, and the Hellenen-Thal, near Vienna, but I believe that, even in Europe, Clifton has only one rival,—the mountain-paradise of Wilhelmshöhe, which the Elector of Hesse adorned at the expense of a hundred ill-gotten millions. Imagine

the palaces and gardens of Fifth Avenue transferred to the heart of the Alleghanies, and surrounded by stately forests, alternating with lakes, lawns, statues, garden-temples, and botanical parks, with a rivulet in every dell and a boundless prospect from all the heights, and we may form an idea of the results which wealth and the art of landscape-gardening can effect in the course of a single generation, even in the bleak latitudes of Upper North America, and perhaps a dim idea of what nature and the art of a hundred garden-loving generations combined may have once produced in the Eden of the Mediter-

raean coast-lands. He who would materialize the spirit of the *Orbis Romanus*, of "the land still breathing the fragrance of a long-withered paradise, still gilded by the memory of a sun that set two thousand years ago," should visit Hesse-Cassel, in Europe, and the highlands of Clifton, in North America. Clifton contains about twelve hundred acres of land. Ninety years ago, Captain Dayton, the New-Jersey land-speculator, admonished his Western agent not to sell any good Ohio farms at less than forty cents per acre. "You have been selling your lands, I am told, for two shillings specie," he writes from Elizabethtown. "The price at this moment seems to be, and undoubtedly is, a good one; but as much cannot be said of it when you find hereafter that, in consequence of the rise of certificates, another acre in another payment may cost you in specie two shillings and sixpence." Hill-farms, however, still went at the old price; and sixty years ago all Clifton could probably have been bought for three hundred dollars. The present aggregate value of its real estate has been estimated at twenty-five millions. Ten or twelve of its palatial residences would compare favorably with the princely castles of Continental Europe. The mountain-seat of Mr. Henry Probasco is a magnificent structure of blue limestone, in the Anglo-Norman style. The residences of Mr. William Resor, Mr. George Schoenberger, and Mr. Thomas Sherlock, tower high above the trees of the summit-forests, and some of the viaducts and artificial cascades emulate the splendor of Fontainebleau.

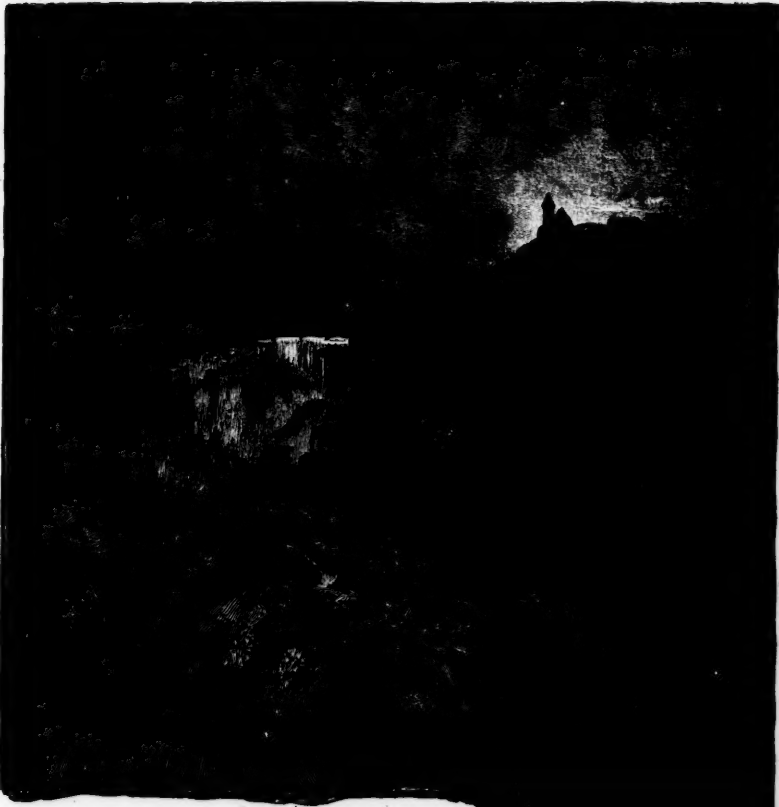
The highland road from Clifton to the city is lined with country-seats, and terminates on the esplanade of the "Bellevue House," where visitors may take the cars of the Inclined Plane, or linger to enjoy the view,—a bird's-eye panorama of the northern or upper part of the city and the terraced hill-sides from Cummingsville to Mount Adams. The conspicuous fabric on the slope of the next foot-hill is the "University of Cincinnati,"—a structure combining all the ugliest features which so often dis-

tinguish corporation-buildings from private edifices. An ungainly, top-heavy mass of masonry, it rises from the declivity of a naked mound, like an obelisk stuck into the flank of a sand-hill. In a solitude it would be nothing but a monument of bad taste; but *in situ quo* it serves at least as an effective foil to the charm of the pretty villas around.

The "Key's House," at the corner of University Lane and the Hamilton Pike, was erected in 1825, having been begun by Martin Baum and completed by Nicholas Longworth, who passed here the last seven years of his life. Another old landmark is the "Home of the Good Shepherd," in the square on Bank Street. It was once the residence of Major Dan Gano. On Third Street, between Elm and Plum, there stands a sample of a style of architecture which once prevailed in all the fashionable city quarters of North America,—a massive, one-story building, with a broad portico and Grecian temple-façades.

Between Clifton Heights and the Mill Creek Valley a long series of hill-side gardens extends along the line of the Miami Canal, which is crossed by numerous viaducts connecting with avenues that lead up to the Clifton table-land and the summit of Mount Auburn. In summer-time the canal, *nem. con.*, serves as a free public bath for all the gamins of the western suburbs, the German truck-farmers of the Mill Creek Valley being the reverse of prejudiced, and the police instructed or permitted to connive. Shoals of splashing youngsters almost obstruct the boat-channel, and the jubilee of the aquatic sports is often heard on the hill-tops of the opposite highlands.

Burnet Woods and Mount Auburn are so blended by shady avenues that picnickers sometimes stray into the private grounds of the splendid mountain-suburb, like the wood-birds that visit their cousins in the martin-boxes. The Cincinnati parks are veritable aviaries; every song-bird is sacred, and even the sparrows follow their naughty pursuits with local impunity; and in the



tops of the tall park-trees nest-birds can dispense with protective legislation. The English starling and the German yellow-hammer (*Emberiza citrinella*) have been successfully acclimatized; but the strains of the European nightingale do not yet lead the melodies of the wood-choir, and her next relative, the New-England garden-warbler, is here but a silent winter guest. A few rabbits, and a fox or two, still maintain the struggle for existence in the thickets of the old park,—the last survivors of a host of game-animals whose numbers seemed once practically inexhaustible. Not only bears, panthers, and elk abounded in the Miami swamps, but even buffaloes grazed here in countless herds, and wolves prowled around the night-camps of the first explorers. "Last week, in attempting to go from North Bend to Ludlow's Station," writes Judge Symmes, "I got lost, and was two days in the woods alone, and at last found myself near Dunlap, on the Big Miami. The weather was very dark and rainy all the while. I escaped the Indians, but the wolves had nearly devoured



VIEW FROM WALNUT HILLS.



me in the night, as I could make no fire."

On the same hills where once the wolves serenaded the camp-fires of the Miami settlers, the suburb of Corryville forms now the centre of a net-work of railroads which connect the Ohio Valley with all portions of the United States, and make Cincinnati what Washington was seventy years ago and St. Louis hopes to become a hundred years hence,—the true central city of the Union. The "centre of population" is, indeed, only a few miles southwest from here, and seems to be moving in the direction of Louisville,—that is, Kentucky-ward, rather than toward Missouri. If augurs could deal in certainties, a student of North-American statistics might achieve a prophet's fame by the prediction that the star of our empire is going to change its westward course and turn the tide of immigration from the treeless prairies into the strangely-neglected garden-lands of the South. The aboriginal population, however, seems to recede on centrifugal lines. There are Indians in the State of New York; in Maine they have whole settlements, and they have stood their ground in Florida and Oregon; but from their old strongholds in the Central States they are gone forever,—swept away by the stream of through-travellers; and Cincinnati is probably farther from the next wigwam or bear-den than any other part of the North-American continent.

But, by that curious law of human nature which one might call the attraction of contrasts, this very scarcity of the free *feræ naturæ* makes the captives of the zoological garden intensely popular. Cockneys delight in Leather-Stocking Tales, and North-Americans in Oscar Wilde's moonshine lyrics. An African sultan who would not give a fig for all the marvels of the Jardin des Plantes sells his best sultana for a red waistcoat; and the family of a Cincinnati back-alley tailor emulate the self-denial of Dr. Tanner to save the means of enjoying their Sunday at the Zoo. The Zoo has weaned thousands from their beer-cellars. It is something more

than a lazaretto of dying animals. Colonel Thompson, the managing superintendent, who has visited all the principal hunting-grounds of the tropics, has contrived to reduce the mortality of his boarders to a minimum, and this without importing Java figs for his monkeys or Oregon salmon for his seals. The secret of his success is *diversion*: he has found that by providing pastimes for his *protégés* they can be induced to pass twice as much time in the land of the living. With rare exceptions, solitary confinement has been abolished; the pets are cheered by home-influences; they live with their families or their next available relatives, and in roomy, comfortable quarters well stocked with such playthings as the lodgers are apt to appreciate. The elephant increases the emoluments of his position by making himself useful on the pony-track and perambulating the avenues with a cargo of school-picnickers, and, in consequence, is worshipped enough to satisfy the ambition of his sacred Siamese cousin. The liberality of his country visitors encourages his predilection for prize-pumpkins; but there is not much danger of peptic embarrassments. An Alleghany mountaineer once instructed his hired man about calculating the material of a "rock chimney:" "Make a fair estimate of how many rocks it will take, and then get at least ten times as many, and you will be just about right." The same rule holds good in computing the break-fast-capacity of a full-grown elephant.

There is a large aviary of Guinea paroquets, where the pretty little epitomes of their species have not only perching- and climbing-trees, but hollow logs for nest-building and an abundance of the wherewithal in the shape of lint and chopped hay. They are at it all day long, selecting and assorting the material and dragging it home, or stealing from each other. A detected thief at once takes refuge in the crowd of the general assembly and tries to divert attention by joining in the outcry and pitching into some weaker comrade, who frequently thus becomes the scapegoat

of public indignation. There are executive committees and revolts against the abuse of their power; partisan wars and intrigues, accompanied by incessant flute-concerts; a musical drama of Mexican politics on the wing. In the narrow cage of a bird-fancier's shop these same paroquets sit together pair-wise, so mute and immovable that they might be mis-

taken for the dullest representatives of the feathered tribe.

The carnivora house has a series of double family-rooms,—i.e., each set of quarters has an outside antechamber, and a snug interior parlor with a pendulum-door that permits the lodgers to pass to and fro, according to their individual preference for a higher or lower



but before sunset their prowling propensity reawakens; they step out and march around the circle of their barred veranda, mustering the crowd in the garden, or interchanging significant glances,—probably gastronomical remarks on the appearance of the passers-by.

The monkey-house is arranged on a similar plan, but the inmates have too many domestic *imbroglios* to pay much attention to the affairs of the outdoor world. Their sleek appearance leaves no doubt that the artificial summer of their hotel agrees with their constitution in spite of their low diet (farinaceous, chiefly) and still lower morals, for there are few moments in the day when they are not either stealing or fighting. They steal on principle. Every other propensity yields to the ruling passion: a four-hander seems to think it his duty to keep his twenty fingers busy, and would rather lose his best friend than an opportunity for peculation. Colonel Thompson's *monos*, or macaque monkeys, breed as freely as cats: the warm corner-cages are full of nursing macaques with babies or half-grown bantlings; and every

temperature. In his essay on the habits of the *Felidæ* in captivity, Dr. W. A. Conklin mentions the curious fact that in travelling menageries lions seem not only to thrive but often breed and multiply. "This," he adds, "may be attributed to the changes of air and scenes in the circus life." But in the Cincinnati Zoo such opportunities are combined with the advantages of domestic comfort. After dinner even the restless tigers indulge in a few hours' siesta in the quietest corner of their in-door cage;

visitor may satisfy himself by a practical experiment that monkey-mothers have no scruples about robbing their own children. They hug them, they clean them, they protect them against every danger, but at the sight of a tidbit the grand passion prevails: if the youngster has not ratified his prior claim by instant deglutition, the parent snatches the prize not only out of his hands, but out of his teeth, picks the crumbs out of his cheek-pouches, and is apt to silence protests by boxing the ears of the victim. In their native tropics, where the forest teems with spontaneous fruits, that sort of egotism may react on the child as a useful incentive to self-help; but in captivity young monkeys, with all their quick-wittedness, are apt, like French sceptics, to get as lean as death and sin combined, unless the keeper feeds them "on the sly," by diverting the attention of the ruthless parent.

But no amount of human ingenuity can devise means to preserve the peace in a cageful of miscellaneous four-handers; and during a general scrimmage it is curious to notice how, *faute de mieux*, single representatives of a variety take the part of their next relatives, even against dangerous odds. In the main hall, the "Boss," a strapping big mandril, had been caged with a number of minor monkeys, and bullied them as Kaiser Wilhelm does the smaller German princes. They were all against him, but the autocrat asserted his claims by four canine fangs an inch and a half long and as sharp as Prussian bayonet-points. The opposition, however, was led by four veteran macaques, about the most headstrong and certainly the most *handstrong* creatures of their size; and one morning, before the mandril had emerged from his sleeping-corner, these sachems convoked a mass-meeting. Monkeys of all sizes and ages put their heads together, grunting and chattering, with occasional vicious leers at the "Boss." They held, evidently, a council of war. When his majesty at last appeared upon his usual perch, the grunts of the assembly rose to loud groans, and soon to defiant screams, which announced that

the council had come to a resolution. One dare-devil of a volunteer mounted the centre-pole, and, with a sudden jump, landed upon the kaiser's back, gave him a sharp bite, and sprang aside, in time to save his neck. The Boss faced about, speechless with rage; but at that moment the macaques, with all their cousins and congeners, fell upon him like a swarm of pirates; and the records of the superintendent attest the fact that by the sudden energy of their co-operative assault they actually managed to overthrow an adversary who could have massacred them singly at the rate of a dozen a minute. They bit his face till the blood blinded his eyes; they tore his hands, his neck, and his abdominal integuments; and when the keepers finally rescued him he was so distracted with fear that he cowered and whimpered at the mere screams of his triumphant opponents. He was for a week on the sick-list, though, as a general rule, a scrimmage that would disable any other animal only sharpens the appetite of a baboon.

In the fish-hall of Amsterdam I once saw sea-lions kept in tubs where the period of their survival was generally measured by weeks; but the specimens in the Cincinnati Zoo thrive and multiply; their tank is ten feet deep and about forty feet in diameter, and they have an aquatic race-course of a circular construction which enables them to keep up the illusion of swimming ahead for hours together. The camelopards have a most comfortable little cottage of their own, warmed by steam and lined with fine hay, so that in the intervals of meals the lodgers can take free lunches out of their vegetable tapestry. All creatures that can stand the climate are permitted to camp in the open air. There is a miniature deer-park, a prairie-dog town, and an open fish-otter pond. There seems somehow to be a popular misconception about the caloric needs of the camel. Instead of being an exclusively tropical creature, he is, in fact, a native of the northern temperate zone; and in Bactria, the only country where he has ever been found in a wild state,

the winters are about as severe as in Northern Ohio. There is a large camel-stud near Leghorn, in Italy, where they live the year round in the open air. In Cincinnati they content themselves with a mere board shed, and often volunteer to visit the out-door world in mid-winter.

Behind the camel-stable there are race-tracks, swings, and artificial lakes, with boats, besides limitless facilities for picnic-camps; and, though the restaurant dispenses only the milder kinds of beverages, the Cincinnati Zoo is, on the whole, the most popular pleasure-resort in the United States. In the neighboring suburb of Avondale, the inhabitants of several hill-top settlements behind the garden enjoy a gratuitous view of the out-door part of the show, and rents have in consequence advanced. A convenient mode of access is by a narrow-gauge railroad, with a *dépôt* on Main Street and four trains per hour.

Another narrow-gauge leads due north to Mount Pleasant, a pretty little orchard village, and College Hill, the seat of Farmer's College, long the most popular educational institute in the West. Both suburbs nestle among the hills that rise west of the Mill Creek Valley. Where those hills terminate at the mouth of the creek an inclined-plane road, with a large freight-elevator, leads up to the summit of Price's Hill, a fashionable suburb, with a highland hotel that affords a

grand view of the Ohio and the Mill Creek heights. From the esplanade of Price's Hill the highlands across the river look sylvan and rustic, compared with the hills on the north shore. Southwest of Price's Hill, where the suburbs end, the shores are for miles covered with vineyards that make Cincinnati the only North-American rival of Anaheim, in Southern California.

The turreted building that towers above the tree-tops of a round hill in the north is the "Schützen-Platz," or "Fairmount" Park, once a Baptist seminary, and now a popular pleasure-resort, where Hans Breitmann hobnobs with the Kentucky Bourbons or waltzes on the floor of the old Musik-Haus. The *haus* is but a humble structure compared with the dancing-hall of the Highland Hotel, and the music is not always classical. But Fairmount has one advantage which makes many visitors prefer it to all the hill-top resorts of the city,—its wealth of magnificent shade-trees. Between the park and the heights of English Woods the plateau is still covered with the old oaks and hickories of the great Western sylvania, the veritable primeval forest of the North-American continent; and on quiet summer days the solitude of the leafy arcades recalls the times when Judge Symmes lost his way in the woods and the song-thrushes were the leading musicians of the Ohio Valley.



## THE PERFECT TREASURE.

## FOUR PARTS.—III.

COUSIN JOB was as good as his word. Before the girls were down next morning he went out for a walk on the Promenade, and came home to find his aunt enjoying the fashionable intelligence in the "Looker-On," in which, among the arrivals, figured the name of "Mr. Joseph Ketchum, United States." "Call that a newspaper!" said he indignantly when his attention was called to the interesting fact. He took it in his hand, flipped it scornfully with his thumb and middle finger, and, after careful examination, protested that it was not to be compared for one moment to the "Tecumseh Clarion." He was still talking about it when Kate came in and changed the current of his thoughts. "Well, you are all a lazy set here!" said he in greeting. "I have been up for two hours, and been pretty much all over the place, and I stopped at that store you told me about, and told the man to make me the finest suit he knew how to turn out, and to be quick about it. There was a chap there that smiled me in and smiled me out, and wanted me to buy everything on the shelves *bad*. He soft-sawdered me for half an hour, and offered to make me an overcoat like the one they had just sent the Prince of Wales, 'at living rates.' But I laid my fingers on my nose and told them I sated all that, and that if he thought we weren't up to snuff in America he was mistaken, only it was General Grant's coat over there, and that I was used to making up my own mind; if I wanted anything I would get it, and if I didn't he would have to get up very early in the morning to sell it to me. And he begged my pardon when he saw he had waked up the wrong passenger, and said that he hadn't meant to try any tricks of trade; theirs was a most respectable house; only if I had any 'horders' they would be glad to execute them."

"What did you say to that, Job?" asked Kate.

"I told him if he would stick to that programme he might make something out of me yet; but that as the prince and I weren't running in the same fire-brigade, it didn't matter about our being dressed *exactly* alike."

Great was the amusement of the ladies as they thought of the interview, and they exchanged eloquent glances across the table, while Mr. Ketchum devoted himself alternately to his breakfast and a map of the town which was spread out beside him.

"Cards to the Benedicts' ball on the 21st, girls, and a very kind note from Sir Robert, to say that he means to get a ticket for Cousin Job," said Kate. "Isn't it nice of him? It is *the* ball of the season, you know, and if there were pasteboard admittance to heaven it could hardly be more coveted than cards to the Benedicts'."

"I am delighted!" cried Jenny and Lucy in a breath, both girls having known for some time of the coming event, and having dresses from Paris ordered for the occasion and worthy of it.

"But, Kate, I do so wish we could get a ticket for Mabel Vane and take her with us. Only think of it! she is eighteen, and as pretty as a pink, and has never been to a ball in her life! Such a frightful case of destitution in the upper classes has never come under my notice," said Jenny. "This is the way I came to know it. She was here yesterday, and was saying that she supposed we were very gay, and I asked if she was going to this ball, and she said, 'Oh, no! I can't afford it, even if there was a chance of my getting a ticket, which there isn't. Papa, you know, was a poor clergyman, and since his death mamma and I have always lived in lodgings, and we have no great friends,



and can't entertain, and so we are quite out of the current. I often wonder how it would seem to be like other girls. Mamma says that there are five hundred girls here, and only one hundred men, and that if I could go out it wouldn't be the least use,—that it would only be a great expense for nothing, I should never get an offer, and I am better as I am. But I don't care for that, and I do so long to go to *one* dance, even if I had to sit against the wall all the evening.' Poor child! her eyes were full of tears, and I felt so sorry for her, and yet her English way of putting it was so comical that I could hardly keep my countenance."

"It is a shame! It's perfectly abominable!" put in Lucy. "Why, if I have been to one party I've been to five hundred of various kinds; and Mabel says that she thinks herself awfully lucky to be asked in after dinner at a few houses, or occasionally to luncheon. And she is such a sweet little thing, and such a thorough lady."

"I wonder at it," said Mrs. Fletcher senior pensively. "I have heard that her father was a third-cousin of the Earl of Carsford,—or is it the Marquis of Wolhampton?"

But this nice genealogical point was never settled; for Cousin Job, who had been breaking three eggs into a tumbler and stirring them with the most unnecessary display of energy, while Walton, unable to bear the sight, had retired precipitately to the butler's pantry to avoid losing any portion of his specific gravity, now looked up and said, "I can't understand how girls can get so far below par in England. Buyers seem to be backward in bidding, and holders anxious to realize. The old lady in Threadneedle Street is carrying more petticoats than her trade will warrant. Now, about that young friend of yours, Kate. If money will do it, just get her a ticket, and we will take her along with us and see that she has a splendid time! Why, out West she'd have eight or ten fellows haunting the house every night, and sending her bouquets, and serenading her, and

ready to jump over the moon to please her."

"Money can't do it, but influence can, Cousin Job, and we will see what can be done," replied Kate. "She shall go if we can possibly manage it."

By what arts and machinations it was managed will never be known, but, although a member of the Benedicts' Club had offered twenty pounds for a ticket that very morning, and failed to get it, Jenny, on the next afternoon, received from her friend the barrister, with Mr. Lindsay's compliments, a large square envelope containing an enclosure requesting the pleasure of Miss Vane's company on Wednesday the 21st at the Assembly Rooms. Putting on her bonnet, she rushed round to 38 Portarlington Gardens and demanded Miss Vane so imperiously that the small "slavey" who opened the door asked "what ever was hup," lingering on the landing after ushering Jenny up-stairs to catch if possible some hint of the news she scented. The whole house was "hup" when her errand became known. Mabel could hardly believe her senses, and was radiant with delight, Mrs. Vane equally fluttered and profuse in thanks. The question of raiment for this lily of the field coming up, Mrs. Botts, the landlady, who had once been maid to a countess, was called in, and gave her opinion at great length: the dress must be white tarlatan, she should say, over a silk slip, with a "top" cut low in the neck, a white satin sash and slippers to match, which was what her ladyship had worn on an even greater occasion, and it would set off Miss Mabel "wonderful."

Miss Marsh, an old lady on the second floor, who walked nine times round the square every day at the same hour, starting out for this cheerful tramp, was attracted by the sound of voices and looked in, heard what was going on, and, trotting back to her room, brought down a box of Roman pearls, which she said had belonged to a dead sister, and would Mabel do her the favor to wear them? Mabel would not, but thanked her as

prettily as possible, and, it being generally agreed that the "stuff for the gown" must be bought at once, the two girls started off in high glee, and shopped so briskly and sensibly that in half an hour the foundation-stone of Mabel's palace of delights was safely laid: the dress, the gloves, the slippers, the satin, were being borne home in parcels that bulged delightfully and foretold to one pair of blue eyes at least a world of bliss!

The intervening days dragged their slow length along for the girls, and were improved by Cousin Job in sight-seeing, which he went about in a perfectly fanatical way, determined that nothing should escape him, and being guided solely by what his "hand-book" said, and not in the least by what he himself wished to see. Sir Robert put him up at the Club, where he amused himself by initiating certain gentlemen into the mysteries of draw-poker, and teaching them, as he put it, "to brew egg-nog on scientific, old-Virginia-forever principles." The first was decorously christened "American whist" by Sir Robert, who explained to General Bludyer that the latter was "one of the American drinks,—something like the 'eye-opener' and the 'raise-the-dead,'"—two beverages that he firmly believed to be national in reputation.

At a flower-show in the Montpelier Gardens, which he facetiously dubbed "a shower-flow," because everybody was driven into the tents and summer-houses three times during the afternoon, Mr. Ketchum met Mabel Vane, and, taking a tremendous fancy to her, showed it by staying gallantly by her side and shielding her from the rain with his enormous umbrella. Finding that she had on thin shoes, he disappeared for a moment, and greatly surprised her a little later by turning up with her overshoes and mackintosh, which he had sent one of the Park guards for. Poor Mabel, whose only experience of the sex so far had been one of scant civility or utter indifference, was quite overpowered by such a proof of thoughtfulness, and blushed herself into a state

of damask-rosiness in acknowledgment of it that gave gratitude a new and very beautiful complexion to Mr. Ketchum, who was accustomed to rendering such little services on all occasions, and rather used to their being taken, more or less, as a matter of course.

The day of the ball arrived. Mr. Ketchum, when the arrangements for the evening were being discussed, insisted on getting a carriage and taking Mabel to the ball, and Kate had great difficulty in making him understand that it would positively shake Cheltenham to its centre and be flying in the face of all English conventionalities, that Mabel wouldn't go, and that it was not to be thought of. She had settled all that. Walton, who was perfectly trustworthy, should go for her in Mrs. Fletcher's carriage and bring her down to them; and, once under the wing of a chaperon, she would, with the other girls, be taken "properly" to the Assembly Rooms.

"And do you mean to tell me, Kate Fletcher, that they trust a girl over here with a footman sooner than with a gentleman?" he demanded hotly.

"Yes, I do. I can't help it, and I am sorry you are vexed, Job, but indeed it wouldn't do," said she, which set him off in one of his eager, emphatic orations, calling upon heaven and earth to witness the absurdity of such a social regulation, and winding up with,—

"Well, I shall send her a bouquet, anyway. I suppose that isn't a scandalous proceeding?"

"Oh, no! Quite proper. It isn't often done, unless people are engaged; but still—"

"Oh, go along, Kate! You must have lost your senses!" he interrupted, and, clapping on his hat, left the house. He had been gone some hours. The girls were in the drawing-room, entertaining the Heathcotes and Venables; and Kate, a little apart from the others in the bow-window, which commanded a view of the street and front steps, heard a ring. She bent forward to see who it was, and caught a glimpse of a man in a towering white beaver hat,

and, even at that distance, with something queer about him. Another look,—a stranger *in full evening dress, at one o'clock in the day!* Another,—the stranger turns, and—oh, horror! oh, “agony, rage, and despair!”—it is Cousin Job!

It may be an ignominious pang that rends her bosom, but Kate is a woman of the world; she feels it to be quite equal for the moment to battle, murder, or sudden death. In five minutes he will be in that room, and there is that odious young snob of a Heathcote, who is always sneering covertly at Cousin Job as it is, and doesn't understand him at all, sitting opposite, immaculately arrayed, his hat held in his hand at an eminently correct angle, his offensive eye-glass screwed firmly in his eye! It is a perfectly unbearable situation, she thinks. There is nothing that can be done, and, with a crimson face, she sits still, waiting to hear the fatal step on the stair. It doesn't come, and she glides out of the room and down as far as the first landing, where, looking down, she sees Walton and Cousin Job parleying near the front door.

“Who is up-stairs?” asks Mr. Ketchum.

“The Miss Frynnes, sir, I believe; but cook answered the door.”

Walton knows that Mr. Ketchum detests these estimable women for some reason, and takes his chance. Fixing his shrewd, gray eyes on him, he adds, after a pause, “The tailor sent home some things for you, sir, and would be greatly obliged by your trying them on at once. His man will be back in 'arf an 'our to know if they suit.”

Mr. Ketchum still hesitated, holding his hat in his hand and rubbing the nap energetically with his silk handkerchief. “Tell him to come back to-morrow,” said he, and moved toward the stair.

“Oh! And, if you please, sir, I took a note up to your room, brought a moment since, which the maid from Portarlington Gardens said was to be give you as soon as you came in.”

Mr. Ketchum stopped: for the life of him he couldn't help blushing, and, to

hide it, he turned brusquely away and walked off to his room.

Walton had gained the day, and, unconscious that he was being observed, leaned against the wall, and, throwing back his head, laughed the laugh of the successful diplomat whose skilful evasion of some obstacle has enabled him to carry his point.

It was the first time Kate had ever seen the real Walton, and it gave her rather a startled and unpleasant sensation,—a feeling that he was too clever by half, thankful as she was to have the social calamity averted that she had so much dreaded. But the sensation was only momentary. “He is doubtless attached to the family, and knew we should be mortified. It was very nice of him. Really, Walton is a nonpareil among servants,” she thought.

As she was making her way back, the drawing-room door opened; farewells were being exchanged, and in a few moments the guests were safely out of the house, and she was relating the agonizing experience of the last half-hour to the girls.

Jenny laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks: “Oh! to think of his putting it on at the shop and wearing it home! And with a white hat!” she cried.

“And that awful green cravat! My dear, it is my belief that he means to be buried in that cravat,” said Kate. “It was a fearfully narrow escape!”

“Why didn't you let him come up? It would have been such a crucial test of the breeding of those people. Sir Robert and the Venables would have been a shade nicer than ever; but can't you fancy the galvanic shock it would have been to young Heathcote? But no, Kate. Seriously speaking, I wouldn't for the world have had Mr. Ketchum put in such a disagreeable position before that horrid man. He is a kind, generous, splendid fellow, and worth a dozen of such people; but all the same he would have looked exquisitely ludicrous, and we should have been obliged to go about *à l'Anglaise* and tell people that he was a little mad, and we hoped they didn't

mind. It is the drollest thing I ever heard of. You are such a worldling, Kate, that I wonder there is a particle of coloring-matter left in a single tube of your hairs."

"I shall tell him that he may break all the Commandments, and blow up the Houses of Parliament, and set fire to Windsor Castle, and trample on the union jack, and throw vitriol in the face of the Princess of Wales, if he likes, but that he is *never*, NEVER to put on a dress-suit before nightfall in England, on pain of *death*," said Kate. "I know he has grown up out of the world, on the frontier; but, still, how could he do such a thing?"

No spectator was present at the interview that ensued, of which Kate only reported that she said very little, and that Cousin Job took it in good part.

When nine o'clock came, Mabel appeared, looking too quaint and pretty for anything. Her dress was cut in the fashion of a very remote period, with what was known then as a "baby-waist," and queer half-long sleeves. She was sitting bolt upright on the edge of the sofa when Kate came down, evidently afraid of crushing her dress and soiling her gloves. Her eyes shone with pleasure, and a more charming picture of youth and innocence it would be impossible to find. She was as fair and simple as an English daisy, Kate thought, as she came forward with an air of modest self-possession and her usual charming little blush: "Do you like me? Mamma says that I do very well, but that no one will notice me among so many splendid people in Worth gowns and all that, and that I had better give over thinking of myself at all, and make up my mind to enjoy looking on."

Kate noticed that she had on a white carnelian necklace, shamed into looking almost blue by the white, lovely neck, and said, "Come here, dear, and let me see," gave a disapproving frown to the English overskirt, which she found fearfully and wonderfully looped, sent for some pins, and rearranged it tastefully in a twinkling, pinned a charming bunch of natural flowers in her dress, insisted on

giving her a little silver *châtelaine*, turned her about, giving any number of those mysterious touches which produce such an effect when given by a woman with a genius for dress, and at last pronounced her "an ideal *ingénue*," and assured her that if she lacked anything it was rouge, pinching the girl's rosy cheek. She then went off to tie Mr. Ketchum's cravat, and that gentleman presently returned with her, looking extremely well, and protesting that she had tried to get him to wax his moustache and part his hair in the middle, but that this was against the constitution and by-laws of the State of Michigan, and that he was "quite enough of a Tussaud wax figger" as it was.

Jenny and Lucy, coming in resplendent in Paris dresses, walked up and down to give the family a private view of these artistic constructions; much osculation followed between the girls, everybody suddenly discovered that it was very late, and, after much muffling and shawling, they all rolled away at last to the ball.

The ball had the three great requisites for such an entertainment,—good music, a capital floor, and a supper calculated to compensate all the heavy dowagers and sleepy papas for their sufferings as chaperons. The spacious rooms were beautifully decorated, the orchestra from London was fiddling away in the gallery, the dancers were spinning and whirling at a tremendous rate in the circles chalked off on the floor, the master of ceremonies, who was nearly as imposing as Walton (and no earthly dignitary could be more so), stood near the door. Our party advanced. Sir Robert stepped out from a mob of gentlemen and offered his arm to Mrs. Fletcher senior, and Jenny had already taken that of a certain young barrister (in preference to Mr. Heathcote, who consoled himself with Lucy), and a stout clergyman, who had just finished waltzing what he called the "*troy temps*," offered to escort Kate. Mabel slipped a timid hand under Mr. Ketchum's awkwardly-proffered elbow, and they all made for the benches on the upper side

of the room, where they cast anchor. Jenny looked about her, and felt as an actress does when she gets a whiff from the footlights; Mabel was terrified by the glare and the crush and the crowd, and felt herself morally a grain of mustard-seed and the least of all these birds of Paradise; Kate began to scan the toilets, Mrs. Fletcher to look up the great ones of the company; Mr. Ketchum remarked that it was the biggest fandango he had seen, and that the Assembly Rooms compared favorably with any hall that he knew "on the other side of the pond." Kate offered to introduce him to some of the girls, but he declined for the present, and stood behind Mabel, looking down admiringly upon the fair head bent every now and then over his huge bouquet, which had already created a sensation at Portarlington Gardens.

Jenny, as a belle and beauty of recognized position, was soon surrounded by men, and, generously intent upon "Mabel's having a good time," brought them all up and presented them in turn, having previously interested them in her *protégée*. The consequence was that Mabel's programme was soon half filled up. Out of the twenty-three dances she was engaged for twelve, and Mr. Ketchum, who was already down for four of them, was begging for a fifth, when her first partner arrived, and she tripped off joyously with him and joined the dancers. Job saw her making vain efforts to catch his step, her pretty face wearing its most anxious expression, with small success. He seemed to combine in his own person the worst traits of all three classes of bad dancers,—the teetotums, the wobblers, and the go-heads. When he ought to have gone ahead, he spun around for five minutes, as if his operations were confined to a hearth-rug; when he ought to have temporized for lack of space, he dashed madly ahead; and whenever called upon to guide his partner decisively in any direction, he wobbled infuriatingly first to the right and then to the left in an embarrassing series of false starts, very trying to a novice. Job was secretly delighted. Like most Americans, he could use his feet with the same dexterity as

a French actress does her hands, and he waited impatiently for his turn to come, which it did very soon.

Mabel came back to her chaperon looking flushed and harassed, made a meek little speech expressive of her regret at not being able "to quite catch his step" (skips would have been nearer the mark for a performance which was a mixture of waltz, polka, mazourka, Highland fling, and Irish jig), and, with a "Now-then!" expression of triumphant satisfaction, Mr. Ketchum had taken his place. At what "fandangos" he had graduated in the graceful art is not known, but he danced beautifully, and Mabel, who had taken lessons and had moreover been practising the "American reverse" for a week before a dingy old pier-glass at her lodgings, felt herself borne along in an inspired whirl, forgot that she was dancing at all, in the technical sense, and did not stop until the last strains of the "Morgenblätter" had died away. In all her experience, confined hitherto to a lonely Welsh curacy and Portarlington Gardens, there had been nothing like it, and she was radiant.

Meanwhile, Jenny had taken several turns, and was resting for a while in a little bower of ferns and foliage-plants that opened into the ball-room. She was with her friend the barrister, who was commenting upon the scene before him. "Who is that girl there in yellow?" he asked.

"Where? Oh, in the corner. Smythe is her name, I believe. Pretty, isn't she?"

"No. Not according to my ideas. She looks as though she didn't tub. Dash of the tar-brush there, I should say."

"Oh, no! Impossible! You should not say such things, really. Besides, she isn't so dark at all."

"It isn't her skin only: her hair has got that awful kink. I hate it. One of my aunts went out to New Zealand in the early days and got carried off by a Maori chief; and I often wonder what I should do if a lot of blackamoor cousins turned up in the Park on some



sunny day in the height of the season and laid claim to me. Awful lark it would be, wouldn't it?"

Jenny burst out laughing, and agreed that it would certainly not be pleasant: "I have never heard you mention any of your relatives before. Have you a mother and sisters?"

"I've got the usual supply of mother, and shoals of sisters. My mother came down from town to-day with one of them,—Edith, the eldest."

"Did she?" replied Jenny, with animation. "Why didn't you bring her with you to-night? But I suppose it was too late to get a card."

"Oh, she never goes to balls. She is on the shady side of forty, and never goes in for anything in the shape of amusement, except penny readings for the deserving poor and those awful parish tea and harvest-home things. She got me to one of them *once*, but I don't think she will ever do it a second time. She is a district visitor, and has a soup-kitchen and all that: she really is an excellent creature, but she'll never get a husband in the world."

"What are the others like?" asked Jenny, delighted with this brief biographical sketch.

"The next one is named Gertrude, and she is quite *passée*, too, and rather like Edith: curates, and croquet, and that kind of thing, you know. She is awfully plain, poor thing! and makes herself no end of a frump by the way she dresses. The third one is very pretty, and is married to a fellow in the Carbineers; and the fourth was thought the best-looking girl that was presented the season she came out. She is down in the country now, though she hates it most awfully. It is a confounded shame to keep her there; but the governor says she has had two seasons, and played her cards very badly,—going and getting engaged to a missionary,—and can't have any more. I dare say he will take her up, though, when he comes round. I wrote her to-day to give the old chap his head and not oppose him, and it would all come right."

"And is that all?" asked Jenny, hop-

ing that it was a large family. "How very sad for your sister! People can't always control such things, and I suppose she had forgotten that Cupid has sovereigns for wings nowadays and always perches near the Bank of England."

"I am sorry for her, too. She is my favorite sister, and she was awfully cut up about it. But what was the use? There is another, Caroline, just out of the school-room, and disgustingly slangy and horsey and doggy. I'd like to shake it all out of her, but she is the governor's favorite, and does exactly as she pleases. The three others are still in the nursery, thank heaven!"

"What a lot of 'you!' exclaimed Jenny.

"Do you think so? We don't consider ourselves a large family at all. The mater was one of sixteen."

A pause followed this statement, and then Jenny began again:

"Is yours a pretty part of England? Not that I need ask, for it is all lovely, so far as I can see."

"Pretty well. Good hunting country, but rather flat. I don't like it. I prefer London fifteen months out of the year. I have just got myself a tiny little bandbox of a house in May Fair, and shall get myself a cat or a dog and settle down as a selfish old bachelor. I can't marry: I've nothing but a beggarly allowance and a confiding tailor while the governor lives, which will be forever. I went to see his medical man not long ago, and he told me he was good for fifty years yet. I went off then and signed the lease for my house. There will be a capital town-house, and all that, when I come into the property; but I am tired of the life I have been leading, and want a den of my own, where I can be as much of a bear as I choose."

"How long is your lease?"

"Seventy years."

"Why, what possessed you to lease a house for seventy years?" asked Jenny, in utter surprise.

"Oh, I thought I might get used to it and want to stay; and I wasn't go-

ing to be bundled into the streets any day."

Jenny could not conceal the amusement afforded her by this idea: "An American would as soon think of flying. I never heard anything so absurd. Why, you are thirty years old now! May I ask if you expect to live to be a hundred?"

"I don't know. One of my great-aunts got to ninety-nine, and her physician said he could have made it an even century if she hadn't eaten a Welsh-rarebit for supper one night. He was awfully savage about it. You see, she lived at Bath, and it would have given him a tremendous boost with all the other old women there, if he could have managed it."

Just then a couple whisked past the door, and Jenny remarked,—

"That Miss Porter is lovely, and dances better than any girl here, I think."

"If I tell you something, will you be vexed?"

"No; certainly not."

"I am afraid you will."

"Not unless you are very rude; and I am sure you won't be that."

"Are you sure you won't mind a bit of criticism?"

"Of course not," she replied, much puzzled.

"Well, then, you dance beautifully, but you don't kick out your legs enough at the back."

At this perfectly unlooked-for and astounding remark Jenny turned into a peony. Quite misunderstanding her furious blush, he said,—

"There, now! You are angry! I said you would be vexed! I'm always putting my foot into it. What I meant was that I admired Lady Florence Foster's way of dancing. Look at her. Here she comes, now."

Jenny looked, and saw a huge blonde girl with a pronounced attack of "Grecian bend" (which was *à la mode* then), who certainly was making lively play with her heels, her body bent forward at a most extraordinary angle. When she could utter anything in answer to his penitent apologies for having "vexed"

her, she said that she was "not angry, exactly, but—"

"What! You don't like her dancing?" he asked.

"No; I think it frightful!" she declared, and was spared further argument, for at that moment a tall, fair, languid man, who had been introduced that evening, approached her. When immediately in front of her, he stopped, glanced at his programme and then at her, and said pensively,—

"I think I'll give you No. 10."

"I beg your pardon, but I don't think you will," she replied, angry indeed now. (Jenny, who had had an embarrassment of riches in the matter of partners ever since she went to dancing-school, a belle in white frocks and a blue sash!—Jenny, who had been in the habit at home of dividing her dances between two or three eager aspirants, and had always been made to feel that she conferred an honor on the object of even this temporary preference!) Outwardly civil, there was something in the ring of her voice that made him glance with interest at the fierce little thing looking up at him with such a flash of scorn in her brilliant eyes.

"No 11, then?" he said.

"I am engaged," she replied curtly, without referring to her programme.

"No. 12, say, or 13, then," he perseveringly suggested.

"My card is quite full," she answered, with no conventional regrets.

"A supper-dance, then," he stupidly insisted.

"I must definitely decline the honor." And, rising, she bestowed upon him the faintest inclination that ever did duty for a bow, and, taking Mr. Lindsay's arm, moved away. "It takes my breath away, quite," she said to him. "Did you ever hear of such a piece of impertinence? I rage when I think of it! He'll give me No. 10, forsooth! Good heavens! Do you mean to say that English girls put up with that sort of thing?"

"No; of course not. At least, nice girls don't. Some girls might. It is

they who make themselves cheap, and they ought not to complain. But the fellow's a cad: anybody can see that. Don't mind him. He is an awful ass."

He seemed much annoyed by the episode, and, seeing this, she dropped the subject. Some time afterward she heard that the mirror of chivalry, whom she had so roundly snubbed, felt very sore on the subject, and had spoken of her to the Venables as "a spiteful little Yankee."

That night was a memorable one for Jenny in many ways. For one thing, Mr. Heathcote, who, as an eligible *parti*, had undergone agonies of mind first, misled by her gay and gracious manner, lest she should marry him, and next, when he better understood her, lest she should not, having come to the conclusion that she was essential to his happiness, plucked up his courage, proposed, and was "definitely" refused as a partner for life.

Meanwhile, Mr. Ketchum had been making a brilliant record for himself. The good-natured fellow took out at least a dozen of the young ladies who sat round the room in long and melancholy rows, fair, fresh, stout-looking girls most of them, in pink and blue and green and white,—a partnerless generation, rather heavy all round, it must be confessed, with, in consequence, only a few names here and there on their programmes, and awful gaps (and gapes, indeed) between. It was a dismal business for many of them; and why they went at all to such a harrowing form of entertainment was a mystery to our Americans. They were quite grateful for Mr. Ketchum's politeness, and it may be safely averred that he lost nothing by it with the mammas, to whom he was likewise most attentive, taking relays of them up to supper, and rendering them a thousand good offices, with his usual amiability and unselfishness. He even forgot his dislike to Miss Frynne when he saw her sitting neglected and forlorn in a corner, carried her off to the supper-room, got her a liberal supply of oysters and *pâté de foie gras*, ordered a bottle of champagne,—to which she did ful

justice, he thought, accustomed as he was to the abstemiousness of his countrywomen,—and, on her stating that she wished to go home, took her to the cloak-room and put her into her modest cab.

When Mrs. Fletcher senior was quite worn out, and the feat of collecting the girls for the third time had been accomplished, after Lucy had begged for the inevitable "one more," which Mr. Ketchum had taken for granted and was spinning out with Mabel, the party followed Miss Frynne's example.

While waiting for their carriage in the passage, Mabel met an old lady whom she knew. "Hasn't it been a delicious ball?" she cried. "Only to think of it! I have danced every dance. I haven't sat out one. Mamma will never believe it."

"Yes, yes, my dear. I saw you. It was all very fine. I only hope it will last," said the matron severely, shaking her head dubiously by way of farewell.

When they got home, Walton had a blazing fire for them and a nice little supper, over which they lingered for some time, Mabel having been dropped at Portarlington Gardens *en route*.

"Six dances with Mabel, Mr. Ketchum! Take care, or you will have to put on your explanation-coat. The affections of the British virgin are not to be trifled with in this reckless way. You are not in America now, where men devote themselves to every pretty face they fancy and girls pride themselves on being engaged six deep," said Kate, as she rose from the table and shook a finger warningly at her husband's cousin.

"She hath two eyes, so soft and blue: Take care! Beware!"

sang Jenny. And, relapsing into prose, "And remember that I will not have the daisy trampled upon. No flirtations permitted on the premises."

"I am not flirting," protested Mr. Ketchum.

"Oh, then you are in earnest?" she replied, putting him promptly on the other horn of the dilemma. "Flirtation is attention without intention, you remember. Good-night." And Jenny laughingly disappeared.

"She's a pretty one to lecture me about flirting! She has been mopping up the pavement with Heathcote for a month, and will have him asking to pay her board-bill for the rest of her life in another week. Anybody can see which way that cat is going to jump. Oh, the women! the women! Do you think Miss Jenny likes that London barrister,

Kate? I hope not. He tells me he can't put up the necessary securities, to say nothing of margin; and a poor man engaged to a poor girl is like a pig under a gate,—he can neither get in nor out." And with this characteristic aphorism Mr. Ketchum betook himself to bed.

F. C. BAYLOR.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HOW THE ROMAN SPENT HIS YEAR.

### TWO PAPERS.—II.

#### MAY.

THE festivals of May, the month of growth, are rural festivals, like those of April,—fewer in number, but perhaps of deeper interest.

The 1st of May was known as the *Laralia*, the festival of the Lares, or household gods, and especially the Lares Præstites, or protecting deities of the city. It was also, in the later period, one of the six days of the *Floralia*, which ended on the 3d of the month. The day was likewise sacred to Bona Dea, the "Good Goddess," also known as Maia, from the name of the month in which her festival was celebrated. The sober, dry genius of the Romans did not incline to mysteries any more than to orgies, but in Bona Dea they appear to have recognized the secret mysterious forces of nature, and her cult belonged especially to women. Besides the regular festival of Bona Dea on the 1st of May, there were mysterious rites in her honor in the early part of December, which will be spoken of in their appropriate place.

On the 9th, 11th, and 13th of May were celebrated the *Lemuria*, or festival of ghosts, a festival of the same general character as the February *Feralia*; but that was a general service of the dead, this was rendered to the malignant spirits of the departed. In the middle of the night the father of the household rises and goes through the house bare-

footed, making with his hand the sign which should keep evil spirits from the house, the middle finger of the hand being joined to the thumb. He then washes his hands in pure spring-water, and puts black beans in his mouth, which he presently casts behind him, saying, "With these beans I redeem myself and my household." This he does nine times. Again he washes his hands, clashes a brass basin, nine times adjures the spirits of his ancestors to depart, and his house is safe. The bean, it may be remarked, was regarded by the ancients as having a peculiar magic nature and as a symbol of the soul.

On the Ides of May, the 15th, there were two celebrations. The first was the festival of Mercury, the god of traffic. He was identified with the Greek Hermes, son of Maia; and this identity of names between the Greek and the Roman goddess led them to associate the month with Hermes. The fountain of Mercury was near the Porta Capena, and here, upon this day, the merchants, the votaries of Mercury, went, dipped boughs of laurel in the spring, and sprinkled themselves and all about them with the water, then prayed to the thievish god to absolve them from all past deceits and frauds and to prosper all that they were to be guilty of in future.

The other celebration of the day opens a glimpse into the most primitive times,

when the Romans were not far removed from savagery. The pontiffs, the Vestals, the prætors, and all citizens who were able, proceeded to the Pons Sublicius,—the old wooden bridge across the Tiber,—and cast into the river twenty-four wicker images of men with hands and feet bound. These images were called *argei*. This usage is believed to have been derived from that of human sacrifices, these puppets being held to satisfy the demands of the gods instead of the men themselves. This is not the only instance in the Roman worship of an offering which appears to represent human sacrifices; and a story is related of the device by which the mild king Numa forced Jupiter to accept the substitute:

"Cut," said Jupiter, "the head—"

"I will obey," said the king. "I will cut the head of an onion in my garden."

"Of a man," added the god.

"Yes," said Numa, "thou shalt have his hair."

"The life—" was the answer.

"Of a fish," quickly interrupted the king.

We shall see that heads of onions were offered at the *Compitalia*, and little fishes at the *Vulcanalia*.

In the last half of May, alternately on the 17th, 19th, and 20th, and on the 27th, 29th, and 30th, was the annual celebration of the *Frates Arvales*, a very ancient sodality or brotherhood, said to have been founded by Romulus, and whose name evidently points to a connection with the cultivated fields,—*arva*. It was, therefore, one of the series of agricultural festivals; and the goddess in whose honor it was held—*Dea Dia*, "the bright goddess"—must have been a very ancient goddess of the fields; she is not mentioned except in this connection. This brotherhood, like that of the *Luperci*, was of a very aristocratic character; and it happens that we have more exact knowledge of it than of any other similar institution,—for a great number of inscriptions have been discovered in their sacred grove, giving exact information as to their organization and ritual.

They were twelve in number; and the first and last day's celebration took place in the city, generally in the house of the *magister* or president of the club, with a sacrifice to *Dea Dia* and a banquet. The principal celebration was the second of the three days,—the 19th or 29th,—when they met in the sacred grove of the goddess, about five miles from the city, on the Etruscan side of the river, and passed the day with sacrifices, prayers, and sacred dances. Then the officers for the next year were elected, and the day ended with chariot-races, after which they returned to the city. The song which was chanted at the sacred dance, handed down from the most primitive times, has survived to our days as the earliest specimen of Latin which we possess. It is addressed to the *Lares*, or spirits of heroes, and to Mars, the patron god of the rural Italians.

Similar to the festival of the *Arval Brothers*, and closely connected if not identical with it, is the *Ambarvalia*, or festival of lustration for the rural cantons. The head-man of the canton—*magister pagi*—led a procession about the bounds of the district, conducting the animals that composed the sacrifice,—a bull, a ram, and a boar,—the so-called *Suovetaurilia*, regularly used in lustrations. The peasants followed in their holiday dresses and with olive-branches in their hands, praying for success for the crops. These prayers, too, were addressed to Mars.

#### JUNE.

The origin of the name June—*Junius*—is uncertain. It is usually derived from Juno; and this derivation is sustained by the fact that in many of the Latin cities the name was *Junonius*. But this goddess has no special festival in this month; neither is the Roman form *Junius* a natural derivative from Juno. Mommsen prefers, for these reasons, to connect it with *juvo*: as Aprilis is the month of opening (*aperire*), and Maius the month of growth (*major*), so Junius is the month of bloom.

The purifying rites, the *Feralia*, *Lupercalia*, *Ambarvalia*, etc., are over; so,



too, is the long series of rustic spring festivals; and the three summer months have no distinctive character of their own, nor have they many festivals of the first importance. Each one of them, however, has a number of lesser festivals, which, by their peculiar character and rites, help to give us an insight into the early religion and customs of the Romans.

The first day of June was sacred to the nymph Carna, whose name—probably derived from *cardo*, “hinge”—points her out as a protecting spirit of the house. It was her special office to drive away the *striges*,—vampire birds, with huge heads, protruding eyes, and hooked beak and claws, which stole into the chamber by night and sucked the blood of the sleeping child. The goddess thrice touches the door-posts and threshold with a bough of arbutus, sprinkles the entrance with water, takes in her hand the entrails of a young pig, and says, “Birds of the night, spare the entrails of the child; for the little one a little victim falls. Take heart for heart, I pray, and flesh for flesh. We give you this life for a better one.” Then she places the offering in the open air and fixes a rod of white-thorn in the window, after which the child is safe.

On this day it was the practice to eat beans and bacon, and it was held that this would give good digestion for the year to come. For this reason the day was called *Kalendæ Fabariz*,—Bean Kalends.

The most important festival of June was the *Vestalia*, or festival of Vesta, on the 9th of the month. Two days before this the annual cleansing and purification of her temple began, and on the morning of the 15th the rubbish and filth were carried in a solemn procession and thrown into the Tiber, or, as others have it, into a special place upon the ascent to the Capitoline Hill. All these days, nine in number, were held of bad omen,—*dies religiosi*; no public business could be performed in them, nor was it of good omen to marry in this time. The wife of the Flamen Dialis, or special priest of Jupiter,—the

Flaminica, as she was called,—could on these days neither comb her hair nor cut her nails nor touch her husband. When the ceremonial was completed, on the 15th, all these interdictions were removed. This day, therefore, was marked in the calendar with the letters Q.S.D.F.,—that is, *quando stercus delatum fas*,—“when the filth is removed, business is permitted:” the prætor may now hold his court.

On the special day of Vesta, the 9th, the matrons of the city proceeded, barefoot, to her temple, carrying offerings of food in small dishes. In recognition of Vesta as goddess of the hearth, and in memory of the time when every family baked its own bread upon its hearth, this was also a feast-day for millers and bakers. The mills, as well as the asses which turned the wheels, were adorned with garlands, and strings of bakers' rolls hung round the necks of the asses.

Two days later, on the 11th, came the *Matralia*, or festival of Mater Matuta, celebrated by matrons in their first marriage. This ancient goddess, the special protector of harbors, was identified with the Greek Leucothea; and as Leucothea was worshipped in company with her son Melicertes, so Matuta was accompanied by her son Portunus. Her temple was in the Forum Boarium, or cattle-market, between the Capitoline and Palatine, in the neighborhood of the river; and the matrons, after adorning the image of the goddess with garlands, prayed first for their brothers' and sisters' children, then for their own, and made offerings of boiled cakes. Only free-born matrons were allowed to be present; but one slave-girl was brought in, who was then buffeted and driven out of the temple.

On the 13th were the Lesser *Quinquatrus*, another festival of Minerva, similar in general to the Great *Quinquatrus* in March. The Lesser *Quinquatrus* were specially devoted to the guild of pipers,—*tibicines*,—a very ancient association, which enjoyed especial honor and privileges, because its services were indispensable at all religious celebrations, games, and funerals. No nation

ever held more tenaciously to its ritual than the Romans, and the guild of pipers seem to have felt that no one would ever venture to touch their privileges. But Appius Claudius, known as the "Blind," the great reforming censor of the year B.C. 312, did not know what fear was, and undertook to curb their arrogance, among other things, by depriving them of the right of holding an annual banquet in the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. The guild, indignant, at once took up its departure in a body, and went to the friendly city of Tibur, (Tivoli), refusing to return when entreated to do so both by their hosts and their fellow-countrymen. At last they were got back by a trick. They were invited to a banquet, treated to abundant wine,—Livy adds that this is a class who have a liking for wine,—and, when thoroughly intoxicated, were bundled into a wagon and carted to Rome. Waking up in the morning, they found themselves in the Forum, surrounded by the multitude, who joyfully insisted that they should remain. Terms of compromise were agreed upon. The banquet in the Temple of Jupiter was restored, and, to save their credit, they were allowed to conceal their identity by masks and long robes, in which guise they annually paraded the streets. Like other handicraftsmen, they had Minerva for their patron goddess, and their celebration was on a day sacred to Minerva.

## JULY.

The months of the last half of the year were numbered, not named. We have followed the four first months of the old year,—March, sacred to Mars; April, the month of opening; May, the month of growth; June, perhaps the month of bloom. The fifth month was called *Quintilis*, changed to its present name in honor of Julius Cæsar.

Early in the month came a group of festivals of a peculiar character and uncertain origin. The accounts given by the ancient writers agree very generally; but the incident described cannot have any positive historical character. The story was that, when the city was weak

and defenceless after the Gallic invasion (B.C. 390), some neighboring cities united against it, gained a victory, and, as the price of peace, demanded the surrender of all the matrons and virgins. While the Senate was deliberating upon the proposition, a female slave, by name Tutela, offered to go to the enemy, with her companions, in the garb of free-born ladies, and thus outwit them. But on being received into the enemy's camp they contrived to get them all drunk, and then made a signal to the Romans with the branch of a wild fig-tree, upon which the Romans obtained an easy victory. These events were celebrated during three days. On the 5th (or some say the 6th) were the *Poplifugia*, or "People's Flight," in which the defeat was commemorated by a symbolical flight of the people. Two days later, on the Nones, the people thronged out at the gate and called out one another's names, as Marcus, Caius, etc., on which the maids appeared in the garb of matrons, as on the day when they performed their great service: then came a sacrifice and a merry feast under the wild fig-tree,—*caprificus*,—from which this day was called *Nonæ Caprotinæ*. The following day, the 8th, was the *Vitulatio*, or celebration of victory.

During the same days came the *Ludi Apollinares*, which in later times continued for eight days, from the 6th to the 13th: it is not certain whether the original day was the 5th or the 6th. Apollo was not a Roman deity, and his worship was of quite late introduction into Rome. It was in the time of the Second Punic War, when Hannibal occupied Italy with an army. The prophecies of an old soothsayer, which had warned in vain against the field of Cannæ, directed the Romans, when they wished to expel a foreign invader from their soil, to celebrate games once a year to Apollo. The games were instituted, and, as directed, were placed under the care of the city prætor; a collection was taken up among the people to defray expenses; at the same time the Senate appropriated a sum of money and provided the victims

for the sacrifice. In this festival, as in the *Megalesia*, the leading feature was theatrical performances; but Circensian games were also introduced. The story was told that in the year B.C. 211, the year after the first introduction of the games, while the multitude were at the theatre, word was brought that the enemy were approaching the city. Then they left the theatre and hastened to the walls, when, lo! a flight of arrows was discharged from the clouds at the enemy, who retired discomfited. These were the shafts of Apollo, and the people returned to the theatre, rejoicing in their deliverance, but anxious for the omen on account of the interruption of the festival; for with the Romans a break in the order of services, or even a slight error, vitiated the whole, and it was necessary to begin over again. But, to their delight, they found that an old mime by the name of Pomponius had kept on dancing during the whole time of their absence, so that there had been no interruption of the celebration. Hence the proverb, *Salva res est dum cantat senex* ("The state is preserved while the old man sings").

On the Ides of July, the 15th, was held the *Tranvectio Equitum*,—a magnificent parade of the knights, in honor of the twin gods Castor and Pollux, and in commemoration of their aid in the victory at Lake Regillus. The regular Roman cavalry corps, eighteen hundred in number, all young men of noble families, and provided with horses by the state,—*equites equo publico*, as they were called,—was supplemented with an even larger number who served at their own expense,—*equites equo privato*,—so that the whole number sometimes reached five thousand. In the last part of the republic these *equites* ceased to serve in the field as cavalry, but formed a parade-corps, from which officers were taken, and their principal appearance was in this annual procession. They formed on horseback outside of the Porta Capena, the principal gate of Rome toward the south, and proceeded in the order of companies and families, fully armed, crowned with olive-branches,

adorned with all their badges of military distinction, and wearing purple capes, through the city to the Temple of Castor and Pollux, upon the Forum, and then up to the Temple of Jupiter upon the Capitoline. It was the most splendid display of the year.

Three days later came the blackest day in the Roman annals,—the *Dies Alliensis* (July 18),—the anniversary of the great defeat upon the river Allia, B.C. 390, when the Roman army was cut to pieces by the Gauls, and the city was afterward captured and burned. On the day that followed were the *Lucaria*, or festival of the grove; for it was said that the fugitives from the battle found refuge in a sacred grove near the city; by reason of the urgency of the calamity the gods were willing to overlook the desecration of the sacred place. The festival was for two days, the 19th and 21st.

In the month of July began the elections of magistrates for the next year. The Romans did not vote on single ballots, or on a single day, but the elections were extended over several days: on one day the consuls were elected, on another the prætors, and so on. The elections were held in the Campus Martius, or Field of Mars, the open space north of the city, now the most closely populated part of Rome. In the election of consuls and prætors the people voted by certain divisions called centuries, probably three hundred and eighty-eight in number, in which they were classified according to residence, age, and property. In the election of the inferior magistrates they voted by tribes or territorial divisions, thirty-five in number. The centuries and tribes voted in succession, one at a time, and in each case a majority determined its vote, while a majority of centuries or tribes—one hundred and ninety-five centuries, or eighteen tribes—decided the election. The magistrates-elect—*designati*—held a half-official position during the months that intervened between their election and inauguration. They enjoyed special honor and privileges, and voted in the Senate before the other senators of their rank.

## AUGUST.

The sixth month, *Sextilis*, named August, in honor of Augustus Cæsar, had relatively few festivals. The sacrifice to Sol, the sun, upon the 8th, to Hercules upon the 12th, to Diana and to Vertumnus upon the 13th, the *Portunalia* upon the 17th, and the *Volturnalia* upon the 27th, all these no doubt had peculiar and interesting rites, but we know nothing, or next to nothing, about them. Our great authority for the first half of the year, the "Fasti" of Ovid, ends with June; and for the months that follow we are obliged to depend upon the scanty and fragmentary notices in other authors. There remain three festivals in August, in regard to which we have somewhat more to say.

The *Consualia*, or festival of Consus, upon the 21st, were associated with the tradition of the rape of the Sabine women, by which it was believed that the founders of Rome procured wives for themselves by violence, from the neighboring Sabines. The Sabines, it was related, had come to Rome to see the spectacle; and their hosts, in the midst of the games, seized upon the Sabine maidens and carried them to their homes. The tradition assumes the existence of the games at this early epoch. They were celebrated, under the direction of the Pontifices, with chariot- and horse-races; and it was a holiday for animals as well as men, horses and asses being allowed to rest, and being adorned with garlands. Who this god Consus was, the ancients themselves did not know. He was generally identified with the equestrian Poseidon, or Neptune of the Greeks; but there was nothing in his cult that reminds of Neptune. His altar in the Circus Maximus was kept covered with earth, and was uncovered only three times in the year,—first at a sacrifice on the 7th of June, next at the *Consualia*, on the 21st of August, and again on the 15th of December. This hidden altar, and the name, which seems to be derived from *condo*, to "store away," make it probable that he was a god of the granary or storehouse. Four days later, on the

25th, came the *Opeconsiva*, to Ops, the goddess of abundance, and the two festivals, coming directly after harvest, appear to belong together, as do the *Consualia* and *Opalia* of December.

The *Vulcanalia*, the festival of Vulcan, god of fire, came on the 23d of August, in the height of the summer heat. On this day it was the custom to cast into the fire a certain kind of little fishes called *mæna*, which were taken in the Tiber, and sold in the *area Vulcani*, or space before the temple of the god. They appear to have been offerings accepted in place of human lives, like the *argei* of May 15, and the puppets of the *Compitalia*.

## SEPTEMBER.

September has only one festival, but that one of the greatest dignity and importance,—the great *Ludi Romani*, or Roman Games, in honor of Jupiter. These were celebrated during two entire weeks, from the 4th to the 19th of September; and, as they are the most complete and illustrious example of public games, we will describe them at some length.

Games in the Circus, "Circensian games," *Ludi Circenses*, were among the earliest and most popular of Roman festivities. The Circus, being especially designed for horse-races, was a long, narrow enclosure, generally situated in a suitably-shaped valley between two hills, where the slopes of the hills could serve for spectators. The old race-course at Rome, the Circus Maximus, was in the valley south of the Palatine, between this hill and the Aventine; another, the Circus Flaminius, was afterward built just north of the Capitoline, in the Campus Martius. The regular length of the Greek race-course was a *stadion*, or furlong; and the Circus Flaminius appears to have been of about this size: the Circus Maximus was nearly half a mile long. Whatever the length of the race-course, a race always consisted of a certain number of rounds, the whole being called a *missus*; and in the extravagant times of the empire, when all that the people wanted was bread and games,—*panem et circen-*



ses,—as many as twenty-four *missus* were sometimes given in a day. At one end of the circus were the *carceres*, or pens, from which the chariots started. A low wall along the centre divided the space into two parallel courses, so that the line followed by the races formed a long, narrow ellipse. Of course the turning, in so narrow a space, and where it was necessary to reverse completely the direction of the chariot, was very difficult, and collisions and overturns were not uncommon at these points, attended with confusion and considerable danger. The victors appear to have been rewarded, as in the Greek games, with wreaths of green leaves.

The horse-races, either in two-horse—*bigæ*—or four-horse chariots,—*quadrigæ*,—were the earliest form of games; but others were added from time to time,—wrestling, boxing, foot-races, evolutions of trained companies of horsemen,—the *Ludus Trojæ*, described in the fifth book of Virgil's "*Æneid*," was one of these,—animal-hunts, and, in the latter part of the republic, gladiatorial combats. For all of these, except the races, the form of the Circus was ill suited, and in the course of time the amphitheatre was devised, which was precisely adapted to these purposes.

Originally, as has been remarked, the games occupied a single day, and often not the whole of that; by degrees they were lengthened, until, in the time of the empire, they lasted a week or more, and scenic games, *ludi scenici*,—that is, theatrical performances,—were added to those in the Circus. The Circensian games regularly came last. Of the sixteen days of the *Ludi Romani* only the five last were in the Circus. These days opened with a stately procession from the Capitol,—the games were in honor of Jupiter Capitolinus,—through the Forum, and then between the Palatine and the river to the Circus Maximus. The presiding magistrate led the procession in a two-horse chariot, dressed in triumphal robes,—a purple toga and an embroidered tunic,—with an ivory sceptre in his hand, while a slave held over his head a crown of gilded oak-leaves

adorned with precious stones. His children sat in the chariot with him, while his clients and friends thronged about him. Then followed wagons—*tensæ*—in which the images of the gods were carried, at their head those of the three Capitoline gods, Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva. It is not certain whether all the Circensian games began with the procession: in the Roman games, the greatest of all, it was carried out with great solemnity.

The first nine days of the Roman games were occupied with scenic representations, *ludi scenici*,—plays, farces, pantomimes, dances, etc. These ended upon the 12th. The 13th, the Ides, was especially sacred to Jupiter, as being the anniversary of the consecration of his great temple. This was the day on which, in the early republic, the magistrates entered upon their offices; and on this day, according to a law of the early republic, the chief magistrate annually drove a nail in the wall of the temple as a record of the year. In one sense, the Ides of September might be taken as the natural commencement of the year,—being as near to the equinox as the 1st of January is to the solstice. At this time, too, began the ploughing and sowing for the next year's crops. There was probably upon this day a feast of Jupiter; but the great feast, the *Epiculum Jovis in Capitolio*, came on the Ides of November. On the day following the Ides was held a *probatio equorum*, or testing of the horses that were to run in the races. And after the sixteen days of the games there followed, as after some others of the leading games, a *mercatus*, or fair, for four days, the 20th to the 23d.

#### OCTOBER.

October, like August, had several festivals of an ancient and peculiar character, but of which we have very little knowledge. In the time of the empire a new series of games, the *Augustalia*, in honor of Augustus, occupied eight days, from the 5th to the 12th. We have, besides, the following festivals of secondary importance:



On the 4th of October came the *Jejunium Cereris*, established B.C. 191, by way of expiating some prodigies,—at first held once in four years, afterward once a year. This is, I believe, the only fast-day in the long series of feasts and games,—“but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack.” And the comparison of the fast-days and the feast-days of ancient Rome brings forcibly before us what Matthew Arnold has said of the ancients,—that they were “people who seem never made to be serious, never made to be sick or sorry. And if they happen to be sick or sorry, what will they do then? But that we have no right to ask. Philline within the enchanted bounds of Goethe’s novel, Gorgo and Praxinoë within the enchanted bounds of Theocritus’s poem, never will be sick or sorry, never can be sick or sorry. The ideal, cheerful, pagan life is not sick or sorry. No; yet its natural end is in the sort of life which Pompeii and Herculaneum bring so vividly before us,—a life which by no means in itself suggests the thought of horror and misery, which even, in many ways, gratifies the senses and the understanding, but by the very intensity and unremittingness of its appeal to the senses and the understanding, by its stimulating a single side of us too absolutely, ends by fatiguing and revolting us, ends by leaving us with a sense of tightness, of oppression, with a desire for an utter change,—for clouds, storms, effusion, and relief.”

On the Ides of October (the 15th) was a peculiar festival of great antiquity. A race of two *bigæ*, or two-horse chariots, was held upon the Campus Martius. The off-horse of the victorious pair was sacrificed, apparently to Mars, and its tail cut off and carried in haste to the *regia*, or palace, where its blood was preserved by the Vestal Virgins, to be used in the festival of the *Palilia*, the following April. The head was contended for by the residents of the Suburra, or valley between the hills, and the Via Sacra, at the foot of the Palatine. If the latter gained it, it was hung up on the wall of the *regia*; if it

was gained by the Suburra, it was hung up on the Mamilian Tower,—a building of uncertain locality.

On the following day, the 5th, was the opening of the *Mundus* upon the Comitium. This was a pit, shaped like the inverted heavens, sacred to the gods of the under-world, and closed with a stone, called *lapis manalis*, which was believed to be the entrance to the lower world. It was dug on the founding of the city, before the walls themselves were laid out, and in it were thrown all kinds of fruits; likewise, every person present threw in it a handful of the earth of his native city. It was opened three times in the year,—August 24, October 5, and November 8,—and these three days, when the spirits of the under-world were let loose, were *dies religiosi* in the strictest sense: no army could be levied, no battle fought, no assembly held, no marriage celebrated.

#### NOVEMBER.

In November we have nothing but the Plebeian Games,—*Ludi Plebei*,—founded B.C. 449, after the second secession of the plebs, in imitation of the Roman games in September, after which they were closely modelled. They began on the 4th with scenic games; on the Ides was a festival of Jupiter; the day following, the *probatio equorum*; then three days of games in the Circus; after which came a *mercatus*, or fair, of three days.

The festival of Jupiter on the Ides of November, the *Epulum Jovis in Capitolio*, was the special celebration of the month, and the most luxurious banquet of the year. It was held upon the Capitol, under the direction of a special board of seven,—the *Eplones*,—and was participated in by the entire Senate.\* At

\* The statues of the three Capitoline deities, Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, were taken down upon this occasion and allowed to participate in the feast. Their hair was arranged, a mirror being held up before them, that they might satisfy themselves as to their looks; their bodies were anointed and their cheeks colored with vermilion; and then they were placed at the table,—Jupiter reclining on a couch, after the manner of men, the goddesses erect in chairs, which was thought the proper attitude for women.

this feast it happened once that the greatest Roman general of his time, Scipio Africanus, and Tiberius Gracchus, a young man of great promise, sat side by side. They had for a long time been unfriendly, but Gracchus on this day had spoken in the Senate in defence of Scipio's brother, and the two enemies were reconciled. In token of the reconciliation, Scipio betrothed his younger daughter to Gracchus; and when he returned home at night and informed his wife that he had promised her in marriage, she remonstrated, saying that, even if it were to Tiberius Gracchus, the mother of the girl ought to have been consulted. The maiden thus summarily disposed of was Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, and her sons the famous tribunes, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus.

#### DECEMBER.

December contains several important and interesting festivals. Early in the month, but, it would seem, on no fixed day, was the nocturnal sacrifice to the *Bona Dea*, whose regular festival we found on the 1st of May. These mysteries were celebrated by the Roman women with great solemnity. They were held in the night, and in the house either of the consul or the prætor, who on this occasion must be absent from his home, for no male was allowed to be present. When Cicero was consul, B.C. 63, the celebration took place at his house, on the night of December 3. It will be remembered that on this day Cicero had made the speech which is known as his third oration against Catiline, describing to the people the capture of the conspirators. When the assembly was dismissed, the people accompanied him home, as was usual, but, his house being occupied by the women, he was obliged to go to a friend's house to spend the night. Here he sat deliberating with a few of his trusted counsellors what disposition should be made of the prisoners, when a message came hastily from his wife Terentia that an auspicious sign had occurred in the mysteries, at which he should take courage. The fire upon the altar had blazed up

with great brilliancy, and when the women were terrified, the Vestal Virgins, who had the direction of this festival, at once interpreted the event as a good omen, and urged Terentia to send word to her husband to that effect.

The next year, B.C. 62, the mysteries were celebrated in the house of Cæsar, who was prætor. Having lately been elected Pontifex Maximus, he occupied the public residence which belonged to this officer,—the *regia*, or palace. This was on the Sacred Way, adjoining the residence of the Vestal Virgins, to whom this house was afterward given by Augustus, when he became Pontifex Maximus. A young nobleman of profligate character, named Publius Clodius, by an understanding with Cæsar's wife Pompeia, contrived to steal into the celebration in the dress of a harp-player; for the mysteries were celebrated to the sound of musical instruments. But one of the slaves of the household, undertaking to ask him some questions, detected him by his voice, and called Cæsar's mother, Aurelia, who at once suspended the rites, when the women speedily drove the offender out of the house. It was the greatest scandal in the history of the republic. Clodius escaped punishment,—it was believed, by bribery. Cæsar at once divorced his wife, not assuming that she was guilty, but asserting that Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion.

The principal magistrates, as has been already shown, entered upon their offices on the 1st of January: two officers, however, made an exception. The quæstors began their magistracy upon the Nones of December (the 5th), the tribunes of the people upon the 10th. This date for the quæstors, the financial officers, was perhaps selected in order that the accounts might be all settled before the close of the year.

On the 15th of December, "when the blessings of the granary are especially manifest," came a second feast of Consus, the *Consualia*; and it was directly followed, upon the 17th, by the *Saturnalia*, the great feast of Saturn, the god of sowing; and this again by the *Opalia*,

upon the 19th, sacred to Ops, the goddess of abundance. These three festivals stood in a close relation to each other as the festivals of a community of peasants, and formed a sort of thanksgiving festival at the close of the year, when the granary was full, the winter corn sown, and all were ready to enjoy the blessings of abundance. In later times the *Saturnalia* were extended to three days, so as to embrace the *Opalia* within their space,—a natural enough arrangement, inasmuch as Ops was believed to be the wife of Saturn.

Everybody has heard of the *Saturnalia* as a time of unbounded merriment and license; and the word has passed into our language in that acceptation. The courts were closed, war was suspended, all private enmities were for the time forgotten, and the city was alive with hilarity. On this day the slaves feasted and were waited upon by their masters, as the female slaves were waited upon by their mistresses on the *Matronalia*. The special feature of the festival was the gifts of wax candles and of little images of wax or clay called *sigilla*. The public festival, in the time of the republic, was for only one day; but for seven days the celebration continued in private houses.

There remain the *Compitalia*, or festival of the cross-roads,—a movable festival,—*Ferix Conceptivæ*,—coming at some time after the *Saturnalia*, generally as late as January. The cross-roads, *compita*, were sacred to the *Lares Compitales*, their special spirits; their chapel at the cross-road was also called *compitum*, and the festival in their honor was the gathering-point of the whole district. The observances had much that reminded of a festival of the dead, as was natural, for *lares* were not deities of the common order, but were believed to be the spirits of the deceased: the *lares* of the family were the ancestors of the family; those of the city were the founders of the city; and those of the cross-roads were the heroes of the neighborhood. Here, as in some other instances, we find survivals from the custom of human sacrifices. Wool-

len dolls, and heads of onions, garlic, and poppy, were offered both at the cross-ways and in the houses; and it was related that this humane provision was made by the deliverer Brutus after the republic was established,—the tyrant Tarquin having required human lives. Rough games, boxing-matches, gladiatorial combats, etc., were a feature of the festival, and it was managed by clubs called *Collegia Compitalicia*. But it was natural that these local clubs should fall into the hands of the bullies and roughs of the neighborhood,—the *circum compita pugnax* (the cross-roads bully) of Horace,—and that they became rather political clubs than religious guilds. They were therefore suppressed during the republic, and when restored by Augustus were kept strictly to the service of the cult whose name they bore.

And so the year ends. Perhaps it has seemed like an almost unbroken succession of feasts and spectacles,—the year's diversions of an idle and pleasure-loving people. And for the period of the later republic and the empire this impression is no doubt a just one. It is the year of a people which lost its liberties because it was too corrupt and too indifferent to maintain them. They lived idly upon the pittance doled out to them as the price of their servitude, and crowded to the games and spectacles, which were lengthened and multiplied out of all reason in order to keep them in good humor. But with the early Romans it was not so. These festivals were solemn days of worship. They had no Sunday; their eight-day week ended, not in a day of rest, but a busy market-day; and the festivals, rarely occupying more than a single day, did not withdraw them from their regular labor for any larger proportion of the year than we give to our weekly Sabbath and occasional holidays. The Roman year was in its origin made up of the religious festivals of sober and hard-working peasants: it ended as a round of gayety and license for a brutal rabble which had neither industry nor religion.

WILLIAM F. ALLEN.

## ALONG THE COLUMBIA RIVER AND PUGET'S SOUND.

### I.

WHEN we left Portland, by the steamer Idaho, of the Pacific Coast line, August 1, the town was so enveloped in smoke, from the immense forest fires burning, that we saw nothing of its charming surroundings. The Columbia River was a phantom river; our sail down it was a phantasmagoria, —smoke-circled islets, smoke-haunted banks, cliffs of black, plutonic-looking basalt towering into a misty mid-region of smoke, green firs, lovely green water, quenched in smoke! Verily, the smoke of the torment of these forests goes up forever; for, season after season, these fires break out and burn with extinguishing fury, suffocating, smothering, blotting out whole landscapes, rubbing off the clear edges of things, dimming mountains, and putting everything under a sort of penumbra of obscurity. The effect is most singular, that of spinning over the clear, green, salmon-haunted water through a lurid haze, the sun a perfectly round blood-spot in the sky, affording hardly light enough to reveal itself. There is, however, a wonderful charm in the scenery of the Upper Columbia, the full, noble river cleaving its way through its rocky shores, overhung by yellow pines, balsam firs, and splendid forests of tapering cedars. The water is like some brilliant edged tool cutting its way through the rock; and often this rock is cloven into a thousand fantastic shapes and spurs, columns and castles, brittle-edged pinnacles, rounded domes. The eye is arrested at many points by the beauty of the cleavage, the twisting and turning of the winding river, the looming of forest vistas, the vanishing of far river perspectives into soft, nebulous-looking smoke.

The peculiar wildness of this Western scenery is lit up, too, by characteristic figures,—Indian reservations with their motley groups, sportsmen with their

outfits, tourists with their gaping eyes and pockets and their return-tickets looking out of their purses, squaws and bucks with their painted faces, thousands of Chinese, in their bowl-like hats, working on the railroads, free-and-easy men and women, arm-akimbo with everybody and "in" for everything.

Nowhere does one see more life in shirt-sleeves and fig-leaves. We were told of a young buck who had just indulged in a pair of fine trousers, doubtless at a notable price, and deliberately went to work and cut the seat out of them! The singular costumes of the Flathead Indians attract attention as you jog along on the railroads. The frightful-looking Indian women, with their stained and rouged faces, look as if they had been daubed with cherry-juice. One lovely little cream-colored girl was utterly spoiled by a splash of screaming carmine on her cheek-bones. She stood before us like one of those beautiful little Greek caryatids that lift up mantel-pieces and carry them lightly on their heads, in an attitude of unconscious grace, perfectly unaware of being the object of admiration. Even with the artificial blush on her cheek, she was worth looking at,—a lost Minnehaha of these laughing waters.

We noticed many noble-looking Indian faces that would have been intellectual if they had had half a chance. It was a touching scene, when we arrived at the Flathead Reservation, to see the ancient Indian chiefs and women crowding round the Catholic bishop of Montana, who had just got off the train, falling on their knees and kissing the bishop's hand in the most reverential way. A good work had been done among them, and they were properly grateful for it. The bishop was a young and handsome man, with a genial face and a pleasant manner, which put his aged parishioners at ease. The next

day, when he returned, a hundred or so of the bucks, on their wild Indian ponies, dressed up in feathers and paint, escorted him to the train and bade him adieu.

The trains, as we passed along, were variegated with these peculiar Indian physiognomies, so Chinese in certain lights, and yet so un-Chinese in others. Herds of Indian ponies grazed in the distance,—fleet, yellow-bodied little fellows, as full of fortitude as their masters, and as wild-eyed. We had with us a little, winking, trembling Scotch black-and-tan which constantly reminded one of these ponies,—delicate creatures, all life and fibre, skittishly intelligent, squeamish, hard as iron, a physiological paradox.

For hours we followed the Flathead River, which soon becomes the Clark's Fork of the Columbia,—a mass of clear emeralds, rushing through mountain-gorges, tumbling in cascades, breaking against shivered rocks, and reflecting a lustrous white limestone bottom. The vegetation along its banks is most luxuriant. The long-leaved pine is triumphant and conquers and surmounts all others, but aspens quiver, spruce and other needle-wood give light and dark shades of green, and there is a dense underbrush. Ferns luxuriate in the damp, cool air, beds of moss spread out like counterpanes at the foot of the trees, and masses of bright-hued flowers, among them the fragrant columbine, paint the woodland. Now and then the screech of waterfowl, the whirr of partridge or water-hen, the twinkling flight of snipe, the eerie plump of duck, or the buzz of a pheasant, could be heard.

The railroad crosses and recrosses the river, so that the point of view shifts from one side to the other. At Lake Pend-d'Oreille, in Eastern Idaho, it runs out on a very long bridge, and we caught glimpses of the beautiful sheet of water, nearly forty miles in length, a mountain-paradise in its fresh solitude. The water, on which a steamboat was lying idly, seemed to be without an horizon, owing to the smoke. The fires were burning all around and scattering

light through the dark. Occasionally—often, indeed—we came upon a settlement of grinning Mongolians, who would look up with their moon-shaped faces and smile ecstatically when we called them "John." Perhaps not one in fifty knew any other English word.

At the Dalles, in Oregon, we stopped for part of a day and night, after following the Columbia by train for six or seven hours through the most hideous alkali sand-desert. The sand lay in great hills along the river, like the dunes of Holland, mouse-colored, fine-grained, all-penetrating, blown by the wind into countless fine corrugations, and heated by the sun till it seemed ready to turn into glass. The river-scenery was again most striking,—wonderful, indeed, in its breadth, its towering heights, its sliding green water—green to a fathomless depth—gnashing its white teeth against the black rocks, and whirling or roaring, according to the character of the obstacles. Again, it was like a river gliding through a dream, vapory and mysterious, burnished here and there by scales of tawny gold from the half-extinguished sun, slipping on in a solid mass, or broken into seams by antagonizing basalt.

At the Dalles, a rest of some hours enabled us to enjoy the journey down the river in a Columbia steamer,—a fresh and delightful experience, after the heat and dust of the railway. We were transshipped at one of the stations, and went by narrow-gauge railway round the picturesque falls. Indian fishermen stood out on triangular platforms and caught salmon with nets in the white water as it foamed over the rocks. The catch last year was enormous,—over six hundred thousand fish, averaging from twelve to sixty pounds. They are caught by seines and wheel-nets in incredible quantities. The wheel turns mechanically, revolving the nets as it turns, and the salmon, hurrying in headlong, are emptied out into barrels, without being injured or tortured by a hook. The Columbia is the great salmon river, and its banks are dotted with "canneries,"—huts or settlements where the fish are caught and canned. The Pacific busi-



ness has fallen into the hands of two monopolists, who absorb most of it by furnishing the capital. The fish are cut up, put in cans, and then boiled in the cans; thereupon each can has a hole made in it, the air is blown out, and it is closed; the whole is then placed in a retort and subjected to a great heat (equal to twenty pounds' pressure of steam). The fish were so abundant last year that certain vandals were cutting out and using only the choicer portions, throwing the rest away.

## II.

EPISODE: We were going through the Straits of Fuca in a dense fog; the fog-whistle was blowing constantly; and the captain was so annoyed by the crowing of a couple of cocks on the hurricane-deck, answering the fog-whistle every time it was blown, that he ordered their decapitation. Their doom was followed by the firing of a cannon.

At this point some Indians came out to our succor with two large hampers full of smoked halibut. They emerged out of the mist with the sun shining upon it and upon the sea, as out of a great mirror of black glass. The sea was as smooth as ice, terraced at intervals by long slow-rolling swells and glass-like undulations. Echoes of the fog-whistle reverberated from the near but unseen coast. The two Indian canoes, with their cargo of squaws and fish, disappeared again in the fog, after a vast deal of duck-like quacking and gesticulation on the part of the long-haired occupants.

"Long-haired," as a Greek epithet, is very applicable to these Western aborigines. Their coarse black hair hangs in long dark twists at the back, sometimes in several whip-like braids; their heads and faces are as round as cheeses,—cheese-colored, too, often striated with streaks of paint. The canoes are wonderfully light and swift, propelled by paddles, and steered with an ease that shows long hereditary practice. The monstrous Pacific stretched out to the west of us in huge, metallic-lustrous undulations,—an expanse of lake-like

water, blanched by the fog-encircled sun into a livid hue, like the side of some great hydrosaurian. To be lost in a fog is not an agreeable sensation, especially when a distress-gun is let off and the crash echoes like thunder far down the black coast and gets no answer but its own voice. A canoe or two hovered for a while dimly on the dip of the horizon, with its inarticulate occupants trying to make themselves understood by gestures.

A fog-horn on a lonely island in the distance sent forth a lugubrious sound back of us now and then,—a ghastly voice in the offing, warning us to be careful.

At last the fog lifted and partially cleared, revealing Port Neah, a place in Washington Territory, with cold, deep, blue-green water, forest-clad heights, and a line of houses running along the shore-line. Every now and then there was a deep booming from the breakers tumbling on the shore. The water was actually filled with a most singular marine growth,—the bull-kelp: a long tube, ending in an onion-like bulb, sends forth a great tuft of flaring and floating canna-shaped leaves, like a horse's tail. The tube runs down six or eight fathoms, and is said to be hollow and to contain a gas. Long light Indian canoes floated around, or conveyed empty water-barrels to land. The harsh guttural and sibilant accents of their occupants filled the air with a sort of sucking and hic-coughing sound. The sun illumined the fog and made it dazzling, as the mist came and went in drifts.

At Port Neah a group of squaws were engaged in weaving baskets, with the imperturbable gravity characteristic of their race. They had a row of tiny pap-pooes suspended from a branch, with a cord attached to their toes; and, as they wove, they pulled the cord with their feet and swung the babies. The baskets were very cunning pieces of Indian work, and were wrought in variegated patterns with stripes, etc. We saw a pretty cup, bowl, and saucer thus woven out of delicate grasses.

The Indians had captured an immense

whale, which they had drawn in-shore and were engaged in cutting up and boiling down for oil. Our ship brought them a large load of empty whiskey-barrels to hold the oil. Many of the half-breed women were out in boats, and were quite good-looking. The boats looked like paper or bark, yet they were hewn out of solid logs of pine, expanded in some peculiar way by means of hot stones, and then modelled with very striking resemblances to the Venetian gondola. They danced at the least motion of the plume-like paddle, and seemed ready to upset at any moment, yet they were handled by the skilful oarsmen and oarswomen with perfect security, and shot over the great green-glass billows with the gracefulness of swan-like undulations. The hill-side was green with perpetual fog and rain, and here at last we met what we had come, to think the mythic moisture of the Pacific coast. Certainly the first few weeks of our journey revealed evidences enough of sterility. But for the water-seam of the Columbia and the Willamette at Portland, the country would seem a Sahara. Here, however, it was very different, and there was undoubted humidity in the air.

Soon we were passing Vancouver Island, where the same omnipresent forest fires were burning as on the mainland. The coast was indented, and there were islets scattered along it; a dense growth of timber covered this side of the island (the southern), and afforded inexhaustible food to the fires. The American side had disappeared in a fog-bank.

The water continued filled with the floating cilia of the remarkable horse-tailed kelp I have mentioned. The leaves look like lacerated banana-leaves, and float gracefully just under the surface of the sea. The stems are long ropes of hair-like tubular structure, with a knob at the end, and an abundant pale green-brown efflorescence breaking out of it.

### III.

A FEW days after leaving the Columbia River, we cast anchor, or rather tied

up, in Departure Bay, Vancouver Island, one of the prettiest sheltered coves I have seen. The bay is enclosed on three sides by wooded heights, about which lingered delicate wreaths of blue smoke, which spiritualized the rather over-concrete forms of the forests of needle-wood crowning them. There was an opening toward the sea, in which lay a lovely isle studded with firs and clothed at one extremity with gold-green marine plants, grass, and fucus, from the receding tide. A warm haze brooded over everything, through which the sun burned like a great round lamp colored red-gold. The water had the same clearness that we have noticed all along in these high latitudes. The pillars of the water-pier seemed to drop into fathomless deeps, elongated by the refraction.

Departure Bay is famed as a great coaling-station. Trains of cars bring the coal down to the water-side, where it is emptied into the ship's coal-bins. It is a quiet little place, with two or three sailing-vessels standing statuesquely in the water, and only the shouts of a few workmen and stevedores to be heard.

The pant of the coal-engine was heard up the hills; a coopful of sociable ducks kept up a communicative quacking on deck; the roar of the coal as it slid down its iron tray into the hold of the ship recalled vividly the clatter of stage-thunder: beyond these things very little was to be heard. Out in front lay the bright pelagic expanse, tranquil, unploughed by a ripple, warm-hued in the smoky sunlight. The bay was so land-locked that it gathered in the warm air as in a goblet brimming with yellow misty sunshine. A slight land-breeze freshened up the heat occasionally, and corrugated the water with a thousand silvery wrinkles; then it ceased, and the water-surface smoothed out into a mirror of velvet sheen, reflecting nothing but the pale, inverted shores, the fir-studded islands, and the vapory sun.

Soon we were lying to at Victoria, the capital of the island. Victoria is a lively little place, of about six thousand

inhabitants, with a number of substantial and elegant buildings. Its situation is highly picturesque, on several sea-arms over which bridges are cast. The harbor was full of shipping. The people have the provincial British-Canadian tinge, and the town has lost several thousand people since the excitement about the mines subsided. We had the late, long-lingering twilight of the North, in which the town lay pictured and tranquillized as if for our benefit, while a canoe or two shot like an arrow over the water and left a broken water-way behind. The water there, as in the Alaskan archipelago, was like a photographer's gelatinized crystal dry-plate,—ready to take any impression, beautifully still and clear.

We went walking on the shore at Departure Bay, and found it literally paved with minute crustaceans and animalcules. Crabs in millions, of microscopic size; strangely-marked fiddlers; dark-purple sea-periwinkles; fan-shaped clams with their cloven and corrugated calcareous houses; barnacles, green, white, clustered, isolated, perambulatory on the backs of sea-crabs, and anchored fast to pebbles or rocks; marine algæ, paper-textured, like translucent parchment; sea-weed filled with darting and swarming life; clear pools, forming natural aquaria, refrigerated by the cool island-breezes, and peopled with minute life; gleaming shell-banks shining purple and mother-of-pearl under moving water; curiously-marked minnows, and little Tom Thumb sticklebacks, so diminutive that they seemed incapable of motion, and yet they were replete with electric sensation: what a natural laboratory of marine life, such as would delight even Ernst Hæckel!

Stooping for a minute over one of these pools, left on the shore by the tide, one would suppose them devoid of life; but in a moment or two the whole bottom of the pool began to stir, quiver, kick, wriggle: it was alive! Then countless liliptutian crabs began to claw and swim, slip in and out of shells, flash their bright little forceps-claws upward to the light, and then sink to the transparent bottom. All showed a won-

drous adaptation in color and form to their environment: often it was impossible to tell the minnows and crustaceans from the sheltering pebbles around. The purple periwinkles shone like beds of lustrous dark violets, their inky shells just touched at the apex with a splash of iridescent lilac. Some were marked about their lips with ribs of snuff-color, and others showed a touch of carnation; and inside the bleached volutes, turned upward in the sunshine, had a milky shimmer of lilac white. Their exquisite tints under water, when they all look like flowers or jewels, must be seen to be enjoyed.

The singular clusters in which the barnacles here hung together were noticeable. They built themselves up in miniature mountains on the back of shells, living or dead, ran around stones in calcareous frills, grouped themselves like sets of teeth on the edge of a piece of glass or broken bottle, or gleamed, covered with green slime, out of their coverts in the water. And here the tiny crabs were infinitely busy, picking them open with their nimble claws, pulling out bits of the living sea-animal from the tooth-like shell, and transferring the gelatinous meal to their ever-working mouths. While there seemed to be but one or two varieties of crabs, their markings, their armorial bearings, were simply infinite. There were bars sinister, flecks and specks, gray-covered backs sprinkled with white, snow-white claws touched with pink and protruding from a black body, and so on, all covered and colored protectively, according to their hiding-places. They were plucky little animals, too, and nipped viciously if you put your finger where they could take hold of it; always showing fight in defence of hearth and home.

Days might be spent on this apparently dead sea-shore, with its masses of crumbling shells,—a sepulchre more numerously filled than the catacombs,—and days of interest, too, for the living outnumber even the dead, and the eyes that blink at you out of the water more than compensate for those closed forever on the shell-heaps contiguous.

Zoölogical problems enough might be solved by bending over these still or rippling aquarium-pools; swarms of delicate little articulates, like the playful crabs, might resolve difficulties of evolution; the cast-away skeleton of a vertebrate might afford interesting studies of a more highly organized life; and the mite-like zoöphytes that cling to and over-spread everything with a living slime might yield results under the lens.

#### IV.

THE incoming tide crept on unperceived, and revived again the heaps of sepulchre-shells on the shore,—a marine resurrection that takes place every day: each pool was vitalized anew with salt water, and the sodden shore was soaked in brine. The sea-algæ waved their banners, and swung their hammocks, freighted with life, from rock to rock; the tall sea-grasses bent tremulously in the water, and tossed to and fro with the tide; the sun struck the subtile-lipped periwinkles and made them gleam like lilac pearls under the water; all the pink and purple and green and streaked and inky existences in the water woke up, crawled out in the sunny openings, and showed their jewelled markings in the light.

The air again became aromatic with smoke from the burning fir woods: everything was steeped in magnifying haze.

The color-scheme up here has little of the radiant morning colors of the South: it is full of the dark-purple, less ignited color-norms of the North. This was perceptible enough in the heaps of shells on the shore, whose prevailing hue was dark, prismatic damson-color, with lilac or bluish iridescence playing over their surfaces; the woods were sombre green; the water was changeable dark green; the sky was pale blue.

After leaving it for a short time, we returned to Victoria, and tied up at the long wharf, three miles from town. The day was gray and toneless, and the water black or purple,—ambiguous, with changing lights from the sky. A few passengers got on at

Departure Bay and enlivened our little company. The main body of the excursionists got on at Port Townsend, whence we started for Alaska. The aspect of the passengers was not cheering or prepossessing,—German Jews in goggles, lumbermen, country-folk, Bohemians, knock-about, and the various perambulatory characters of an unsettled neighborhood.

One turned with pleasure from them to the sea, wherein floated the crystal bodies of jelly-fish, flattened spheres with deep-brown, sensitive, contracting edges, radiolarians with their hair-like cilia, each contriving to sting like a fine needle, amorphous masses of laminated gelatin, wheeling through these dim seas on some journey of subsistence or self-propagation.

At the long wharf of Victoria the sea was sprinkled with sombre rocks, fretted and ornamented with myriads of barnacles. Ropy sea-weed twined around them or washed up and down in tidal corners where the heave of the sea could reach it. A crude-looking hotel was building aside from the rocks, and a few wooden shanties lay in the woods near by. The grayness of the day prevented the distant mountains from being seen. A slight humidity rendered the air easier to breathe. A carriage rolled by over the rattling planks and conveyed a passenger or two to the ship. The slush of the water against the gneiss-looking rocks formed a perpetual murmur regular as a chant. There was something peculiarly suggestive in the fresh sharp dash of the waves, in the sharp sea-scent, in the cool breezes from the incoming tide, and even in the airy croaking of the crows far up in the sky. The dark water had no light on it or in it. The sun every now and then made a weak attempt to smile genially out of the mingled mist and smoke, but the attempt was unsuccessful. To an enervated constitution, the keen Pacific air is almost too sensational a tonic: it drives through one like a spike, penetrating all the hidden cell-abysses and protoplasmic processes, and rousing an unusual stimulation in the blood-chambers.

## V.

WE reached Port Townsend, on Puget's Sound, on the 5th of August, a striking situation on high bluffs. The view in clear weather must be extensive over the sound, islands, and mainland. There was some shipping in the harbor, which is well protected by screening land on nearly every side. We took a walk up the heights, and were well repaid by the commanding outlook: the evening was soft and still, and the island-outlines came out like sculpture. An impassive calm reigned on the water, the fringing woods and promontories rested in soft blue haze on the water-margins, the sun had been extinguished long before actual sundown by the smoke, and the hints of what must be a matchless panorama on a good day lay half revealed beneath us.

The place is largely a timber-town, with two or three stone houses. We saw luxuriant ivy and bunches of intensely-scarlet mountain-birch berries: so the climate must be both humid and arctic. The grass was cropped close to the black soil, ragged fir woods encircled the suburbs jealously, as if shutting out the Indians, four wooden churches gave evidence of missionary work, numerous saloons invited the idler, and a large lumber-mill or two showed the mainstay of the place. Such is a meagre compend of one's bird's-eye view of Port Townsend in the evening.

The next morning, we found everything again buried in fog, the ships in the offing lying between earth and sky, as in an element of glass. The great fog-horn had blown lugubriously most of the night,—a long, depressing moan, more like a dirge than a warning: its fitful reverberations intermingled with our dreams and gave us an uncanny night. Out on the wharf we found people looking down into the water and admiring the objects on the clear sea-bottom. Gigantic star fish, spread out like wheels, some with five points, others with twenty-five, lay expanded

on the sand or clutched the posts of the wharf; minute flounders, darting tom-cods, crabs, and water-scorpions disported themselves gayly in the still depths. Presently, two or three gorgeous jelly-fish floated along,—lovely masses of contractile gelatin, colored like wine, chocolate, or amber, some star-pointed, others with circular disks, from which swept long, pendent cilia. It would be difficult to see more beautiful objects of the kind,—sea-nebulæ, yellow-hearted, expanding like balloons, then shuddering and shrinking all up, then throwing out over the green water a whole radiating world of pulsating tentacles. Two or three of these creatures resembled sunflowers, with their golden jelly-centres; but the loveliest of all was the great wine-colored star,—a very planet of a jelly-fish,—that came pulsing along with its passionate vibrations, a piece of transparent velvet that throbbed with abounding life. It had a long meteor-tail that swept behind it, doubtless full of poison that would sting like fire if trailed along the naked skin. We never saw a more crystal medium than this water near the shore: everything stood revealed,—scarlet crabs, spotted minnows, twinkling flounders, turning their white sides to the light, and gray or pink radiolarians.

It was here that we held up as the first stage of our trip to Alaska, the starting-point of our exploration of the Alaskan Archipelago. Those who go on this trip usually cross the country by rail from Portland, run up the Sound to Port Townsend, and there take the newly-arranged excursion-steamer for Sitka and the glaciers, thus avoiding the unpleasantness of a roll down the Columbia or on the Pacific.

The wonder and charm of the Alaska trip are very great; and such is the tranquillity of these island-waters that there is no more discomfort attending the journey than there is on a Rhine or a Hudson steamer.

JAMES A. HARRISON.



## RETALIATION.

## I.

"NEW YORK, Nov. 6, 18—.

"**MY DEAR MRS. SOUTTER**"  
(wrote Major Forsythe),—"I write to ask if you will kindly allow my friend Mr. Eberhard Clayton, of this city, to spend some weeks in Virginia at your house. He would like to come at once, if you will receive him as a boarder: he would be unwilling to trouble you on any other terms. He has been suffering with malaria for two months past, and, although now, happily, free from that malady, finds himself so prostrated from its effects that his physician declares an open-air life in a healthy country, where he can have comfortable accommodations and good shooting, is the best prescription he can give him. Will you let him come to you? You will find him one of the most agreeable fellows in the world,—amiable and accomplished, and a great favorite wherever he goes."

To this letter Mrs. Soutter had returned a favorable answer; and a few days afterward Mr. Clayton had arrived at "Airdrie," the Soutter residence.

A stranger was a rarity in that neighborhood,—it was before the discovery of the Luray Caverns,—but the arrival of this stranger, a young man of fashion, who had come all the way from New York in the middle of November to remain six weeks, was more than a mere event: it was an epoch, likely to prove a formidable rival to "the war" itself in days to come. The whole Soutter household was in a state of commotion.

Through her half-open chamber door Agnes heard the bustle of his arrival in the hall below, her mother's greeting, a question asked and answered regarding his health, a masculine step ascending the stairs, a door opened and closed, a sound of soft whistling presently proceeding from that direction, succeeded by a few bars of the Signal Song

from "Fra Diavolo," sung in a clear *tenore robusto* as fresh and strong as a west wind. Very novel sounds in that feminine household, and very interesting, she decided, as she stood still at the door for a moment to listen, her eyes shining with excitement.

A step on the stairs made her turn into the room again, and directly afterward Sylvie entered. "Miss Aggy," said she, "yeh ma say please make has'e an' go down 'n de pahl. She ain't got time t' go yet a while, an' she doan' want Mist' Clay'n t' feel lonesome."

"Very well; I will," said Agnes. "Sylvie, see if my petticoat shows in front, won't you, please? Wait: I'll walk across the floor, and you can see."

"No, honey, not a bit. Miss Aggy," she continued, stooping to adjust the skirt-drapery, "*he* ain't no strange to *me*," nodding her head toward the door. "He cer'nly do faveh somebody rutheh might'ly; but I cahn' place him,—not yet."

"Oh, no; you've never seen him before. This is his first visit to Virginia: Major Forsythe said so." She took up a hand-glass. "Oh, mammy, will you *please* look at my hair behind?—it's just a perfect sight."

"Set down, honey: I pin dis sha' tow'l roun' yo' neck an' fix it up in five minutes."

Sylvie was an ante-war relic, a former slave, a tall, erect woman of about fifty-five, whose high features, warm, copper-tinted skin, and nearly straight black hair told of an admixture of Indian blood. She was also that rarest of all anomalies,—a colored old maid. She had had one love-affair in early life, but the man had died, and since then she had devoted herself to her then young mistress, the present Mrs. Soutter, and afterward to her daughter Agnes, whose nurse she had become when the child was barely a month old. After the war was over and she was told she was free

to go, she had merely smiled. She never talked much.

Agnes was then about six years of age, and, running to her and throwing her white arms around the dusky neck, she cried, "You won't leave *me*, mammy? You ain't goin' 'way from *me*?"

Sylvie gently disengaged one of the little, clinging hands and kissed it. "No, my baby," she said, in her quiet way. "You know I ain't goin': 's long's you want mammy, *she'll* stay."

So Sylvie had stayed,—on wages, of course,—and year after year found her only more and more devoted to Agnes. A born mother, yet destined by fate to be childless, she poured all the diverted tide of maternal feeling upon this darling nursling, for whom she would willingly have died.

But, while I am telling all this, the refractory locks are being brushed and put into beautiful order, and at last, all being pronounced perfect, Agnes ran lightly down-stairs into the parlor.

The guest was there before her, seated in an easy-chair by the fire, in full conversation with her little sister, who was perfectly at home with him.

"Fran-ces-ca," the child was repeating as Agnes appeared. "It is a right funny name."

"Miss Soutter, I presume," said Mr. Clayton, rising and extending his hand. He was a tall, large man, though now somewhat gaunt from recent illness, with a handsome face, the details of whose regular, rather heavy, features, prominent brown eyes, short, curling hair, and beard of a lighter shade, her glance noted in an instant. "You find me well enough acquainted to enter upon a controversy already," he continued, smiling down from his tall height upon her as he waited for her to be seated. "We are discussing names. I think my horse has a very unusual one, but—"

"But I said Sylvie knew a dog 'at had one funnier 'n that."

"What was it?" he asked.

"Why, you know, once upon a time, long time ago, before even Aggy was bawn, why, Sylvie lived for two years

way down 'n South Carolina, on one of gran'pa's plantations, an' so there was a po' young gyrl, an' she had real nice ways, but she wa'n't a lady bawn—"

("Oh, you little parrot!" exclaimed Agnes parenthetically.)

—"But, anyway, she named her dog 'Max.' That wa'n't his whole name; but she *called* him Max. An' she wouldn't never tell Sylvie his yuther name, 'cause 'twas after somebody. An', oh, she jus' *loved* that dog; an' when he got hurt so bad one day they had to shoot him, she jus' cried, an' cried, an' cried; an' so, after a while, she said everything was gone that she loved. So she pined an' pined away, an' bime-by, one day, she jus' folded her po' thin hands so, an' turned her face to the wall, an' said, 'God bless my po' little Max,' an' died. An' Sylvie saw her die, an' Sylvie said she had some of her things now,—her father gave 'em to Sylvie 'cause Sylvie was good to her."

"She must have thought a great deal of the dog, certainly," said Mr. Clayton. "But, Bessie, I don't think Max is such a funny name. One of *my* names is Max."

"Oh, is it?" she exclaimed, approaching his chair and regarding him curiously. "Well, then, if that is so, I reck'n maybe some young lady mus' love *you* might'y, don't she?"

He reddened a little under cover of Agnes's laugh which followed this remark; but, before he had a reply ready, the entrance of Mrs. Soutter changed the conversation.

She was a stout, handsome matron, who talked a great deal, but in a voice so soft, flat, and monotonous, and with a manner so placid and devoid of gesture, that she usually passed for a silent person. "I reck'n you'll soon get well here, Mr. Clayton," she began, picking up the thread of her remarks dropped an hour ago. "Not that I ever thought so seriously of 'a few chills and fevers. You know, I was raised down in the Nawthern Neck, on the Rappahannock, where we regularly expected a spell of ague 'n fever every fall, unless we went up the country. So I was brought up

on chills, you may say; and I cya'n't see that it's ever hurt me any."

Mr. Clayton murmured some gallant commonplace in reply, which the lady acknowledged with a faint smile, and quietly but determinedly resumed her trite rehearsal.

Little Bessie found it so uninteresting that she presently left the room, and the visitor, seeing that it was only necessary to bow and smile in the right place, allowed his attention to wander to the opposite side of the fireplace, where Agnes sat, looking at the fire, whose glancing light sparkled and shone like a ruby in her light, expressive eyes. He told himself, as he watched her, that he had rarely seen a more attractive-looking girl. She was not strikingly pretty, peculiar-looking, rather, with a face full of piquant and charming contradictions,—a great deal of pride expressed in the stately poise of her small head and her somewhat haughty carriage, while nothing, on the other hand, could have been more bewitching than the deep dimple nestling in the smooth roundness of the chin, or the constantly-varying expression of the well-cut mouth, its corners turning seductively upward. Her complexion was good and clear, her hair of a soft, dusky hue, absorbing rather than reflecting the light, while her strange eyes, of a light, limpid gray, with very large, sensitive pupils dilating and contracting with almost every breath, long, thick, black lashes, and slender, well-defined brows of the same shade, served to give a singular effectiveness to her every glance. She was small and slight, with a figure lovely in its erect, slender roundness, and with absolutely perfect feet and hands.

"Not being heard is no reason for silence," says Victor Hugo. And probably so thought Mrs. Soutter, who had been talking uninterruptedly for ten minutes or more:

"Yes, it certainly is pretty enough up here, but *mighty* lonesome,—very few neighbors, indeed. I was mighty glad when Mr. Reinhard, Aggie's music-teacher, came to Luray to live for his

health: it gave her an opportunity to go on with her music; and the old gentleman is very pleasant."

"You play, then, Miss Soutter?" said Mr. Clayton.

"Yes, she plays very well," replied her mother. "If Mr. Reinhard wa'n't so obstinate, and would give her something besides those fugues and sonatas and things, her playing would be a heap of company for me; but most of her music hasn't a bit of tune to it. I could hear that classic music a hundred times without knowing one piece from another; but I must say she has taken the trouble to learn some mighty pretty old Scotch songs especially for me.—Play some of them now, Aggie," she continued, "before Sylvie lights the lamps. You can play your Beethoven and your Bach for Mr. Clayton after supper, when I am up-stairs with Bessie."

"Very well," said Agnes, rising to comply.—"And afterward you will sing for us, won't you, Mr. Clayton? Major Forsythe says you sing so well."

She played beautifully, astonishing him with the wonderful clearness of her touch, her mastery of the instrument, and her artistic feeling, her slender fingers seeming to caress and coax the ivory keys into producing tones nearly as sympathetic as those of a violin. One almost caught the words in the old ballads, "How can I leave thee?" "The Mill in the Valley," "Roslyn Castle," and "Gilderoy."

He sat still, listening delightedly, during the playing of these; but, as she finished, and began another, a very simple, plaintive little melody, he started, giving a singular, breathless sort of attention, and finally, rising from his seat and approaching the piano, interrupted her somewhat abruptly with, "What is that air, Miss Soutter? How do you call it?"

She smiled: "I have never seen it written. I caught it from the servants on the place. It is a revival-hymn: they sing it a good deal at their meetings. Isn't it a sad little thing?—like the cry of a broken heart; and the words suit the music admirably."

Here Sylvie came in and proceeded to light the lamps, while Agnes sang in a soft undertone, without accompaniment,—

"Oh, *who* will be ready when de Bridegroom comes?"

Who will be ready when he comes?  
Who will be ready, who will be ready,  
Who will be ready when he comes?"

As she concluded, he passed his hand across his forehead. "Do you know," he said, "that during the short period I have been in this house I have already had two very strange experiences? or rather, perhaps I ought to say, a repetition of a very strange experience? Half an hour ago, when your little sister told that story, with its pathetic 'God bless my little Max,' it came to me all at once, with a strange, sympathetic thrill, that somewhere in the long past those words had been said to *me*, in a place which at that moment I seemed to see as distinctly as I now see your face. And again, just now, as you sang that air in that soft, low voice, the same place arose before my mind, and I could almost swear to having heard the little melody sung there just in that way, by some one very good to me, very sad and gentle, very—"

"What was the place like?" she asked, as he broke off, looking troubled.

"That is the strangest part about it. I have never been farther South than Washington before I came here. And this place which I seem to recall is almost tropical, the air very soft and balmy, heavy with the odor of flowers, and with quantities of long gray Southern moss hanging from the branches of the tall trees."

"Why, that is mighty strange!" she said, in her sweet Virginia English. "And you've never been South?"

"Never in my present phase of existence, though somehow I seem to know intuitively a great deal about it."

"Maybe your mother could tell you something about it."

"She is dead; but, even if she were not, I would not ask her, since I have always possessed an extraordinary faculty or habit of recalling events which never

occurred. She used frequently to be annoyed by it."

At that moment Agnes happened to glance toward Sylvie, who had finished her task, and now stood near the door, her eyes dilated and staring with the strangest expression at Mr. Clayton.

"Sylvie," said Agnes, in a low tone,—"Sylvie, what are you waiting for? What is the matter?" rising and approaching her. "Sylvie, don't you hear?"

The woman seemed to pull herself back to consciousness with a sort of jerk. "A-nothin', Miss Aggy," she stammered. "Oh, yes'm; I fo'got: I come t' say sup-pek's on de table." And, throwing one more wild, wondering look toward the visitor, she retreated, leaving Agnes filled with amazement at her strange behavior. Happily, no one else had observed it, Mr. Clayton being occupied with some books of music, and Mrs. Soutter having just aroused from her nap and become aware of Sylvie's exit. "Standing listening to the music, wa'n't she, Aggie?" she said, as they rose to obey the summons to supper. "You must excuse her, Mr. Clayton: she's the last of our old family servants, and consequently something of a privileged character. Pa owned as many as five or six hundred once, counting those on the rice-and cotton-plantations down South, and now she is the only one we have left."

"All that was left of them,—left of six hundred," murmured Agnes, giving words to the thought which had darted instantly into his mind. And their glances met sympathetically.

That night when Agnes went to her room she found Sylvie already there. "What was the matter with you in the parlor this evening, mammy?" she asked. "You stood there staring at Mr. Clayton like any corn-field hand. I don't know what he thought of you."

Sylvie's forced, uneasy smile could not hide the strange, troubled look which crept back to her face. "I dunno, Miss Aggy," she said: "'peaked like I thought I seen a ghos' in de pahla to-night." She broke off to ask abruptly, "How long's he gwine t' stay, anyhow?"

"I don't know: four or five weeks, I reckon; until he is perfectly well again." Sylvie busied herself mending the fire. "I doan' see nuthin' 'tall de matta wid him," she muttered discontentedly. "'Peah like to *me* he looks well 'nuff."

Agnes turned and regarded her searchingly:

"Either something very serious is the matter with *you*, or you are tired to death, mammy. You know you've done a quantity to-day; you're all out of sorts. Tell me good-night, and go to bed right away. And do stop grumbling about Mr. Clayton, or you and I may quarrel, for *I* like him ever so much."

## II.

FIVE weeks passed,—a month of constant sunshine within and without. Nearly every morning, Mrs. Soutter prophesied a change of weather for the ensuing day; but, as if possessed with a spirit of brilliant contradiction, the sun shone down from frosty, cloudless skies, and Mr. Clayton had sport in abundance. But after the first fortnight he seemed to weary of his solitary shooting-expeditions, preferring to walk or ride with Agnes instead. The evenings were generally devoted to music, Mr. Reinhard sometimes staying over the night on music-lesson afternoons, when he would contribute his share to the general entertainment; but this was not often the case, and, as there were no near neighbors, the two were left a good deal to themselves. Mr. Clayton wrote and received a good many letters, which he carried to and from the post-office himself; and, that duty being accomplished, he usually placed himself at Agnes's disposal for the remainder of the day, and, mounted or on foot, they explored the country for miles around.

Christmas morning opened with a leaden sky which thickened momentarily, while a raw northeast wind blew in desultory gusts, driving the stiffened leaves about the yard and rattling the bare branches of the trees. Everybody had been busy all day dressing the house with evergreens. Some cousins from Alexandria were expected to a late din-

ner, to remain for a week or two, and the bedrooms were to be made brave with garniture in honor of their coming. But about three o'clock in the afternoon the supply of evergreens was exhausted, and Agnes and Mr. Clayton started out with a big basket to replenish the stock. Their way led upward toward the forest which skirted the foot of the mountains. It was a good hour's brisk walk to the woods, and, when they were reached, pretty branches of holly brilliant with berries were not easy to find. So the moments passed, and by the time the basket was filled they all at once became aware of the fact that the short winter afternoon was closing in and it was snowing fast.

"We can't attempt to walk all the way home in the face of this storm," said Agnes, as they emerged from the woods into the road. "Why, it's three miles off, and I'm sure that basket must weigh fifty pounds. We'll make haste and go to Dr. Borst's—he lives only half a mile up the road—and ask him to lend us a horse and buggy."

Which was accordingly done with all the expedition possible: still, nearly an hour elapsed before the doctor—a very hospitable Virginian, in a Christmas mood—would allow them to depart; and by the time they were seated in the carriage to begin the homeward journey it was quite dark, and the snow was descending faster, in large, thick-lying flakes, while the wind howled about the lonely mountain-tops like a mad creature. They chatted of various matters for a while; then she said,—

"I am afraid mamma will be very uneasy. It seems almost a pity we went out this afternoon!"

"I don't regret it," he replied, "since it is the last walk we are likely to have together, for some time at least. A letter came this morning which obliges me to leave to-morrow in the early stage."

She sat perfectly still and speechless, her heart beating fast and thick. She had been so happy for a month past without once stopping to think why. Now she knew.



Presently he went on, in a cordial, conventional tone, feeling with a little sentimental pang that she would never guess the effort it cost him to adopt it: "You and your mother have made it so pleasant for me here, I don't think I should have got well so fast anywhere else. I haven't had such a taste of home-life since my mother's death."

Still she did not speak: indeed, just then it was almost a physical impossibility. It took all the force she could muster to prevent her self-control from escaping her, and the effort caused her to tremble violently.

By and by he perceived this. "Are you cold?" he asked, with a quick change of tone. "That must not be." And, grasping the reins in his right hand, with the left he began folding the wraps more closely about her. "There; is that right?" bending nearer to look into her face.

She was about to risk a reply of some sort, when at that moment the mad wind, rushing wildly past in its raving progress up the mountain-side, caught a long, loosened lock of her soft hair, blowing it across his cheek. She raised her hand to put it in place; the vehicle gave a sudden lurch; her head just grazed his shoulder, when, all at once, his arm was around her, she was gathered close to his breast, and he was murmuring,—

"Poor little tired cold girl: it is a shame to take her out in all this storm! Are you cold, now, darling, dear little Agnes? What shall I ever do without her? What shall I do?"

It was not in the least what he had intended to say. He did not know what he *was* saying. She seemed such a young, gentle, tender creature at that moment, whom it was as natural to soothe with tender words and caresses as it is to stroke a baby's soft curls when it rests its little tired head on our knee. "Are you angry with me, Agnes?" he continued, as she made an effort to free herself. "Don't you know I would not harm you for the world, my darling?"

One instant she held back, then with

a little happy sigh she nestled her small head confidently against his shaggy overcoat, reminding him more than ever of a sweet, weary child.

"You dear little girl!" He bent down and kissed her forehead. "You are *not* angry with me, then? I may not see you alone again. Won't you give me one kiss now for good-by?"

She put up her sweet mouth to him directly. "I do love you," she whispered. "I *love* you."

"And you will miss me a little, won't you?" he persisted.

But it was no child that replied. The voice was very low, but as clear and resolved as if she were speaking before a clergyman and a hundred witnesses: "You know I will."

It silenced him. He sat still, while the horse sped swiftly on, and the wind blew the snow into their faces. "What is the matter? You are not tired of me?" he asked presently, as she gave a little quick catching of the breath like the beginning of a sigh.

She sat up, freeing herself from his arm. "I was just thinking"—very low—"of a lady whom mamma knew. She lost him: he died the day after they found that they loved each other. She was only eighteen,—just my age,—and she lived to be fifty!"

He winced as if she had touched a sore spot.

"Agnes, don't talk so, my child: I don't like to hear you. Besides, people get over such things in time. Nine women out of ten would have married and been very happy afterward."

For the first time his words jarred on her, but she made no reply. "You must not forget me," he began in a half-troubled way; then, hesitatingly, "You know—that is—I thought perhaps you had guessed—" He stopped.

How could he tell her at that moment? Chance spared him; for by this time the outer gate was reached, and, before he could descend to open it, it swung outward with a creak, and, as they passed through, a voice came from out the darkness,—

"Dat's *you*, ain't it, Miss Aggy?"

"Sylvie!" cried Agnes in astonishment, "what has brought you 'way out here this dreadful night? Is any one ill at home? is anything the matter?"

"No'm," said Sylvie, fastening the gate and then coming alongside the carriage as the horse walked slowly down the avenue. "Nuthin' ain't the matta, 'cep'in' I come out to look fu' you: yeh ma's right oneasy."

"And did she send you out in all this storm?"

"No'm; she do' know I come; but I didn' know what 'come of yeh, Miss Aggy, an' 'peahed like I feel easieh ef I come out t' look fu' yeh."

"But you might have known I would take care of Miss Agnes," Mr. Clayton spoke somewhat quickly. "Dr. Borst detained us, or I should have had her home long ago. Didn't you know she was safe with me?"

There was a perceptible interval of silence before Sylvie replied, "No, seh; I didn' know."

"You mean you didn't know we were together, of course," said Agnes, with some distinctness. "I am very sorry you have given yourself all this useless trouble on my account, Sylvie. I was perfectly safe with Mr. Clayton."

The house was brilliantly lighted when they arrived, and merry with the sound of many voices, the cousins and Mr. Reinhard from Luray having come during their absence. Agnes was immediately assisted up-stairs to dress for dinner by the feminine arrivals, and then brought down again, and the evening passed hilariously. He was not alone with her again for one half-minute, the cousins and little Bessie being ubiquitous. Well, it was much better so, he thought, some four hours later, as he bestowed his belongings into his trunk in the seclusion of his own room. The good-byes had all been said; he would make a very early start in the morning, and it was best to go leaving things as they were. Explanations, enlightenment, could come afterward, when time and silence had partly prepared her.

It is only just to add that he was but ill satisfied with his part in the events of

the afternoon; but, true to the instincts of his nature, he began at once to argue in his own defence. "The devil himself must have been in that gust of wind," he muttered. "God knows, until I felt her soft hair against my face I had no intention of saying a word to her beyond a friendly good-by." At the same time he assured himself over and over that there was no harm done,—that she was too sensible a girl to attach undue importance to his loving words and caresses; he shrank from the thought of pain even where the sufferer was a stranger, and not Agnes. Dear little Agnes! he was *very* fond of her; he was distressed to leave her so; after all, his was a loving nature, and she was a darling little girl,—his eyes grew suddenly tender,—she would make some fellow a sweet little wife some day,—confound him!

At the same time Agnes was standing before the looking-glass in her room, with her long hair unbound and falling around her. The great black pupils in her strange light eyes had spread half over the iris, and her cheeks were flushed to a brilliant carnation under the influence of her happy excitement. She had raised her lovely hands, and was watching their effect relieved against her dusky hair. "He says they are perfect," she whispered; then, regarding the sweet mirrored face a moment, she turned from it with a kind of disdain: "Oh, I wish I were *all* perfect and beautiful from head to foot! I love him so! I love him so!"

She was up betimes next morning in the bitter December weather, and, peeping through the blinds in the cold gray light of early dawn, she saw him mount his horse and ride off. She was still standing there in her night-clothes, looking after him, when Sylvie came in and found her.

"Go right back to yo' bade, Miss Aggy," she said, crossly for her; "you'll ketch cole standin' dair, an' 'deed he ain't wuth it, honey."

Agnes faced round upon her directly: "Sylvie, please understand, once and for all, that I don't care to hear anything you have to say about Mr. Clayton.

For some reason best known to yourself, or, rather, for no reason at all, you have taken an absurd dislike to him, which I suppose accounts for your ridiculous behavior ever since he has been here. Please remember hereafter, whatever you choose to think, you must keep it to yourself. I will not hear it."

Sylvie, instead of becoming angry, stood still, regarding her with a sort of wistful, tender admiration. "Oh, Miss Aggy, you sho'ly is yo' gran'pa's own gran'chile, an' no mistake: hit's de real ole Johns'n blood, sho'. Ev'ybody knowed 'twa'n't no use come 'spect'n' longa Mah's Basil w'en he got his back up, an' you's de same. Dat's w'at make me say w'at I does; blood *will* tell, honey, an' ef people is *bawn* common, de common 'bleeged to show some time rutheh, an' dem kine hain't got no bizness wid daih bettehs. Rais'n hain't gwine t' wuk out de nacha', cep'n' please de Lawd t' do meracle, which he doan' do dese days. Well, I ain't gwine say no mo'; I'm done; but you git back to bade, honey; 'tain't time fo' you t' think 'bout gittin' up yet."

### III.

THAT last storm was the beginning of a long period of bad weather. Day after day Agnes sat at work at her window, looking out on rain, hail, snow, and sleet, listening to the sound of the wind, and wondering why no letter came to her. The roads were wellnigh impassable; but every day she contrived to go or send to the post-office. At first she went herself; but one particularly stormy day, as she was dressing to go, Sylvie came into the room, her hood covered with snow: "'Tain't fitten fu' you t' go out, honey. 'Twa'n't nothin' fu' yeh. I done ben." After that Sylvie always insisted upon going on bad days.

All this while she was the one person in the house who guessed aught of the state of things. Mrs. Soutter, with all her many estimable qualities, was yet scarcely the person to whom one would confide a trouble of this nature, since she held the opinion that it was rather indelicate to say of any woman that she

loved any *man*, even in return. As to a love that was unreturned, she left that to the heroines of her favorite romances. Indeed, she objected to the word *love* as applied to the relation between the two sexes, and offered a refined and tacit rebuke to its use by invariably employing a mild equivalent, such as "fond of," or "sincerely attached to."

So January and February passed quietly, Agnes going about the house as usual, practising her music diligently and teaching her little sister. Only Sylvie saw how pale and thin she was becoming.

At last, one afternoon early in March, when the sun shone brightly, melting the last patches of snow on the lawn,—when the young lambs were beginning to run about the grassy fields, growing greener each lengthening day, and the bare trees and shrubbery wore that undefinable look of promise which precedes the first swelling of the buds,—she was summoned down-stairs, to find her mother in a state of placid interest, two letters in her hand. "I've got some news for you, Aggy," she said. "Major Forsythe writes, begging us to take them to board next summer, and Mr. Clayton is married."

"Who is married?"

"Miss Aggy, set down heah: de sun's in yo' eyes, deah," said Sylvie's quiet voice from behind her, as she placed a chair for her in the shelter of the window-curtain.

"Mr. Clayton," said Mrs. Soutter,—"two weeks ago. He says he is mighty sorry he couldn't send us invitations, but it was just as quiet as possible. They had been engaged for some time, but she has been travelling in Europe for a year past on account of her mother's health. *She* died in England a month ago, and Miss Frothingham came right on to New York; and, as she had no near relatives, they were married the week after her arrival. That's all he says; but Major Forsythe's letter says that she is an old friend of Mrs. Forsythe's, and that she's a perfect beauty and a rich gyrl, and she belongs to one of the best families in New York."

"What is her name?"

Agnes wondered why her voice could sound so natural when she felt as if some terrible machine was draining all the blood from her body.

"Frothingham,—Miss Frances Frothingham. She is about twenty-seven or eight, Major Forsythe says, and has been a great belle. Such a pity she had to put away all the pretty clothes I reck'n she must have bought in Paris! I think it was so nice in him to say nothing at all about her while he was here," continued Mrs. Soutter, as she replaced the letters in their respective envelopes. "He wa'n't like a Nawth'n man in some of his ways, anyhow. I think this new-fashioned way people have got up Nawth of talking of their engagements is dreadful,—so indelicate: indeed, it was considered downright immodest when I was a gyrl. Where are you going, Agnes? 'Tain't worth while to go up-stairs again: it's 'most supper-time."

"I will be down as soon as the bell rings."

She walked slowly up-stairs, a lot of her mother's trite aphorisms crowding into her mind: "Men are all alike: if a woman will permit it, they will take liberties with her, the best of them." "A young lady should always be as dignified as possible, and permit no familiarity whatever until after she is married."

Was she, then, to be classed with those women who permitted liberties? *She!* She entered her room, and, closing the door, paced up and down, up and down, revolving this thought over and over. Did he, then, esteem her only fit for his amusement? Had he supposed, when at his bidding she had raised her lips for him to kiss, that she was meeting him half-way in a flirtation? It had been a moment as solemn as death to her, and had he thought?—

"Oh, no, no, no!" she cried aloud, the torture of this last idea seeming to force the words from her lips. "I did it because I loved him!"

But he had had no love to give her: his kisses, his heart, all belonged else-

where: he had only been diverting himself during a dull period with *her*. It never occurred to Agnes that he had ever forgotten his betrothed for one brief moment, that his wrong-doing had been the result of a strong temptation offered in a weak moment to an ardent nature. Like most very young girls, she could not comprehend the true nature of a man's temptations. Nor could she know what an effort it had been to him to maintain this silence which had hurt her so sorely. In her agony of humiliation she accused him of deliberate insult; and yet even now she loved him, simply because she could not help it. When he had held her in his arms and their lips had met, she had given him her whole heart; and now that she found his heart had not been his to give away, she also recognized the fact that there was that in her nature which made it impossible for her to withdraw the love she had once given. She would *have* to love him as long as she had power to love anything. She *could* not change; she had no power to do it; it was not in her.

She stood still a moment, trying to realize it all, then, falling on her knees beside the window, she stretched out her young, desolate arms toward the blue, darkening sky.

"I must bear this all my life," she whispered brokenly. "Oh, I am very young, and I have wronged no one willingly. I have done nothing but love him."

Major Forsythe and his wife came the following June, and remained until the last of October. Mrs. Forsythe was a very pretty, charming woman, a native of Boston, who speedily made a good deal of Agnes and her music, and finally exacted a promise of her that she would visit her in Baltimore after she became settled there for the winter. She used to speak frequently of the Claytons. "I am so sorry Major Forsythe has duty in Baltimore this winter. Had we remained at Governor's Island, you would have seen a good deal of Frances. You would like her. She is entirely different from everybody else, apart from

being so very beautiful. And Eberhard Clayton is so proud of her! You know, he's just the kind of man who would enjoy of all things overhearing people say, as she passes, 'Oh, what a beauty!'

Sylvie was in the room, and, looking up from her work, she said, "Miz Fosite, wha' dat you call Mist' Clayt'n? 'Peahed like hit sound mighty funny."

"Eber-hard,—Eberhard Max,—two German names," she continued, turning to the two ladies. "And I can't conceive how he came to have them. His mother I knew well. She was as thorough-going a New-Englander as I am; and I believe his father was from Philadelphia. I've always heard he was a very haughty old gentleman, proud of his old family. So both Mr. Clayton and his wife come justly by their exclusiveness. I often tell Frances that I believe any blot on that stainless old escutcheon would give her her death-blow."

"I would like to meet her," said Mrs. Soutter approvingly.

"And so would Sylvie, too, for all she looks so demure. She, too, approves of exclusiveness. Look at her eyes shining."

Sylvie dropped the eyes alluded to, and took up her work. "I hope I *will* see heh sometime rutheh," she said quietly. "I like t' look et pretty ladies."

Just before Christmas, a great-aunt of Agnes's, dying, left her quite a handsome legacy; but by this time she had become so thin and altered that her mother was uneasy, and, after consulting a physician, she concluded to send Sylvie on to Baltimore with her young mistress, to stay for a while and take care of her. The accession of fortune would enable Agnes to remain away and study music at the Conservatory until the vacation, and if, after a while, Sylvie were needed at home, it would be a very easy matter to put her in the cars and let her come back alone.

The night before they started, Agnes took little Bessie to sleep with her. When she woke next morning, she found

the child had evidently been awake for some time, and was only waiting for Agnes to open her eyes to propound a question: "Aggy, what makes Mr. Clayton wear such a funny collar and cravat in that picture Sylvie's got of him?"

Agnes was wide awake in an instant: "What do you mean, Bessie? Sylvie hasn't any picture of Mr. Clayton."

"Oh, but 'deed she has, Aggy. I saw it; an' she's packed it up in her trunk. I peeped in at the do' yesterday, an' she had it in her hand, quarrellin' with it an' talkin' to it. An' while she was doin' it, mamma called her, an' she went down-stairs, an' then I went in the room an' looked at it, an' it was *him*, 'ceptin' his hair was a heap longer, an' he had on such a funny cravat, 'way up high in his neck, an'—"

"It was very dishonorable in you, Bessie," interrupted Agnes. "It wasn't acting like a lady at all to go peeping and prying like that into other people's things; and the only worse thing you can do about it is to tell what you saw. What would papa have thought of you! You must never speak of this to any one, —especially since I believe you are entirely mistaken about seeing a picture of Mr. Clayton."

"I won't tell anybody, if you think I oughtn't to, but 'deed an' double 'deed, Aggy," she persisted earnestly, "it *was* his picture,—it was his eyes, an' his nose, an' his mouth. You jus' as' Sylvie to show it to you, an' you'll see it is."

As the child spoke, Agnes felt the recurrence of an odd, most unpleasant suspicion which had forced itself upon her more than once before. She dismissed it now from her mind by a sheer effort of will, repeating, as she did so, her charge, in a general way, to her little sister about never speaking of things discovered by accident and not intended for her to know. But it returned in spite of her, again and again during that day as she and Sylvie journeyed northward, and for many subsequent days after their arrival in Baltimore.



## IV.

THE Forsythes were occupying a suite of rooms at the Mount Vernon Hotel for the present, which, besides being very comfortable, possessed the additional advantage of proximity to the Peabody Conservatory of Music, where Agnes passed a portion of her time each day.

The weeks had passed pleasantly enough. Winter had gone, and April had come. One cool, damp day it happened that, after accepting an invitation to luncheon with a fellow-pupil, Agnes had chosen to take a long, solitary walk out Charles Street, across the Boundary, so that it was dusk when at last she returned to the hotel, to find Mrs. Forsythe seated in her parlor, which was fairly aglow with light and warmth, and on the sofa, beside her, another lady, to whom she was talking with unusual animation.

"Ah, here she is now!" exclaimed the former, springing up and taking possession of Agnes, whom she drew down to her vacated place on the sofa. "What have you been doing with yourself all day, you unsocial young Virginian? I haven't seen you since breakfast. Come, collect your wool-gathering wits and look here," designating the stranger. "Guess who this is."

Agnes had been looking in admiring wonder. She saw a woman fair as a lily, with hair as richly golden as its stamen rippling back from her broad, low forehead and gathered into a knot behind. Her large, serene eyes were of a deep blue, her features as delicately cut, and the poise of her beautiful head as full of unconscious majesty, as the statues of the Venus Victrix of Melos, which she resembled.

"Guess," repeated Mrs. Forsythe, merrily.

"I think she knows," said the other. "I suspect she must have seen my photograph some time ago."

Bending forward, Agnes became aware of a faint, exquisite scent of roses as the lady took her small, cold hand in the clasp of her two soft, strong ones.

"I have often heard Mr. Clayton speak of your mother's kindness during

his stay in Virginia. I am very glad to meet you."

The blood rushed into Agnes's cheeks, her strange eyes darkened in an instant: for a moment, in her own way, she looked almost as beautiful as her magnificent rival.

"Isn't it lovely that she came?" Mrs. Forsythe prattled on. "But to think of her never having written me a word about the baby, and he nearly two months old! They are on their way to Washington, and, hearing at the station that I was here, Mr. Clayton was good enough to bring them up to spend the day with me. He knows nothing of your being here, Agnes. I've kept that as a pleasant surprise for him. And we'll have a little *musicale* all to ourselves this evening. You will play and he will sing, and—"

"He went down town an hour ago," said Mrs. Clayton to Agnes. "I am expecting him in every minute."

"I must go and lie down, if I am to play this evening," said Agnes, rising with the best grace she could muster. "I have had a long lesson in theory to-day, and a long walk afterward, and I am very tired."

Her heart was fluttering wildly when she reached her room, and, hastily removing her wraps, she threw herself on the bed, the better to quiet and control herself; but scarcely had she placed her head upon the pillow, when there was a tap at the door, and Mrs. Forsythe entered, followed presently by Sylvie, who began to busy herself in getting out Agnes's dress for the evening.

"Don't get up, dearie," said the former, perching herself upon the foot of the bed. "I only ran in for a moment to see if you were comfortable. Eberhard has come. He was so surprised to hear you were here. Frances has gone to the baby, who has just awakened, looking lovely. He's a splendid fellow,—looks to be six months old at least, and as proud as a young lord. I told his mother, just now, I was afraid he would be a perfect Lucifer, with all the Clayton exclusiveness added to the pride of the Beauchamps and Frothinghams."

"Humph!" said Sylvie, with a little, short laugh.

"What's the matter, Sylvie?" said Mrs. Forsythe. "Are you amused at the idea of such a thing as family pride existing among Yankees? It is a fact, nevertheless, strange as you may think it.—Isn't Frances the most beautiful creature you ever saw?" to Agnes. "And such a noble woman, too! so happy with that splendid boy of hers. She's perfectly devoted to babies. Heigh-ho!" And pretty, childless Mrs. Forsythe gave a little involuntary sigh as she rose to go. "She says she thinks you are so very attractive in appearance. She would like to see a good deal of you. But I must take myself off and let you get your nap before dinner."

The sound of her light step had scarcely died away, when Sylvie, walking to the dressing-table, turned on the gas, and, opening a drawer, took out a small package, which she untied. "A fine ole fam'ly!" And she repeated her short, mirthless laugh. "Yes, ve'y fine. A gran' fam'ly,—specially on de motheh's side."

The gas shone full upon her face, which wore a look so foreign to its usual expression of quiet good sense that Agnes, who had risen to a-sitting posture, started back aghast from the strange gleams in her eyes, the strange, terrible energy apparent in her whole bearing.

"Look heah, Miss Aggy!" She placed the contents of the package in Agnes's hand. Nothing much,—two or three old letters, yellow with age and soiled with much handling, addressed in a foreign hand to "Miss Ellen Wilkins," and a small portrait in water-colors.

Agnes took this last in her hand. "Oh!" she ejaculated.

Little Bessie was right: the face, feature for feature, was *his*.

Sylvie's eyes gleamed brighter. "You kin see it, honey. *Nacha* doan' tell no lies. Anybody kin see it; hit's his fatheh; an' his motheh's name wuz Nelly Wilkins. Heh fatheh give me heh things att'a she died. You heeh'd

me tell 'bout heh 'fo'. Heh fatheh wuz yo' gran'pa's ovehseeh, dow' 'n Souf Ca'lina. *He*—touching the portrait—"wuz a *bad* man, an' broke heh heah. An'— 'tain't fitten fo' yeh to heah, honey, but dey wa'n't nuvva ma'-ed,—wich dey ought 'a' ben. An' Nelly had dis sha' baby. W'en he wuz fo' yeahs ole, a widda lady come down daih. She jus' los' heh onlies chile, an' she begged Nelly t' let heh 'dopt *him*. Po' Nelly knowed sh'uz dyin' den, an' *he'd* went 'way 'cross de watch, weah he come f'om, long 'go, so sh' 'tehmined fu' t' let de lady take him. An' sh' made heh promus she'd keep his two *fus*' names ahteh *him*, an' giv' him heh own name fu' las' name. Nelly 'uz al'ays fond o' me, she'd tell me mos' anythin', 'peah like, but she wouldn't *nuvva* tell me dat lady's name. 'Nobody sha' know hit, sez she. '*She'll* take him 'way up Nawf, an' *nobody* can nuvva th'ow hit up to him 't h' hain't got no name,' sez she. 'An' he's too little t' 'membah anythin' hisself,' sez she. But he wa'n't. You 'membah dat *fus*' night he come t' ouh house, honey? I done already s'pichun'd him f'om de faveh; but dat night in de pahla, w'en you played dat chune, an' he 'lowed he couldn't 'count fu' his 'membunce of dat place wif de sea-sho' an' de long gray moss, den, Miss Aggy, I wuz sho'. 'Cause 'twuz de ole grave-yahd down Souf, an' 'twuz fahly kiveh'd wid moss; an' po' Nelly used t' set dar wid him an' sing dat dair oveh 'n' oveh. But I'm a-losin' time talkin' t' you, honey. You hain't de one; *he's* de one t' know all dis. I take dem lettehs to him now, 'fo' his proud wife's face, an' as' him ef he knows w'at his baby's name gwine be. Proud, is she? Humph! Proud of heh high blood! Mighty fine blood! Ole Jim Wilkins's gran'chile! Made his livin' whippin' de po' lazy niggehs in de cott'n-fiel'! Proud! Reck'n dey be proud time I got done talk'n' t'um!"

Her speech had become a monotonous chant. She stood, slightly swaying back and forth, her arms crossed upon her bosom, her eyes fixed and

gleaming, like a Pythoness breathing vengeance.

"Oh, I ben pashunt, I ben pashunt, w'en my heath wuz afiah! I waited long. Las' winteh, w'en *you* wuz a-waitin' an' a-pinin' fu' one wuhd f'om him, dat day w'en de letteh come like knife in yo' tendeh breas',—dat wuz *his* time. We wuz beat down low to de groun' den, my buhd, an' *he* wuz sailin' high up in de aih, proud as eagle. Nothin' couldn' bring *him* down. But I got down on my knees an' prayed,— 'Lawd, help us! I stay still, Lawd, an' bide dy time. I wait now; but ef he uvva crossis my paf' g'in, den I take hit fu' sign, an' I let him know all I s'pich-uns.' Now He's done sent um, an' I'm a-goin' t' um now."

Then, suddenly bringing her voice down to its ordinary pitch, she crossed the room to Agnes.

"But 'fo' I go I wants t' know de-zac'ly what's in dem lettehs o' Nelly's. You know I cyahn' read no letteh-writin'; you please read um quick, Miss Aggy, an' lemme know."

For one moment Agnes hesitated, seeming to think; then, turning toward the light, she opened an old yellow sheet, and began to read. A bright scarlet flush presently dyed her cheek; she put it down, and merely glanced at the contents of the others, while the old woman stood before her trembling with excitement as she fairly devoured the girl's face with her eager, shining eyes.

"Well, Miss Aggy," she whispered at last, "wha's dey tell 'bout hit? Wha'll dey be wuth t' baih me out? Wha'll dey be wuth, honey?"

Agnes did not speak at once. She rose, and, gathering all together, letters and portrait, walked quickly past Sylvie to the fire and dropped them into the midst of the red-hot coals. "Nothing," she said then.

Sylvie stood as if petrified for one amazed instant, then, giving a shrill, a *savage* cry, she darted forward as if to pluck them from the blaze.

But Agnes stood between. "You shall not touch them," she said, her face very white, her eyes flashing and

haughty. "I say you shall not. Look at me, Sylvie." Then, slowly, as their eyes met, "I forbid you to say one word to either of them, or to any one, of what you have just told me. If you disobey me, as I live I will never willingly look upon your face again, nor have you speak to me."

For a while there was not a sound in the room but the ticking of the clock and the agitated breathing of the two women; then Sylvie, suddenly sinking into a chair, threw her apron over her head and burst into a storm of passionate sobs. "Hit ain't right! he ought t' know,—bofe on um ought t' know; *dey* ought t' have *some* trubble too: he putty nigh killed you las' winteh, my baby. You hain't nuvva ben de same chile sence; you know you hain't."

Agnes thought it best to let her grief spend itself thus. "Sylvie," she said by and by, "why did you keep all this to yourself while he was in Virginia?"

Sylvie uncovered her face. "Cause, Miss Aggy," she said, wiping her eyes, "I didn' know—I thought maybe you 'n' him might git ma'ied some day, an' den I wuz gwine t' buhn dem lettehs 'n' things an' shet my mouf faweveh faw—"

"For *my* sake," said Agnes, going to her and taking her hand. "And you'll be doing it for my sake now. We'll keep our secret, won't we, mammy? You won't want to give me up?"

Sylvie caught her in her strong arms and drew her down into her lap as if she were indeed her baby. "No, my lam'," she murmured, "I promus' I woan' tell him nuthin'; he shan't know; but, all same, he hain't nobody but ole Jim Wilkins's gran'chile, an' he ought t' know hit; *he* ought t' suffice some too."

"And I ought to be dressing," said Agnes lightly: "it's high time, if I want to be ready for dinner. Come, mammy,"—a little pathetic sound underlying her cheerful voice,—"let's do our best. Make me look pretty. You would not like Mrs. Clayton to think me a dowdy?"

Some time later, when the dinner

was over, and the whole party was assembled in the parlor, she was asked to play. She went to the piano at once; and presently, while the others were occupied in another part of the room, he came and stood by her side, as he used to do a year ago.

"You play even better than you used to do," he said, after she had finished rendering one of Chopin's ballades.

"I ought to: I have been studying and practising a great deal since I have been here." A pause: then she added, "You know I am thinking of becoming a professional pianist if I can obtain my mother's consent."

"Are you? Why, it must be a recent decision; you had no such thought—" He stopped, embarrassed, but she replied very quietly,—

"I haven't *decided*, as yet; but my teacher thinks if I study hard I may make a musician; and I am thinking of it."

He stood looking down for a moment at the sweet, girlish face. "Whatever you do, and wherever you are, you have my best wishes for your success and happiness," he said very earnestly. "Believe me, there has not been a day, scarcely an hour, since I left Virginia that I have not thought often of you—all."

There was another short interval of silence, when she began speaking of the baby:

"Mrs. Clayton took me in to be pre-

sented to him after dinner, while you and Major Forsythe were smoking. What a splendid fellow he is!"

"Yes, I think he's a fine little chap myself, although there is an opinion constantly expressed among other members of the family that I do not in the least appreciate his many perfections. You know my wife has already begun to consult his taste in the furnishing of the house. She is certainly extremely fond of children."

"Of *what* am I extremely fond?" said the lady in question, approaching the piano. "Good music? And, by the way, Eberhard," she continued, "it is very odd that you never once mentioned Miss Soutter's beautiful playing; it is quite wonderful!"

"Oh, did he not?" exclaimed Mrs. Forsythe.

"Very little about her at all," was the reply, aside, to her friend. "So little, indeed, that I had thought her a young school-girl."

"Oh, these engaged men!" murmured Mrs. Forsythe, with a comical uplifting of her eyebrows.

Agnes heard, and so did he.

Flushing slightly, he gave her one quick side-glance, which she did not meet; then, turning away, he made some trite remark to the others, while she remained seated at the piano, now and then running her fingers lightly over the keys.

LINA REDWOOD FAIRFAX.

## DIARY OF THE LAST EUROPEAN WHO RODE THROUGH THE DESERT FROM BERBER TO SUAKIN.\*

THE fiat had gone forth: I was under sentence of death, for the doctors had declared I was dying, and had informed General Hicks that unless I quitted the Soudan I should be a dead

\* Notes from Colonel the Hon. J. Colborne's (Hicks's Staff) Journal.

man in three weeks. Now, the fact is, my illness was due to no "climatic cause," but to erroneous medical treatment after being poisoned by drinking Nile water impregnated with the filth of an Egyptian camp. This occurred during the Sennaar campaign,—that victorious

campaign in which for once, and once only, the Egyptian troops were brought to face the furious onslaught of the Arabs: I mean at the battle of Marabiah, four days south of Kawa, opposite the southeast side of the isle of Abba, when, in solid square, our little army of four thousand five hundred, with six English officers, beat back the swarms of Bagarras, led on by the desperately gallant chiefs of the Mahdi, who, like their Saracen ancestors, invariably attack *à l'arme blanche*,—even though it be certain death to them.

On the evening of July 15, at the hour of sunset,—one of those glorious sunsets seen only in Central Africa,—I embarked, on six months' forced leave, on my dahabeeah lying off Gordon's old quarters at Khartoum, where Baron von Seckendorf, Captain Massey, and myself had been billeted for six weeks on our return from the campaign above alluded to.

Hicks Pasha, Colonel Farquhar, Colonel De Coëtlogan, Captain Massey, Captain Warner, and Captain Evans came to bid me farewell. Little did I think it would be the last. I was very angry with the doctors, as I inwardly felt I was recovering, although desperately pulled down and weak. Poor Hicks's last words to me were, "Instead of being angry with the doctors, you ought to be excessively obliged to them."

*I think so too! Vale! Vale!*

The ropes are cast off, and now, as I drop down the river, the nodding plume-like foliage of the palm-groves of Khartoum is silvered by the moon, that,—

Rising in glorious majesty,  
At length apparent queen  
Unveiled her peerless light,

burnishing with a sheen of matchless beauty the fast-flowing river, while here and there stand out in sharply-cut relief against the sky the graceful curves of the far-sweeping yards of the Nile boats lying tranquilly at anchor. My boat's crew consisted of twelve Arabs, varying in shade from a light olive to a dark brown. Under a fresh southerly breeze we sped rapidly down the stream. The monotonous sound—something between

a creak and a groan—of the sakiyeh-wheels on the bank was from time to time relieved by the sharp cry of "*Hhales!*" from the *reis*, whose crew responded by a vociferous "*Hader!*" as they slackened sail to avoid the sudden squalls which abound on the Nile.

Passing the ruins of Tamamat, we arrived in the course of the next day at the sixth cataract, a place which has proved fatal to many a Nile boat. The evidences of this were apparent, and among other wrecks was one of a small steamer. The river at this point is held in the rigid embrace of precipitous rocks, whose base is clad with rank vegetation, though their summits stand out weird and naked against the sky. I was forcibly reminded of my passage up with General Hicks, when our steamer grounded and we had to haul on our cable for a painful half-hour before we got afloat.

We next reached Shendy, now a straggling village, shorn of its former importance as the head-quarters of the Shaygyeh tribe, a powerful race dwelling on the eastern bank of the Nile. Shendy, obscure as it is to-day, is noteworthy as having been a stronghold of resistance to Egyptian conquest. The flame of insurrection which burns so fiercely to-day has been long smouldering in Shendy, which was the scene of a terrible tragedy in 1821. Ismail Pasha, the son of the great Mehemet Ali, was sent by his father to collect tribute and obtain the submission of Nimr, the chief of the Shaygyehs, who had earned the *sobriquet* of the "Tiger of Shendy," on account of his ferocity. Ismail treated the "Tiger" with contumely, and went so far as to strike him with the stem of his chibouk. This blow, however, seems to have struck a brilliant idea into his head. He no longer pleaded for time to meet the demands of Ismail, but promised immediate compliance, and retired from the presence of the bullying pasha. He called together his family and the head-men of his former subjects, and represented to them the insatiable nature of the demands. They then hit upon a plan by which they thought to



be relieved from all further spoliation. Camels, sheep, horses, corn, "doura," and money were collected and brought to the pasha with the greatest alacrity and cheerfulness, and, moreover, the Egyptian troops were invited by the inhabitants to partake of a banquet. Every dainty which Shendy could afford was liberally provided for the Egyptians, who washed down their repast with copious libations of merissa. The pasha's guard and the sentries were treated with the same hospitality, and the most sumptuous food was placed before Ismail himself.

*Implentur veteris Bacchi.*

At midnight a great cry arose. A circle of flames surrounded the whole town, while the pasha's hut itself was in a blaze.

Up rose the pasha at that blaze of light;

but it was too late. In vain he endeavored to rush through the flames: he was burned to a cinder, together with his trusty Mamelukes who guarded him.

In the still hours of the night the inhabitants had issued forth, each bearing a flambeau, and had set fire to the piles of corn, maize, and forage which had been brought in as tribute, and which had been piled around the pasha's hut. Many soldiers, however, dashed through the flames, escaped to their boats, and returned to Khartoum. The rest perished in that awful holocaust, and the lurid sky echoed the last cry of agony long ere morning dawned upon the smouldering heaps which told the tale of death.

The defterdar, the viceroy's son-in-law, had just completed the conquest of Kordofan,—a conquest which had been attended by the foulest atrocities. At Bara, at El Obeid, and wherever they had marched, the "Turkish" army had murdered, pillaged, and ravished.

When the defterdar heard of the massacre at Shendy, he at once collected all the troops at his disposal and marched on the town. The retribution was terrible, the revenge a fearful one.

The inhabitants of Shendy were slaughtered, irrespective of age or

sex. Nimr, however, who had been informed of the defterdar's approach, succeeded in escaping with his family to Abyssinia.

Shortly after leaving Shendy we came to a range of mountains, on the right bank, of a striking and fantastic formation. They have the appearance of gigantic steps, and are beautifully wooded at their base. Ten miles farther on we sighted the pyramids of Meroë, which bear inscriptions containing the names of thirty of the long race of kings and queens from whom was descended Queen Candace, who held sway over the so-called island of Meroë, and who so vigorously opposed the Romans. On the most southerly of the pyramids is found the name of Meru, a king of the country, and first priest of Ammon. Close by the ruins of ancient Meroë are the villages of Maruga, Dangeleh, and Sur. An hour afterward we approached the picturesque range of the Omarab Mountains, on the right bank, and the village of Gebel. The fertility of both banks is wonderful at and after this point, and the scenery most beautiful. The slopes are luxuriant and in a state of high cultivation. But I missed the immense flocks of wild-fowl we had encountered on the voyage up. They had migrated. The only sounds to be heard were the ceaseless screeching and moaning of the *sakiyehs*, at work night and day. The villages about here are very numerous, and consist of *tookoolis*, or conical-shaped huts, built of the stalks of the "doura" (maize).

Four days after leaving Khartoum I arrived at Berber, the point at which I was to bid farewell to the Nile and strike off across the desert to Suakin,—anything but a pleasure-trip, above all, in the month of July. Berber has been often described. The town consists of a collection of mud huts, sparsely interspersed with houses of loftier pretensions. While lying on the deck of my dahabeeah, exhausted by the heat and enfeebled by dysentery, I observed the singular figure of a man watching me from the bank. He was clad in a loose *caftan*, and wore a *tarboosh*, swathed in

the ample folds of a silken *koufieh*, the picturesque scarf worn by the Arabs as a protection against the burning rays of the sun. His girdle was furnished with dagger and pistol, and his nether man was encased in boots and breeches. His face was tanned, and he was "bearded like the pard." The wearer of this incongruous costume was O'Donovan, the adventurous war-correspondent of the "Daily News," whose name has recently been before the public in connection with his plucky and desperate ride to Merv, in Central Asia.

The last time we had met was on a memorable occasion. It was at Constantinople, and O'Donovan was in durance vile in the prison of Galata Serai at Pera, whither he had been consigned on a charge of having insulted the Sultan. I well remember passing a portion of Christmas day with him there, and at midnight I had the pleasure of assisting at his release, which was granted on the representations of Lord Dufferin. Poor O'Donovan had an instinctive love of dangerous adventures. Little did I think this was to be his last when I bade him God-speed the next day, on his way to Khartoum. He was accompanied by Mr. Power, who had come out as special artist for the "Pictorial World" and is now acting British consul at Khartoum. Mr. Schuwer, the Dutch traveller, had been O'Donovan's companion in many a wild adventure, and it was a strange fatality which brought them together once more at Khartoum, each having wandered in lands far apart; and still stranger was it that the two should meet with their deaths at almost the same time, so shortly afterward. Mr. Schuwer was killed on the Bahr Ghazal last winter.

Before leaving Berber I dined with the *miralai* (colonel) of mounted Bashi-Bazouks, who was on his way to join Hicks with eight hundred horsemen. I will not dwell upon the nature of the feast. Turkish dinners have been often enough described. The interminable courses of sweets, alternating with savories, and the deft practice required to detach the morsels with the right hand

(to use the left would be a gross breach of etiquette), are experiences with which most people are familiar, either personally or by description. The most difficult feat is the partaking of soup. An accurate eye and a steady hand are needed to carry the contents of the shallow spoon from the common bowl in the centre of the table to the mouth. "He who sups with the devil must have a long spoon" is equally applicable to him who dines *à la Turque*. We were a merry party, however, that night at Berber, and my last words to my host, the Bashi-Bazouk colonel, were, "We will have a good dinner at Khartoum when I come back." Poor fellow! he was killed with the rest at the awful butchery of Melbass.

The next day, after obtaining camels with some difficulty, I started for my ride across the desert to Suakin. As I turned my back upon the tall acacias and palms of Berber and set my face toward the desert, the town, miserable in itself, seemed invested with a relative charm; and its dusky daughters, with their scanty skirts of leather cut into strips and modestly weighted with leaden pellets, were regarded by me as comparatively within the circle of civilization. As an invalid, I was accommodated with an *angareb*. The *angareb* is a sort of bed, which is laid transversely across the back of the camel, and is kept in its place by a wooden pin on either side passing through holes in the *angareb* itself. This queer structure was crowned by a canopy of palm-leaves and matting, which gave it the appearance of a cage. I have tried most modes of locomotion, from an elephant to a Cairo jackass, but this is immeasurably the worst. The jolting was agonizing in my weak condition, and by the time I arrived at the first halting-place I was black and blue from the two pommels, between which I lay, driven as they were through the *angareb* to steady it. We left Berber at seven o'clock in the evening. The party consisted, besides myself, of an Egyptian officer, also sick, two Bashi-Bazouks, ordered by Hicks as a guard, and the Bishareen camel-drivers, with

seven camels, three being appropriated to myself and baggage, and the remainder laden with "doura" and water. A word here as to the camel, the much belauded "ship of the desert," that enjoys among those who have not come into contact with him a much better reputation than he deserves. Patience is a virtue with which he is supposed to be pre-eminently endowed. As far as my experience goes, he is about the most impatient brute in the whole animal creation. He grumbles and swears when required to start, and grumbles and swears when required to stop; he roars at you when you get on and roars at you when you get off, as he does when he is laden and when he is unladen. His patience is generally the result of senility. He is usually vicious, and is irremediably addicted to bolting. Neither is his intelligence sufficiently strong to allow him to distinguish noxious plants, and he is at all times a subject of anxiety to his driver on this account.

The Bishareen are a fine, tall race,—slender, but well proportioned. They take especial care of their teeth, which are regular and of lustrous whiteness, which is in part due to their simple diet and in part to a root (raki-wood) which they chew perpetually. Their dress is scanty, but graceful. It consists of a piece of white linen wound about the waist and thrown over the shoulder. Each man carries a long, straight sword, and a shield of small dimensions, made of hippopotamus or rhinoceros hide. A spear is carried in the right hand. The Bishareen, in common with the rest of the Arab tribes in the Eastern Soudan, take great personal pride in their hair. A considerable portion of their lives is spent in its adornment. I doubt whether a Parisian *coiffeur* would care to take lessons in his *métier* from these children of the desert, but he would be puzzled to imitate them. The hair is jet-black, coarse, wiry, and abundant. It is parted in a horizontal line round the head, the parting passing close above the ears; the hair above this line is dressed perpendicularly and looks like a mop. Below it is plaited and frizzed, and sticks

out over the neck and shoulders like the roof of a pent-house, doubtless affording great protection to the back of the neck from the rays of the sun. The whole is stiffened with grease; and when the Bishareen has newly performed his toilet and grease is plentiful, his sable locks assume the snowy whiteness of those of Jeames. The sun melts the grease, which drips on to the back and shoulders, forming a deposit by no means savoring of the conventional spicy odors of "Araby the Blest." A long skewer or hair-pin transfixes this wonderful *coiffure*, and serves the double purpose of a comb and a weapon used in the chase of the *feræ naturæ* which abound in its immediate vicinity.

These people are very strict in the observance of the hours of prayer prescribed by the religion of Islam. They are Moslems of the Malikee rite, like the rest of the Soudanese. They perform their ablutions by means of sand in lieu of water,—a substitute sanctioned, I believe, by the Prophet, in cases where water is not to be had. I never saw them smoke; but they are addicted to snuff, which they carry in round, ball-shaped boxes. Their knives are fastened above the left elbow. The Bishareen women are comely, barefooted and bare-headed, and clad in a simple cotton gown. The tribe consists of between one hundred and one hundred and fifty thousand souls. Their sheik is Bashi Moussa (Moses). They are divided into twenty-two sub-tribes, the most important of which is the El Kelamab. They are governed by numerous sub-sheiks. The rule is cruel, arbitrary, and oppressive. A tribute of about three thousand pounds per annum is exacted from them. They, of course, detest the Egyptian government, and their now open hostility has long been smouldering in secret. They occupy an ill-defined district between the nineteenth and twentieth parallels of latitude, in the desert between the Nile and the Red Sea, and pride themselves on the possession of their *hygeens*, or well-bred swift dromedaries.

We encamped for the night at Bir-

Mahobé, after three hours' march east-northeast from Berber. At this place there is a large well, revetted with stone. Here we took in a supply of water, for between this point and O-Bâk there is not a drop. The next morning we entered the howling wilderness. Our way lay across a barren plain of reddish sand and grit; the pale, sickly, yellowish-gray weeds became more sparse, and soon disappeared. These had been preceded by scanty patches of reed-grass, and occasional thorny mimosa. Now not a blade of vegetation was to be seen. We halted at a point where this plain merges into a bewildering maze of shifting sand-hills, utterly desolate. I was glad to quit my *angareb* and the back of my camel, as I had been in torture the whole day, and the soft sand formed a delightful bed. So thankful was I to be rid of the nauseous jolting that I looked with kindly eyes even on this unlovely spot,—unlovely, perhaps, but sublime and impressive as stupendous loneliness and vast space could make it. The sunsets of the African desert are never to be forgotten. I have seen the sun sink to rest in many latitudes and on most meridians, but have never been so awed by the grandeur of the sweet hour as in the silent solitude of the desert. It is more striking than a sunset at sea; the sense of loneliness is deeper, and the rich golden tones of the undulating plain of sand and the sullen glow and cool violet shadows of the wild gaunt mountains around are awe-inspiring.

The next morning we began the passage of the loose sand-dunes above mentioned, the most painful and perilous portion of the two hundred and eighty miles of desert between Berber and the Red Sea. The camels labored through the yielding sand, sinking under their feet at every step. On this day the mirage was intensely real. Before me lay a lake, its blue waters laughing in the sun, studded with gem-like islets clad with verdure, and bordered by castles, high turrets, and battlements, and again by gleaming villages and smiling hamlets,—the whole scene fairy-like in its beauty, and a painful contrast to the

arid sand and fierce heat and consuming thirst from which I was suffering. It is in vain that one rubs one's eyes and seeks to disabuse one's self of the illusion. The thing is there, undeniable, apparently solid and tangible: you know it is mocking you, like an *ignis-fatuus*, but the most accurate knowledge of the physical laws which govern the phenomenon will not brush it away from the retina. There is small wonder that the ignorant and inexperienced should have frequently yielded to the delusion. Life is the price paid for such a mistake. Some years ago a company of soldiers perished from thirst in this region. Disregarding the warning of their guides, the poor fellows, fresh from Egypt, and mad with thirst, broke from the ranks and rushed toward the seeming lakes of transparent water which was presented to their eyes on all sides. They pressed on eagerly toward the ever-receding phantasm, and one by one fell prostrate to leave their bones to bleach on the sand. On another occasion a detachment was sent across the desert to Berber on its way to Khartoum. The soldiers, refusing to be checked by the guides, consumed all their water when in sight of the mountains of El-Bok, confident of their ability to reach the well. The heat was intense. The men became prostrate, and in a few hours died one by one in horrible agony. The Arabs call the mirage *bahr esh sheitan*,—"the devil's sea."

Later in the day the sky assumed a grayish tint, then a deep yellow, and the sun became darkened and appeared as a blood-red disk. I perceived a cloud of sand rolling up from the west. With a roar it was upon us, and I had to bury my face in my *burnous* to shield it from the cutting particles of sand. The camels floundered about, blind and helpless; the Arabs howled and cried "Abdallah!" the whole caravan was in a state of confusion. What track there had been previously was obliterated. The drivers had lost their way, and there was the ugly fact of our water being very limited in quantity; and water in the desert means life. More-

over, my *angareb* slid off, and I was precipitated to the earth, miraculously escaping anything worse than a mere shaking. The distance between a camel's hump and his feet is a respectable one. Afterward, I was placed for additional security between two camels, slung athwart; but one was rather smaller than the other: they, therefore, did not, strictly speaking, keep step. The result was the most excruciating movement I ever experienced, which, combined with the bruises and abrasions from the recent fall, and a frame weakened by dysentery and an African climate, together with forebodings as to our probable fate if we did not strike the track again, produced a frame of mind far removed from that of Job. We rested for the night, or rather a portion of it, in the midst of these unstable sands, and I was devoutly thankful to find my camel treading on firmer ground next day, when we came to a plain of a similar nature to that we had passed previous to wading through the mounds of sand. But at length the track is hit off, and at last O-Bâk is reached. This small oasis has about thirty wells. The water is brackish and barely drinkable. The wells are small shafts sunk in the sand, with wooden curbing. These wells are constantly filling, and new ones being sunk. Before reaching this station we passed many graves of those who had perished in the desert. They were marked by borders of stones,—simple memorials of simple lives and lonely deaths. Before reaching O-Bâk we passed a strange block of granite, the base of which is worn by the sand so that it is pear-shaped. This well-known landmark is known as Aboo-Odfa. Some few miles farther on we passed another mass, weird and solitary.

We had an hour's sand-wading after leaving O-Bâk before entering on the gravelly plain, equally devoid of wood and water, but much less painful to traverse. This plain gradually narrows toward its eastern extremity, where it is called Wadi-ed-Derûk. After a halt here, we toiled on,—the mountain Jebel Gurrât looming in the distance to our

right. Before reaching this point we passed through the gloomy valley of Berud. Here I caught a glimpse of some asses,—graceful, agile creatures, with gray bodies and white bellies, that bounded away at our approach. Whether they had been originally tame and had gone like "wild asses into the wilderness," or were naturally wild, I know not. These creatures, a few antelopes, many vultures, and some sand-grouse near one of the wells, were the only four-footed and winged denizens of this dreary desert that I saw on the journey. I beg his pardon; I met a lonely hare. "What doth he here?" I thought,—"not feeding, certainly," as he bounded away over heaps of stones among which it would have puzzled the most hungry puss to have snatched a mouthful. I forgot, too, the beautiful little ring-doves among the mimosa,—sisters and brothers to those of Miss Flo's or Miss Daisy's,—the doves one hears cooing in their aviary on a bright spring morning when residing at an English country-house. The way now pointed east by north through a narrow valley enclosed by low hills strewn with boulders of inky blackness. The scene was wild, grotesque, and forbidding. My Bashi-Bazouks had not received rations for the journey, and I had shared the provisions which remained between them and myself. The consequence was that I was reduced to a diet of dates, some salt bacon, two tins of corned beef, and the brackish water we obtained at O-Bâk. The consuming thirst which seized me was augmented by this *régime*, and I looked forward with intense longing to our arrival at Ariab, where we might obtain good water and the delicious goat's milk. We taxed our camels to the utmost, and after a short rest pushed on through the night. We reached Ariab at six o'clock in the morning. A skin of milk was brought to me by my plucky and faithful Bashi-Bazouks. I say brought; how they got it I cannot say. They said they had not paid for it. I doubt now whether it was a *gift*; for these Arabs have a superstition that if they sell milk there will be a curse on



them, the cattle will die, and all sorts of plagues will be on them. I did not know this then. Sir Samuel Baker has just told me this. But how I enjoyed that milk no tongue can tell. Refreshed, I fell asleep after the weary march. I was awakened from this fortifying siesta by the gentle chatter of female voices around my tent. The voice of the fairer half of creation has a *cachet* of its own all the world over, and I could have imagined myself in a London drawing-room at a five-o'clock tea, half awake as I was. The fair daughters of the desert had congregated around the tent of the stranger out of sheer curiosity and love of the strange,—"only this and nothing more." Ariab is the prettiest spot in this desert, and, relatively, it may be termed lovely. There are three large, well-constructed wells, containing an abundant supply of clear water. The valley runs northeast and southwest. It is about five miles long and two wide. There is grazing for camels and goats, and some large acacias overhang the wells. There is an Arab settlement here. Ariab woos the nomad from his wandering instinct. For my part, weak and ill and burnt as I was, I wished I could have stayed here a month. Had I done so, however, I should have had to become either a corpse or a Mussulman,—loathsome either choice. From two to four in the afternoon the heat in the desert is overpowering. I found an excellent recipe, which I do not venture to recommend, however, for other climes. I wrapped myself in a sheet, and got my Dinka servant to pour water over me, and cooled myself as one does a bottle of champagne with a wet cloth, though I did not bury myself up in a drift. The sensation was most delicious. I laughed at the torrid heat. The evaporation being so rapid, one at once feels deliciously cool; as for rheumatism, it is nonplussed. The heat in the after-part of the day is appalling: one can hardly breathe. It is a struggle for existence. Every now and then you seem to receive a fierce blast from a furnace. I have not read, in the numerous accounts I

have seen, of any one crossing the desert in July. It is not an experience which one would indulge in for the sake of pleasure. All I can say is that the few travellers whose winter experiences of the desert have been recorded will have to try a July transit before they know what the desert really can do in the way of grilling.

When we left the oasis of Ariab we pursued a devious course between low rocky hills which closed in on us until they bounded the narrow valley called Wadi Yumga. The granite boulders were here more bold, and hemmed us in more closely, and for ten miles we threaded our way through them, halting on a bare rocky plain, broad and level, with a hard gravelly soil. As we issued from the ravine, we passed in twos and threes gentlemen in black with long spears strolling along by moonlight. Some of them asked me for tobacco, being "just out" of that commodity; but our guide and camel-drivers were thrown into a great state of mind by these apparitions, and on arriving at the usual halting-place on the plain entreated me to go on, urging that the gentlemen we had passed would certainly murder us that night. I could not consider the fact of being asked for tobacco as indicating any intention of murder, remembering that one often meets a gentleman in London who is "just out of tobacco:" so I positively refused to go without my night's rest. The drivers then entreated me to fire off my rifle several times as a caution: to this waste of ammunition I also demurred. They then requested me to pitch my tent in their middle; but, not liking the effluvia of camels and their drivers, I declined this request also, pitching my tent at least fifty yards distant from the halted caravan. But they gradually encircled my domicile, and sat up all night, singing and talking loud,—to make the supposed enemy afraid to attack.

But they were more or less right in their fears: these naked men with their spears and shields were on the war-path,—on toward the foredoomed Sincat: yet they never attempted to touch me,

although I had only two unarmed attendants and a few camel-drivers with me. There is a nobility about the bearing of these chivalrous nomads that one respects and admires.

Our camping-ground was under a low hill to our right: we found a well and a spring here, with fairly good water. This spot marks the line of demarcation between the Bishareen and the Haden-dowa tribes. The latter are richer and more powerful: they possess cattle as well as camels, and grow "doura" and even cotton in the districts near Kassala. Some people have found a resemblance between them and the Jews, and think they are Jews in fact: I find only one point in common,—a strong desire to grasp other people's property. We left the low hill and the spring called Roah, and wound among low rocky spurs on our way to Kokreb, fourteen and a half miles from Roah. After a long desert ride, Kokreb, which possesses a delightful gushing spring and some vegetation, seems an Eden. During the whole journey we had been gradually ascending, and had now attained an altitude of twenty-three hundred feet. Leaving Kokreb, we passed over a range of wildly beautiful hills. The tortuous pass debouches into a barren, treeless valley, strewn with fragments of porphyry and trap in picturesque confusion. One might well imagine that the Titans had been playing at bowls with the rocks, or that his Satanic majesty had given a dance to a select number of friends at this spot. We halted at Ahab, or O-Habdl. Beyond this comes a plain, a tract of rocky soil alternating with strips of thin soil, supporting coarse and scanty herbage. The spurs of the low rocky hills to the north jut into the plain, which is thinly studded with stunted mimosas and uncouth, unearthly-looking dragon-trees (*dracænæ*). Here, too, we came across the caraib, with its wing-like branches prickly and jagged, a tree strangely in keeping with its savage habitat. Leaving the plain, we entered a narrow valley running northeast and then trending east. This brought us in a couple of hours to the water-shed of

the Nile and the Red Sea, the highest point on the road, two thousand eight hundred and seventy feet above the sea.

The valley contracts into a defile before reaching Haratri, where we found two wells of good water and encamped. The rocks here start up like gigantic gaunt grim idols all around. Granite, porphyry, and greenstone crop up along the whole route. A strange and hitherto unexplained phenomenon exists in connection with the rocks in this desert. Whatever may be their color, they are uniformly covered with a black coating, which gives them a sombre and forbidding appearance, adding to the solemn impressiveness of the scene,—indescribably grand in this mountain-route. Soon after quitting Haratri we entered a weird region, where the huge black boulders were strewn around in the wildest confusion. Lateral ravines gave us glimpses of a chaotic labyrinth of rocks of fantastic form piled one upon another. Huge fragments were sown broadcast everywhere. The place might have served for a painter to represent the battle-ground of Milton's angels and the hosts of Lucifer. The whole scene had an "eerie" and unearthly aspect. The most daring conceptions of Martin or Gustave Doré fail to give an adequate idea of it, though it recalled to me some of the latter's illustrations to Dante's "Inferno."

A fearful storm came down upon us as we were traversing this district. It was suddenly on us. The flashes were incessant, and "the lightning ran along the ground" and darted among the rocks, illuminating the sinister-looking masses with awful brilliancy. One could realize one of the plagues of Egypt, as the rain came down in sheets. Amid the rush of water and the rolling of the thunder arose the wild cry of the Bishareen, "Abdallah!" Abdallah was a sheik, who is held in great veneration, and is, in fact, a sort of patron saint, who is constantly appealed to during journeys and in times of peril. It is a monotonous, long-drawn cry. I have heard it explained as an invocation to the spirit of the storm.

Eight hours after leaving Haratri we arrived at O-Ohed, a charming spot, with water thirty inches below the soil. The road then followed shallow ravines bordered by low rocky ridges, debouching on to a wide, open plain. This terminates in low sandy hills, between the slopes of which our camels plodded wearily. This valley affords subsistence to a few stunted trees. We camped by two wells, very shallow, but affording a supply of fair water. After this came another ravine, beyond which we traversed the crest of a low spur, plentifully sprinkled with low bushes. Descending this, we again wound through a labyrinth of defiles. The road now ran due east in a steady descent, which told me that we were surely approaching the longed-for goal,—the shores of the Red Sea. We halted once more, on the edge of a small plain surrounded by low hills. The sunrise over the irregular serrated summits of these hills was exceedingly beautiful. We left the plain and crossed more rocky spurs, rising into bare hills on our right, intersected by numerous ravines. After another rest, we started for Bir-Handuk. The country bore the same characteristics,—bare khors and ranges of hills, then a plain where the mimosa-bushes were more dense than hitherto.

We arrived at Bir-Handuk about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. I pitched my tent under a tree, about a hundred yards from the wells. A group of Hadendowa Arabs stood around them. There were about thirty of them, and I paid no attention to them at the time. Presently my camel-drivers came running to me and said the Hadendowa refused to let them approach the wells. I sent a tall, stalwart negro (originally a Dinka slave), still in my service, to tell them I was an officer in the service of the government. This had no effect. I could have travelled the intervening twelve miles between this place and Suakin, but illness and fatigue are not conducive to patience,—one is made irritable,—and I determined to have water at any cost. Being annoyed at the impudence of the refusal, I gave my

Bashi-Bazouks a revolver each, and asked them if they would stand by me. They responded with alacrity. I again sent my servant to say to the Arabs that I should at once open fire if they did not clear out, pointing my rifle at the same time. After some hesitation, they moved off sulkily, and we were able to assuage our thirst. Knowing nothing of the disposition of these tribes, I was unable to account for this hostile demonstration. Four days afterward Sincat was attacked, and the revolt had begun. This was one of the premonitory drops which ushered in the storm. Bir-Handuk consists of five shallow wells of poor water at the foot of a low spur of the Waratàb range of hills. It was near this spot that the column sent to relieve Sincat was cut to pieces.

I was now only twelve miles from Suakin, and eagerly did I look for the first glimpse of the sea, as we toiled, under a burning sun, over a plain scattered with black hornblende rocks. At length we passed over the last spur, and from its summit I gazed upon the blue vapor-like curtain of the ocean, shimmering in the heated atmosphere on the horizon. I cried, *Θάλασσα! Θάλασσα!* I believe as fervently as any one of Xenophon's ten thousand when they sighted the Euxine.

The white, coral-built town of Suakin lay like a pearl below me. Three hours more of camel-riding, first down torrent-beds, bearing witness to the fury of the floods which pour from these mountains once or twice in a year, and then over a hard pebbly plain, patched and streaked here and there with sand, and covered with rank grass and stunted mimosa-bushes, brought us to the shore. A few minutes more, and we had passed the causeway which connects the island-built town with the mainland. I bade farewell to my *hygeen*. Notwithstanding the inward maledictions I had bestowed upon him for the jolting and bumping to which he had subjected me, I felt some regret at parting. Poor brute! He had carried me faithfully through the burning waste under a July sun. I tried to pat him; but, unbending in his

demeanor, he merely gave a savage growl of resentment. I put it down to liver, and in that climate a short temper is easily pardoned.

I little thought, as I steamed out of Suakin, that I was the last European to travel along the road between Berber and the Red Sea, that within a few short

months the army which I expected shortly to rejoin would have ceased to exist, that the ground I had trodden would be reddened with blood, and that British troops would be engaged in a campaign and waging battle on the very spot from which I looked down on Suakin.

---

### FROM BARREN LANDS.

OUR lives have held too many bounties, and,  
In spite of fate's bestowing,  
To-day we do not hold within the hand  
Aught that is worth the showing.

We know that daily farther do we stray  
From gold that waits the mining,—  
That still more distant from our feet to-day  
The mountain-heights are shining.

Too many times we've drained love's sacred wine,—  
Sad truth the heart discloses,—  
Too many times your careless feet and mine  
Have trodden down the roses.

'Tis he for whom love's cup but once is filled  
Who knows its utter sweetness;  
Who plucks a single rose is longest thrilled  
With its divine completeness.

'Tis oft the empty hand that offereth  
The costliest sacrifices;  
'Tis out of some despised Nazareth  
The living light arises.

Not for our sowing do the fruitful days  
Scatter their bloom before us;  
It is not happy, careless lips that raise  
The hallelujah chorus.

But, lo! the glad earth oft from sterile soil  
Sees fadeless flowers upspringing,  
And hears from smileless lips, 'mid want and toil,  
The deathless anthem ringing.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

## AT LAST.

## THREE PARTS.—II.

IT was three weeks later in the season, and the spring, which always comes so swiftly in these regions, had filled the world with blossoms, sunshine, and troops of scarlet "cardinals," *papes dorés*, and gray-coated mocking-birds royal in song, when Martinez and Johnson again found themselves in New Orleans. After spending a night in the huge tomb-like "St. Charles," they went forth in quest of lodgings, determined to live among the Creoles entirely. Of course they chose the French part of the city for their purpose, and soon found themselves wandering about the quaint old-fashioned district which lies beyond Esplanade Street,—a wide region, and full of interest to observant eyes. Built up gradually on ground some part of which, at least, was formerly occupied by Spanish and French plantations, the old mansion-houses formed a nucleus for groups of poorer neighbors as the city grew, and, the streets following the lines of the old roads and ditches, the queer, one-sided, high-roofed houses of the older period tumble about, here in crowded clusters, there in irregular rows, while great oaks which once stood in fields, and remnants of gardens full of flowers, confront one at every turn. On every side are closely nestled the wide, low dwellings of the Creoles, with their heavy green shutters, the door always open, the little gate and alley at the side, and the tree which peeps over the wall. Through the front door and the neatly-painted room into which it opens, you see the glass door leading into a yard and garden at the back, and catch a glimpse of more trees, vines, and flowers. Perhaps you will find one short street composed wholly of such houses, with only the inevitable grocery at the corner; but turn down the first opening, and you will face some dark old homestead, half brick, half stucco,

covered with mildew like the broken wall around it, and its roof pierced by high dormer windows from which ghostly faces seem to glance down. Not far off, an equally old cabin, still strong, but falling to decay, shelters a whole crew of negroes and fills the surrounding atmosphere with the odors from its open drain. In the yard of the house flourishes a wilderness of Cape jasmine, roses, honeysuckle, and various magnolia species, all in bloom; while beside a stagnant pool a crape-myrtle, ready to blossom in June, rears her dainty silver shaft. The whole *entourage* of this region is different from that of the more aristocratic streets, such as Esplanade, where the pleasant houses and pretty gardens are full of variety, while the long, double row of shady trees, the wide, well-kept road-ways and banquettes, show careful supervision, and where on any summer's afternoon every front-door-step is crowded with Creole girls and laughing children, talking and singing, darting out in little groups on all-important errands, and coming back with arms entwined, till the whole broad street from the levee to Bayou St. John is one scene of life and enjoyment.

But, though most of the older houses showed signs of decadence, Martinez and Johnson every now and then during their wanderings came upon stately dwellings with high French roofs built on pillars ten or fifteen feet high, and standing well back from the road in luxuriant gardens, beneath the shade of magnolias, oaks, and orange-trees. Each of these buildings looked as though it had sheltered generations of worthy sons and daughters in its capacious bosom, and had a peculiar air of dignity and comfort. These were, in fact, the great mansion-houses of the region in old plantation times, the dwellings of the really great families, and here their de-



scendants, though shorn of their former wealth, still continue to make their homes. These few exceptions to the general rule of picturesque mildew and decay amid bourgeois gentility and thrift imparted, the young men thought, an air of dignity and refinement to the whole district. They even settled the question where their lodging should be, as Johnson vowed that he could not live far from a brick wall overgrown with Carolina jasmine and solfaterre roses, by which one of these demesnes was surrounded. Luckily, in a side-street not far off, the sign of a small eating-house caught their attention. The place was very small, but extremely clean, shaded from both flies and sun with Venetian shutters and white curtains; a couple of small tables occupied the sanded floor, and great bunches of fresh green leaves were stuck all about in the corners and over the doors. The only visible signs of occupation were some loaves of fresh-looking bread and a large piece of cheese on a counter in the rear, all covered with clean mosquito-netting, and some half-full bottles of orgeat and *sirop d'ananas* on a shelf above. It was evidently a dining-place for artisans of the better class, or French pilots, perhaps, for the river was only a square or so distant,—certainly for a respectable class of French workmen, the box of dominos on the shelf by the bottles confirming this idea. After looking about and noting these details, Johnson rapped vigorously, the sound appearing very loud in the drowsy heat of the silent noonday, which was unbroken in that suburban quarter, the hum of the great city and the occasional cry of a child only making the deep stillness more weighty. The figure that answered their summons was that of a thick-set man of about sixty, with the blunt, strong face of a French peasant, refined by more education and intelligence than his progenitors had possessed, and brightened by a pair of uncommonly clear brown eyes. Both his hair, which was close-cropped, as with all of his class, and his eyebrows, were snow-white; he was clean-shaven, and clad in a dark blouse, with a silk handkerchief knotted loosely

round his throat. He looked over a pair of thick-rimmed silver spectacles, and carried in his hand a small piece of clock-work, on which he had evidently been working. He had an air of homely dignity which the young men were prompt to feel and to understand, and waited in silence, after a civil bow, for them to speak, which Martinez did by explaining that they were artists anxious to sketch in that part of the city, and, consequently, to find lodgings there.

While the Creole smiled and nodded his comprehension, a voluble French voice in a high key was heard through the farther door, accompanied by a jingling of keys, and madame appeared on the scene. She was her husband over again in neat short skirt, clean bodice, and white cap,—just the same cast of features, only softened by the absence of the beard and by the hair being carefully smoothed across the broad, sensible brow. She met the young men with vivacious explanations, and before they had been talking five minutes everything was arranged. She showed them the workshop behind the little restaurant where her husband pursued his endless task of repairing the clock-works of the neighborhood, making "*un petit sou*," as she said, with a shrug of the shoulders that would have discredited the Bank of England. Madame, for her part, devoted all her energies to the eating-room business. She had a *très-bon clientèle*, they were informed, and never had any trouble with them: there were two Spanish brothers who kept a small market near by, *un vieux capitaine*,—and so on, for as long as the young men cared to listen. But Johnson checked her to ask if she knew where they were likely to find rooms. She drew him to the side-door and snatched a card from a table, which she put into his hand, while triumphantly pointing down the quiet street to a tall building of yellow stucco, with several windows of different shapes and sizes in front and on one side; on the other side it was open to the garden which surrounded it, and in which, although the fence was broken and missing in places, the

flowers and shrubs showed a wonderful amount of care. The stucco on the house was coming off in patches, showing the damp bricks beneath; but the three balconies which projected each at a different height and angle were profusely covered with climbing roses, whose delicious fragrance and mass of exquisite coloring were a marvel. On each side of the formal, ugly gate was the stump of a tree, and some artistic hand had so cleverly mingled and trained around them both yellow and crimson roses that a triumphal arch of solid gold and quivering flame seemed to glow in the sunlight. A couple of pittosporum trees, so glossy as to be almost black, and two Egyptian cypresses, supplied the contrasting relief to all this coloring; and the effect, as Martinez said in contemplating it, was absolutely startling.

The small card they had received giving them license to enter, they rang the bell at the gate and awaited results. The last sound had scarcely died away when a step was heard and a woman's figure was seen approaching through the garden. As she came near, they saw that she was an extremely handsome quadron of about forty, very stout, but so graceful, easy, and undulating in her movements that she did not seem awkward. Her face was oval, with large regular features, very large, melancholy black eyes, and a singularly sad expression about the mouth. She was dressed in a long loose white gown, such as is generally worn by Creole women in warm weather, and her splendid black hair was partially covered with a light Madras handkerchief. They had ample time to observe all these details as she moved slowly toward them and opened the gate with a key she had in her hand. As they passed through the narrow entrance into the garden, she looked at them inquiringly, and Johnson said,—

"We have come to see the rooms, madame, which are for rent."

She shook her head, and answered in a very musical voice, but without smiling, "*Je ne comprends pas l'Anglais, monsieur.*"

He repeated his remark in French.

"Yes, sir," she said, "you can see the rooms, of course." And, without a word, she led them around the house and into a sort of passage-way with Venetian blinds on one side and a trellis-work on the other.

They walked down this for a few steps; she then led them up a short flight of stairs and into a good-sized room, prettily furnished as a single bedroom with light wood, white chintz, and India matting.

Opening from this toward the front of the house, and with one very large double window overlooking from a small balcony the garden below, was a very pleasant room, arranged as a sitting-room. The floor was covered with matting of a better quality than that of the bedroom; and, though the chairs and tables were all of the inevitable stiff, spindle-legged type of old French fashion, they had evidently seen better days, being of genuine Paris workmanship and still showing traces of their former gilding and carving. The seats were still covered with the original material, which had once been a very rich and heavy blue-and-gold brocade, but was now a shining nondescript colorless stuff which answered its purpose of hiding the hair cushion, and nothing more. But the sofa was of more modern construction, being a broad, comfortable lounge, covered with chintz. The curtains were of spotless muslin. A couple of pretty photographs hung on the walls, and—wonder of wonders!—in a small chiffonier, or book-case, in the corner, were two rows of books.

"Look!" exclaimed Johnson, touching his friend on the shoulder. "More books than we have seen so far in the whole State of Louisiana!"

"Another bedroom, at some distance, but in every respect like the first, completed the rooms, and, after seeing them all, the young men asked their guide her terms, mentioning that they had been directed to her by her neighbor Madame Bondro, but could furnish other references if desired. The quadron, whose name, she told them, was

Madame Saloma, asked if they had arranged to live at the restaurant, adding, in her full, deep voice, that the *cuisine* was excellent and the *propriétaires* honest. They assured her that they had already made arrangements to that effect and would not ask even a cup of coffee from her. She opened her great black eyes in surprise, and said gravely, "It is always understood, no matter where you sleep or what other arrangements you may make, that in respectable houses *café noir* is served early in the morning, at the first break of day. That is our custom, monsieur. You can dismiss the servant if you do not wish it." She hesitated a moment, and said, "Before I can finally conclude our bargain, gentlemen, I must ask you to excuse me for one moment." She left them with her undulating tread, and they presently heard her voice in conversation with another, younger, clearer, and apparently better trained. Then she returned, and, in her quiet, self-contained way, said she could take them, but, for family reasons, could only hold the contract binding from week to week.

The bargain was soon made, and they had turned to go, when Martinez, who felt an intense curiosity about the place, for which he accounted by the sight of the books, went over to the chiffonier and began to read the titles of those it contained. A copy of "Robinson Crusoe," in the dear old English edition of our childhood, and one of the "Arabian Nights," in five volumes, with beautiful steel engravings, formed the principal portion of the light literature; "I Promessi Sposi," in the original, an Italian-and-French dictionary, "Corinne," in French, editions of Wordsworth, Shelley, Racine, Chateaubriand, three odd volumes of Lamartine's miscellaneous works, Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris," and two odd volumes of Mrs. Hannah More, formed the greater part of this extraordinary collection. A few of Carlyle's essays, bound together in a sort of pamphlet, a Bible, and a Moody and Sankey hymn-book were on the bottom shelf,

together with an old atlas, an arithmetic, and two or three school histories. Martinez felt completely puzzled. Who could be the owner of such an assemblage of books as this? and what a curious character that must be which had been nourished on such intellectual fare! He could not resist asking their hostess if they were hers; upon which she gave him one of her slow smiles and shook her head, as though the idea were absurd.

Martinez had taken up one of the volumes, and was about to replace it, in obedience to Johnson's impatient gesture, when, in closing it, a small object fell from between the leaves. He stooped to pick it up, and saw that it was a photograph; the next instant, as he held it in his hand, and, in spite of himself, looked eagerly at it, he gave an exclamation which startled his friend and made the impassive and silent quadroom gaze at him in astonishment. "My God, Johnson!" he said; "it is the picture in the woods!"

Johnson, who had come hastily to his side, looked over his shoulder at the little photograph. It was the head of a young girl, showing nothing of the dress except the handkerchief fastened around the slender throat with a little knot of rose-buds tied with black velvet; the clustering, curly hair was drawn back and caught together, but fell in masses over the neck and shoulders, and the soft, lovely, childlike face was a reproduction of "Miss Toinette's" picture, line for line and feature for feature, the only difference being in the expression, which, instead of her brilliant joyousness, was here serene and peaceful, but almost sad.

The young men had only time for a glance, for Madame Saloma, with a look out of her black eyes which reminded them of lightning in a cloudless sky, took the photograph from Martinez and replaced it in the book, offering no comment on their evident recognition, but with a certain expression about her mouth which was a decided warning against the indulgence of idle curiosity.

Of course the incident only served

to heighten their interest in their new apartments, and they went off, having arranged to take possession the next day; which they accordingly did, putting an immense distance between themselves and their acquaintances, and, indeed, the whole life of the city. They had their business home, so to speak, in the office of a banker who was a business connection of Martinez's father and the banking-house in Paris. There they received and wrote their letters, going to the club to which they had been invited, when they felt disposed for billiards, whist, or conversation.

For some time nothing occurred to add to or explain the mystery of the photograph. Madame Saloma continued to be apparently the only occupant of the house, except a jet-black girl of about fourteen, with the roundest face, brightest eyes, whitest teeth, and most deadly black skin imaginable. Her very lips and nostrils were black; there was not a speck of red color about her, and even the whites of her eyes were almost invisible when she rolled her enormous black pupils about, so very encroaching were the latter. This sable damsel, clad in a short white dress with low neck and short sleeves, her feet and ankles bare, her woolly hair surmounted by a little white *bonne's* cap, presented herself regularly at Martinez's bedside with a cup of delicious black coffee at six o'clock every morning, and as near that time as possible reappeared with another at Johnson's. She ministered to them in every way,—brought their baths, brushed their clothes, blacked their boots, and, to Johnson's infinite consternation, offered, with simple gravity, to bathe him. He had at first some difficulty in understanding her Gumbo French, but when she had said, "*Yolé moi baigner toi?*" three or four times, he took the idea, and politely declined.

It is needless to say that they both looked eagerly for the original of the photograph. They were quite convinced, in spite of their want of success, that there was such a person, and they strongly suspected her of being in the house. There were footsteps and voices

which were neither of quadroom nor black origin; and one especial part of the house, a little octagon corner, with latticed balcony and private steps leading into the garden, they felt sure contained some occupant whom they were not meant to see. They could tell that there was an effort made by Madame Saloma to keep them in the front of the house as much as possible, though Johnson's bedroom was quite far back at the side.

Some days after their installation, they had taken a long walk down the levee, and stopped at Madame Bondro's on their return for their *déjeuner à la fourchette* somewhat before the usual time. Delightful little gusts of air blew in from the river, and Martinez suggested, as they finished a cup of coffee such as they had never tasted out of that quarter, that their own parlor would be cooler. They seized their hats and hurried through the already heated street to No. 47. They had already opened the gate, and were, in fact, standing under the arch of trees inside, when they saw, not ten paces off, in the shade of the same walk, a group, consisting of Madame Saloma and a tall man, who stood with his back to them, speaking in a very excited manner. At the very moment in which the young men paused, unseen or unnoticed by the others, a slight figure in white approached rapidly, put Madame Saloma aside with a gesture of affectionate command, and, calmly facing the man, began, apparently, to question him. She spoke in a low tone, and, after a few rapid words, turned away again, leaning on Madame Saloma's arm, and evidently in tears.

The man waited an instant, shook his head, and, turning on his heel, brushed by the two involuntary witnesses in such haste that only Martinez caught a glimpse of his face, and, dashing through the unlatched gate, disappeared in the direction of the swamp.

By a common impulse, the two young men turned to follow him, but Martinez recovered himself, and shook his head. "Never mind," he said. "Come in and let us smoke."

They entered the cool, shady room, and found their two rocking-chairs flanked by a polished table on which stood a pitcher of iced lemonade, a large dish filled with juicy red strawberries, that perfumed the air, and a stand of golden mespilus, late in the season though it was. Everything looked temptingly, fragrantly inviting, and they lit their cigarettes with a pleasant sense of cool comfort, somewhat marred by unsatisfied curiosity. So far as a cursory glance at some distance, and principally from the rear, could assure them of the fact, this girl whom they had just seen was the original of the photograph. She was certainly no kin to Madame Saloma. The heavy, soft hair, deep black, but not shiny, the skin as fine and fair as the leaf of a young magnolia-bud, the proud poise of the head and carriage of the prettily-turned, girlish shoulders, were all both the painting and the photograph over again. But the rest of the features, and especially the expression, they had been unable to see. Several times they had thought of referring to the book-case again for information, but, in the face of their quadroom hostess's objection, it seemed almost dishonorable.

Now, however, as they talked the matter over, and their early interest in old Stippus and his story was revived, Martinez suddenly exclaimed, with a burst of inspiration, "Johnson, what if the little girl, the daughter of his Miss Toinette, should be living, and this photograph be actually hers? It would not be any more extraordinary than such a likeness unaccounted for."

"No," Johnson replied thoughtfully, "it would not; for there are certain peculiarities in the two faces which make it almost impossible that the likeness should be casual. There is a square look about the jaw, delicate as it is and perfect as the oval would otherwise be, which comes from the same curve in both faces, as I recollect the photograph. Where is it, by the by, I wonder? I think I will risk looking for it." He rose, pulled open the *étagère*, and began to look through the books, most of them even better used and more constantly

read than he had expected. The little *carte de visite* he was looking for had been removed, but there was a pencil-sketch of the same face, apparently made by a girl-artist,—for, though quite exact, and an even exaggerated reproduction of the photograph, in dress, outline, etc., in this the pretty mouth was curved down with an expression of ludicrous woe, and great tears were depicted as rolling from the long, wide eyes. The caricature was amusing, and the picture answered the purpose. There could be no doubt that the face was almost identical with that of "Miss Toinette."

The two young men, much excited as the idea presented itself more and more strongly to their minds that old Stippus's story was not yet ended, looked eagerly for names now, and great was Martinez's pleasure in discovering on the fly-leaf of Carlyle's *Miscellanies* a large monogram, drawn in pencil, of the three letters "M. R. V.," with a very small "de" intertwined.

"Here are the initials of De Valcourème," said he; "but how can we find out positively about it? Strange that Madame Bondro, who gossips on all other subjects so freely, never seems to have anything to say about this house!"

"Yes," responded Johnson. "I have tried her several times, but she always speaks as though Madame Saloma were the only occupant, and says very little about her."

"I have it!" said Martinez. "There is a man at the club who will probably know the family,—that old Colonel Grimas,—and we can learn from him if this man De Valcourème is still living, and where. I will go down and dine there this evening on purpose to ask him."

"A good idea," Johnson said. "I will go with you."

It was quite late in the evening before the young men could make any special move in the direction they wished, as they found the club dining-room overcrowded, and were compelled to take seats where they could find them; and it was not long before they were fully



convinced that they were very fortunate in their little corner-table by the open window at old Bondro's, where they not only partook of dishes which seemed the very poetry of cooking, fresh from madame's enthusiastic and artistic fingers, but could feel the air blow in from the river and smell the delicious garden-perfumes around. They had soon found that the little restaurant was a sort of outlet in madame's soul for a perfect genius for cooking. She adored her art with the most simple and complete solemnity, and would have felt it desecrated by a dish which fell short of perfection, and they felt the difference now, though the club boasted an expensive *chef*. Both found the arrival of coffee and cigars a relief, and went into the smoking-room almost sure of seeing the old Creole gentleman whom they sought; and there they found him, sitting with his glass of *eau sucrée* near him and the evening paper in his hand; but, alas! the placid sounds which proceeded from his fine Roman nose and heavy gray moustache spoke of a good digestion and a quiet conscience. The old soldier, a veteran of the Mexican war, was asleep.

There was nothing for it but patience. Johnson picked up the last "Punch," and Martinez addressed a gentleman near him, with whom he had some acquaintance, a prominent broker and cotton-dealer. He was soon engaged in an animated description to Martinez of the causes which regulate the New Orleans cotton-market, and, as he talked not only loudly but well, several of the other men in the room gathered around and listened, until suddenly an active-looking fellow, with a bright face, bustled up and broke into the circle by exclaiming, "Have you heard the news, all of you?—Monsieur Champfort, you must have heard? No?" he continued rapidly, speaking with a strong French accent, but so volubly as to make it impossible to interrupt him. "Then let me tell you that Gabriel de Valcourême killed Maurice du Châtelet this afternoon, not three hours ago." He paused here, quite satisfied with the sensation he had caused.

The men all around drew back and looked at each other as though a bomb had exploded before them.

Martinez and Johnson, almost appalled by the singular and terrible manner in which their intended question was answered, waited impatiently to know more; and old Colonel Grimas, with difficulty rising from his chair, came into the midst of the group and put his hand on the new-comer's shoulder. "What do you say?" he demanded, in French, and in his deep, rasping voice. "What do you say, *mon fils*? When did this happen? and how?"

Amid breathless silence from all, the young fellow related the particulars. The two men had met to settle a gambling-debt owed by Du Châtelet, in a café on a side-street near the levee. They were heard disputing, but not violently, and the quarrel seemed to have been settled, when suddenly, without a word of warning, without a sound from either of them, De Valcourême had stabbed the other to the heart, with so much strength and skill that he was dead before he touched the ground. He then drew out the dagger, stuck it in its sheath, and walked rapidly away. Since then he had not been seen, though the police were after him on every side.

"My God!" said Colonel Grimas, after a short pause of horror; "this is dreadful!"

"Yes," said a tall, determined-looking person, whom Martinez did not know. "There is one thing very certain: if the law does not catch him, he will never get away from Armand du Châtelet. He and his brother Maurice were more like the same man twice over than two men; and I only wonder that Maurice was alone this evening: they are always together."

"Tell me," said Martinez, turning to Colonel Grimas, "is this De Valcourême the man who married, some years ago, Madame Chillingham, of the Denabour family on the mother's side?"

"Certainly," replied Colonel Grimas. "A beautiful creature she was; not so young as her sisters when she married,

but handsomer at five-and-twenty than she was at sixteen. Did you ever meet her?"

"No," said Martinez; "but I feel great interest in the family, and am much shocked to hear this news. I should be obliged to you for any particulars you can give me about this unfortunate man and his career."

Colonel Grimas slowly lighted a cigarette, laid his heavily-veined, aristocratic-looking old hand on the younger man's shoulder, and, thus supported, walked to the other end of the room, where an alcove by the open window and a couple of chairs offered a pleasant refuge from the crowd.

As the old man leaned back and puffed his smoke out into the night, he looked up at the sky: "I wonder where De Valcourême will hide to-night: he will not find the marshes and swamps pleasant, after the life he has been leading. He has been going down-hill very fast."

Martinez said nothing, and the Creole continued:

"There is not much to tell about him. He was the only son of a very rich, eccentric old man on the coast, who had married late in life and was inordinately fond of this one boy. The young fellow grew up, I really believe, without one ray of principle or feeling of honor, but one of the handsomest, most attractive creatures you ever saw, full of life mentally and physically, bounding with health, and as gay and apparently as good-humored as the best of us. He had wonderful tact, too, and such a knowledge of the world that he learned the value of a good name before he had time to lose his own, or, rather, before he had time to acquire a bad one, and he arrived at maturity with all his vices fully grown and carefully hidden." The old man paused to order some soda-water, and then went on: "Yes, that was the worst of it; he was not only a villain, but a hypocrite: only those who had close opportunities of observation knew anything about him; he could and did throw dust in every one's eyes. He was so careful that he never lost an oppor-

tunity of deceiving and conciliating any one; and I don't know a more popular man than he was at twenty-one."

"And how did his disposition show itself?" asked Martinez.

"Oh," the other answered, "as a man grows older, if he has the devil in him, he is pretty sure to show himself too plainly for any mistake. As has been often said, and always with truth, you may deceive many, but not all; you may get the better of most people, but not of the whole world; and when once people do begin to find you out, it is astonishing how quickly they do it."

"How about his marriage?" asked the other.

"Ah," replied Colonel Grimas, "that was a bad business: he married Miss Chillingham to repair his own fortunes at a time when he had been gambling heavily, and she accepted him to please her father, who was deceived in him to the last. She died during the war, and left only one child. De Valcourême has been living about, since the war, first on one plantation, then, as that failed him, on another, till, having lost all his landed property except a house or two here in town, he has been living an openly vicious life, playing the part of bear-leader to any young man foolish or wicked enough to let him do so."

"Was he in the army?" Martinez inquired.

"Oh, yes; a fine officer, brave, and popular till toward the end; then came rumors of dishonesty in his regimental accounts, and even cheating at cards. If the surrender had not come when it did, he would have been congéd from his brigade permanently. As it was, he came out with such a damaged reputation that he never could rehabilitate himself. Then, too, there were strange tales told—and, what is more, *believed*—about his wife and the manner in which he treated her. She died after following him to the camp and nursing him through a long illness."

"Do you know where the little girl is now, and where she has been living?" Martinez was amazed by his own eager interest in asking this question: he had

not believed himself capable of feeling so much.

"Not exactly," returned the veteran, throwing away his cigarette and preparing to rise to his stiff old legs; "but I think she is here in town with some of the old servants, and I heard the other day that she had been for some years at the Ursuline Convent as a boarder."

Martinez thanked him cordially for his information, and before leaving inquired of some of the younger men what the chances of escape for De Valcourême might be. They shrugged their shoulders and said that he had practically none; for, if the authorities did not find him, there could be no doubt about Armand du Châtelet, who was a twin-brother of the murdered man, and was, they said, a man of great strength and courage, and, when excited, ready to do or dare anything sooner than forego a purpose.

"Then he will kill De Valcourême himself?" he asked; "and, I suppose, not in open duel, but in some form of secret assassination?"

His audience looked somewhat askance at this mode of putting the question; but there was no use in denying the fact, he would kill him wherever he could find him, they were sure on that point. Martinez was about starting for home, when he missed Johnson. Thinking that the latter would follow in a minute, he walked on. But they did not meet either then or in the car, and when Martinez stepped out of it he was still alone. He walked up to the gate of the house, and was just pulling the handle of the door, when it was violently pushed open from within, and a man came quickly out, walking with so little care as to brush roughly against Martinez as he passed. At the same moment the latter heard a woman's voice speaking as though in distress, saw a light carried swiftly from the garden into the house, and by the time he had gone up the steps leading to his own parlor he could hear distinctly the helpless, pathetic sobbing of a young girl, and the deep, bell-like tones of Madame Saloma. The sounds appeared to come from a

room lower down on the left. He stood for a moment irresolute, and then, drawing back a Venetian door at the end of the passage, which gave him a full view through a side-window into the room, he looked long and eagerly. The room was small and simply furnished,—as he already knew, for he had been in it several times, it being only Madame Saloma's own little stronghold, where she kept her household accounts and her gardening-implements. Now it was lighted by one lamp, and, sitting on the little sofa, in full view, was the original of the picture,—the young girl he had already seen. She had raised her head to speak to her companion, who was standing behind her, smoothing her soft locks with her hand and leaning over her with a passionate longing, which every gesture expressed, to aid and comfort her. As the girl's upturned face and throat, thrown out and rounded by her attitude and the light, met Martinez's gaze, his admiration even was not strong enough to turn aside the acuteness of his sympathy and his anxiety to know if she were indeed De Valcourême's daughter. Her agitation, the circumstances, all made him think so; but if she were not! However, he must know, and he could not listen longer at the window. He went swiftly in and knocked at the door. There was a hasty movement within, and then the door was slowly opened by Madame Saloma, who looked more than usually stern, though her eyes were red and her hands trembling. Martinez made her a low bow, and said hastily,—

"Madame, pardon me if I am wrong, but I have been with you several days now,—long enough, I hope, for you to see that I am an honest man. Will you allow me to ask if the young lady within is not Mademoiselle De Valcourême, whose mother was Miss Toinette Chillingham, a daughter of Madame Denabour?"

Madame Saloma opened the door a little more as he spoke, but a cry half of horror, half of eagerness, burst from within, and the young girl came flying toward him, her hands clasped, her face

eloquent with a thousand emotions which choked her for a moment. Then, with a resolution and calmness which astonished him, she said, in English, "There can be only one motive for asking for information at this hour about any of my family, and that must be hurtful to my father, who is not here. I will answer nothing!—*nothing!*" she repeated vehemently. Then, as it flashed over her that she was in fact committing herself by her agitated denial, she drew back, and looked from Martinez to the quadron with the half-abashed, puzzled expression of a child who has made some mistake which it does not know how to correct. Martinez seized the opportunity, and, taking her hand, led her to the sofa, where he begged her to sit down for a few moments while he took the liberty of explaining something which concerned her father. The girl complied, her large eyes fixed steadfastly on his, her whole face, even her lips, of the most pallid white, but with no other sign of emotion, and Madame Saloma stood by her as before, but now watching the young man with an expression almost of menace in her stern, dark features. He addressed himself wholly to the young girl, and, as quickly and clearly as possible, told her everything that had happened,—how he and Johnson had fallen in with old Stippus, the picture he possessed, the photograph which excited their attention, the inevitable conclusion they had reached that the originals must be related, then their glimpse of her, and their visit to the club on purpose to hear something of her father. He told her how quickly he had heard enough to convince him that the daughter of De Valcourême must be the young girl under whose roof he was living, and then he paused. Up to this moment it had been a pretty study to watch the girl's face as, absorbed in the interest of this strange story, she for a while lost her sense of calamity, and, while a faint tinge of color stole into her cheek, an irrepressible touch of girlish curiosity and interest crept into her features, which did not again stiffen into such a rigid calmness as before; though

when he paused now she started and seemed to rouse herself to a sense of the situation with an effort. "Then you heard," she asked in a low voice, and looking down for the first time, "you heard that my poor father—" she seemed to choke for a moment, but pressed her hands tightly together in her lap, and would have gone on, had not Martinez stopped her.

"Wait, mademoiselle," he said: "I have not yet told you my motive, my justification in forcing myself upon you." As he said this, Saloma, who had never relaxed in her look of watchfulness, and whose face showed signs of great suffering, came swiftly round from the head of the sofa and knelt at her young mistress's side, with a low exclamation of such eagerness that the young man was startled; she did not say anything, however, only gazed at him with a sort of devouring intentness, while she took one of the girl's hands in her own and clasped it tenderly. He continued: "But, though I dare not so far presume as to call myself your friend yet a while, I hope you will believe that my companion and myself are sincerely anxious to be of service to you; we both feel the keenest desire for your welfare and happiness, and you must not reject our assistance. I heard, of course, all about your father, and I think I also heard enough to be sure that you have not many friends here: it has occurred to me that if you could communicate with your father and get him to consent, he might find shelter with the old man—" as he said these words, Madame Saloma sprang to her feet, her whole countenance one glow of delight, and, with trembling fingers, began to unlock a desk which stood near—"until he can get off to some other country, where he might be safe."

"He will never be *safe*," the girl answered sadly; "but it is the *only* chance,—the only hope. Saloma was going to him to propose another plan to-night, but it was a forlorn hope. But how shall we find our way to this old man's? and how shall we get my father safely away from the Du Châtelets, who

have spies already placed everywhere? This house is watched," she continued, rising; "but Saloma can elude any of them, only—"

"Where is your father, mademoiselle?" Martinez inquired.

As the girl turned from the desk where she now stood by the quadroon, the young man saw the latter place her hand on her arm in warning. He felt the hot blood flush all over his brow and cheek, but had not time to turn away before Renée de Valcourême, drawing back as proudly as though the warning had been against herself, answered, "He is in an old, half-ruined graveyard, monsieur, in the rear of the city." She spoke in a very low voice, and came close to him. "But Saloma can get to him with food and back again without danger. She can do *anything* in that way." As she finished, she stood looking gravely at him, and he noticed how firm and clear, as well as beautiful, was the moulding of the mouth and cheek and chin. The square forehead, with straight brows as black as the long eyelashes, was full of thought, and the shape of the small head spoke more eloquently than words. She broke the silence in a moment, saying, "But why should I let you put yourself in so much danger and trouble for us? You say you feel kindly, and I believe it; but, now that you have told me of this place of refuge and given us the clue, you must let us go on alone; you must not think of risking your safety—"

"Mademoiselle Renée!" and Saloma stood by them, her eyes flashing under the shawl with which she had covered her head, and almost hissing out her words as she spoke in French, "you will refuse help for Monsieur Gabie! you tell this *stranger* not to trouble himself, when it is your father who is in such danger! Ah!" with a long-drawn ejaculation almost like a groan, "*si j'avais une centaine de ces coquins là, je m'en servirais pour le sauver!*"

"You hear what she says," cried Martinez, with the utmost eagerness, as he caught Renée's hand again. "She is perfectly right: you are not free to

refuse the only help which can do your father any good. Let the question be considered as settled. You are to accept such assistance as we can give, as freely as it is offered. And now for our plans. You say that Madame Saloma can find her way safely to this cemetery. Is there no danger of treachery from the man who brought you the news?"

The quadroon, who was impatiently collecting various effects from different parts of the room, answered hurriedly, "It was my son, monsieur, who brought us word. Now, what am I to tell Monsieur Gabie?"

Martinez, who had already matured a plan in his mind, now proposed it to her in a few words, having first received a positive assurance from her that De Valcourême's hiding-place was still undiscovered.

Both women agreed to the idea as the only one which offered any chance of success, and Saloma hurried off to secure the necessary articles for the disguise which they contemplated, leaving Renée and Martinez still discussing the details.

"Do you think your father will agree to put on a woman's dress?" asked the latter.

"I don't know," answered the girl, who was still standing by the table, "but if any one can make him do so it is Saloma: she can manage him better than any one." This was said very simply, and with no idea of uttering any complaint against him.

"She is an old slave, I suppose," Martinez said; "a foster-sister, perhaps?"

"She is his sister," Renée answered quietly,—"that is, his half-sister, of course; but she has always been devoted to him from the time they were babies and nursed together by her mother."

"And have you lived long with her?"

"Ah!" she cried, clasping her hands, and some sudden memory lighting her face, "I was so happy! for so many years I lived on the plantation, such a quiet, quiet place, miles away from any



one, and my adopted mother, my second mother, lived with me. She was too good; we were too happy together." She checked herself with a sob in her voice, and went on: "She died two years ago, and I came to live with Saloma. This is papa's house, but I think it is all mortgaged, and Saloma has been so kind and devoted to me. She takes boarders, that I may have everything nice; she will not let her own children come here, because it is not *convenable*. She has just one idea, and that is for papa and me." As she spoke, Saloma returned, so disguised that no one could have known her, and carrying on her head a bundle, apparently of clothing.

"But how will she get out of the house, if it is watched, without being seen and recognized later?"

Madame Saloma smiled grimly, and said, "Oh, that is the easy part to do: I have a private way of slipping out of the house and garden. And now I am going." She turned at this toward Renée, and, seizing her hand, kissed it, murmuring advice and encouragement together, and was gone. Martinez followed her to the door; but it was too dark to see anything, and, indeed, he was glad not to know the private way. When he re-entered the little room, Renée was sitting by the table with a desk before her, trying to return to their places a number of receipts and bills which had fallen out in the hurried search they had made for money. She looked up as he came in, and he saw that she had lost her excessive pallor, though she still had an anxious, strained expression.

"Pardon me," he began, "I know that I have no right to ask the question, but you must see how natural it is that I should take an interest now especially, even if the sight of a young girl like yourself living so entirely alone, with only Madame Saloma's ineffectual protection, had not already roused my sympathy and curiosity; but, putting all apologies on one side, I beg of you to tell me what your own plans will now be, and if there is any definite future before you. Treat me as though I

were a relative, and, trust me, I will not betray your confidence."

Renée looked at him throughout this speech with the same calm look of deliberation he had noticed in her before; but the instant he paused she answered, "Indeed, monsieur, I do trust you sincerely. I had even thought already that, if you would allow me, I would ask your advice about myself." She hesitated, her color came swiftly, and, as she went on, her voice trembled: "The fact is, I have no friends here at all, and only one or two in the world. After the war papa took me to a small place he has up the river, which lies in a very wild, remote region, and where he only intended to keep me for a little while till everything was settled again. But, as it happened, I became very ill; I was only a little thing, three or four years old, and, having no mother or any one to care for me, I suppose I should have died, when a lady who was travelling through the country, trying to get to Vicksburg and thence North, stopped at the door of our house. Papa was there, and one or two old negroes, besides a nurse he had brought with me, and a boy who waited on him, both strangers to us. The nurse, it seems, a very ignorant woman, thought the fever which had that day declared itself in me might be catching, and would not go near me; and papa, though he tried to soothe me, was not used to nursing sick babies, as you may suppose. The house was very old, had not been lived in for years, and had no comforts or conveniences, not even a stove or range for cooking, and, altogether, papa was almost frantic, and had made up his mind, ill as I was, to carry me to some more civilized place, when, as I said, this lady drove up, in a cart drawn by mules. Even now it seems to me—though of course that is impossible—that I can feel the comfort of her arms that night." The girl's eyes filled with tears, which she made no attempt to hide, saying, as she wiped them away, "I cannot help being foolish to-night, for I have been so much shaken that I am not my own mistress. Well, not to make too long a

story, the lady stayed that night and the next day because she was unable to get transportation; but after that she stayed to nurse the poor little wretched creature who cried if she left her for a moment. Then she stayed until I was strong enough to run about; and the end of the matter was that she never left me until she died, two years ago."

Martinez was silent, and, after a minute, Renée continued:

"She was an Englishwoman, who had been teaching in an English merchant's family in Cuba, but found that the climate did not suit her, while she was not strong enough to live quite out of the South. She was well connected, and had many excellent friends: so as soon as it was known that she wished to try one of the cities in the Southern States she had several offers, and accepted one in a family from Charleston. She lived with them a couple of years before the war, and for two years after it began, and then the girls married, and she went to see some old friends in Georgia, and when Sherman drove them away she went with them. It would take a long time to tell how they wandered about and she shared their privations; and, finally, when the son to whom she would have been married shortly was killed in battle, and another died of fever, she took the old mother and the one girl left back to their ruined home, and quietly waited to see them die too. She took all her relics then, and started, as she often told me afterward, like some hunted creature, for her own people and her own land. She never saw either again. I don't know whether it was best for *her* or not, but it was best for *me* that she found me when her heart was full of such aching wounds; for she took me, or I found my way, into its core, and I never felt another want or knew another sorrow while she lived."

"That accounts, then," Martinez ex-

claimed, "for your books, and for your pure English which has surprised me this evening."

Renée, without seeming to notice his remark, said, as though following her own thoughts, "But I must not forget one thing. All these years, when my dear aunt Bertha was everything to me, my father was kind to me too: he was much away, but always came at regular times to see me, and never denied me anything."

"But he left you in that far-off, lonely spot, where you saw no one, and were always secluded from a girl's natural life." Martinez would have said more, without stopping to think that it was indeed the father whom he was criticising to the daughter, when she interrupted him, quietly, but with a look of reserve:

"It was my own desire to stay at Cypress Hill. My adopted aunt was passionately fond of the country; and you must not suppose that it remained the desolate-looking place I have described: she soon made it a paradise of flowers, and no home could have been more beautiful or well ordered. But it is late; and to carry out your kind, your *generous* plan, you will want not only time but strength: you must sleep for a few hours till Saloma returns and we know where to begin—" She was interrupted by a noise at the gate and a hasty step ascending the outer stairs, which Martinez knew to be Johnson's.

"Ah!" he said, with the greatest relief, "here is Johnson, now. I will go to him and explain. *Au revoir*, mademoiselle."

A few words sufficed to put Johnson in full possession of everything that had happened, and he entered with the utmost eagerness into the plan proposed for securing De Valcourème's safety.

ANNIE PORTER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDIES ON THE STAGE:

REMARKS AND REMINISCENCES OF A SEXAGENARIAN.

## TWO PAPERS.—I.

THERE are some things about which a man of sixty or upward may speak in praise of the past without incurring the scorn of that generation which considers itself as holding the monopoly of the present. No one will contradict his assertion that better poetry was written half a century ago than is now produced; and his claim that the moral tone of society was then purer and its practice more rigid than is the case in these later times will meet with a ready and cheerful assent. Poetry is a possession for all time,—part of the accumulations which are as much the property of the ages that inherit as of those that have amassed them. Strictness of life and manners, on the other hand, is held to belong of right to rude and primitive times, and any loss in this respect is more than made good by the advantages of that general enlightenment which, by an odd coincidence, always begins with our own dawn and dwindles with our decline. But when the *laudator temporis acti* mounts what is usually his tallest hobby, and discourses with prosy enthusiasm on the glories of the stage in what he considers to have been its palmy days, while lamenting the degeneracy that has since befallen it, and answering any commendation of some performance by a living actor with "Ah, if you had seen So-and-so in that part!" it is not in human nature to listen with patience or with any other feelings than resentment and contempt. There is no means of confuting him, and his consequent assurance and self-complacency are an additional source of irritation. But if his notions cannot be disproved they can be treated as illusions, the product originally of an uncritical fervor, magnified by the mirage of retrospection. That there is much truth in this view cannot

be denied. All, indeed, that can be urged in reply is that, when two things are to be compared, a person who has seen both can hardly be regarded as least competent to pronounce on their respective merits.

It is not, however, the purpose of these papers to institute a comparison between the stars that now glitter in the theatrical firmament and those that have faded from it leaving no visible trail. Any mention I may make of the former will be incidental merely and by way of illustration. My interest in the theatre has not been of that kind which finds in its mimic presentations a stronger fascination than in that drama of history and actual life in which we are all performers as well as spectators. It has been the interest less of a lover and student of the stage than of a lover—not too solicitous to keep "on this side idolatry"—and, in a very humble way, a student of Shakespeare. No one whose mental world is largely peopled with the beings of Shakespeare's creation can be indifferent to that art which aims to embody them in visible forms. They were conceived with the single purpose of being thus brought to our knowledge and apprehension, and it is only by a divine accident, so to speak, that their vitality remains unimpaired when through a different channel they enter and take possession of our imagination. Shakespeare's *Plays*—an odd word, it might seem, by which to designate the greatest productions of the human intellect, but applicable, perhaps, in more senses than one—have a twofold supremacy. They are transcendent as literature, and they are matchless as subjects of scenic representation. If they had never been produced upon the stage, the art of acting, or at least that of tragic acting, could hardly have flourished among the

people of our race. If they had never been printed and published, the constant performance of them would have been an indispensable means of maintaining our intellectual life.

In speaking of these plays as superior to all others in fitness for representation, I do not forget the fact that they make demands upon the art to which its capabilities and resources are wholly inadequate. The company of the Théâtre Français may present a modern comedy with what seems absolute perfection in all the details. A grand spectacular drama may be so put upon the stage as to amaze and enrapture the children of all ages who go to see it. But what company ever played any tragedy or comedy of Shakespeare's in such a manner as to satisfy the requirements of an intelligent audience? What scenery or mechanical contrivances can realize our conception of the storm in which Lear wanders over the heath, or project in mid-air the Ariel that floats before our mental vision? I am not speaking of attempts to beguile the spectators into the belief that they are looking at reality or an exact reproduction of reality. Effects of this kind belong only to jugglery, to spiritualistic *séances*, to the wide province of mendacity in general. They do not lie within the scope of art or subserve its purposes. They are as little the aim of dramatic art as of painting or sculpture. Were they attainable, they would be destructive of the interest and pleasure which art seeks to inspire. But in proportion as the conceptions of the artist are lofty or profound, beautiful or grand, will the media through which he seeks to reveal them be insufficient for their realization. For a Madame Tussaud, beeswax and glass and hair or wool were all that were needed to enable her to produce "life-like" representations of the celebrities of the day; but to a Pheidias ivory and gold and gems must have seemed but poor substitutes for some material that might be made to palpitate with life and to glow with majesty and grace. Such a material the dramatist may in a sense be said to possess. But he cannot mould

and fix it at his will: he is forced to depend on a secondary inspiration, on the power of others to vivify his creations afresh, on a process of transmigration, a succession of new births indefinitely repeated. In other words, the actor is not a mere puppet, but himself an artist: the characters which have been dramatically conceived become with him subjects of histrionic conception. Shakespeare, assuredly, had a perfect knowledge of the artistic relations, the mutual dependence and reciprocal service, of dramatist and actor. These were the conditions by which he shaped his work; but he did not suffer them to act as clogs upon his inspiration. He was himself actor and manager, as well as dramatist, but he was not a playwright. He did not invent characters to suit the capabilities of particular performers: he gave full scope to his imagination, and left it to the players to exercise a corresponding faculty in such degree as they possessed it. If actors, like panting Time, toil after him in vain, this is not because his art overleaps the proper bounds, but because their art falls short. It is his supreme excellence that compels them to the ceaseless effort. His plays beyond all others are impregnate with the *vis dramatica*, which pervades and controls the other elements,—poetry, philosophy, passion,—fusing them into a concrete of *action*, a sublime *representation* of life. Hence the unrivalled opportunities they afford for consummate acting. Hence their imperative claim to be represented. No feebleness of talent, no poverty of resources, can keep them from the stage. They make an irresistible appeal to the dramatic instinct of the spectators, which, roused and stimulated, takes part in the performance and subordinates the actual to an ideal representation.

The histrionic faculty, which lies at the basis of the actor's art, is more commonly and more obviously displayed in comic than in tragic acting. The comic actor reproduces those aspects of life and character which provoke direct imitation. He copies the manners and traits, if not of actual persons, of ordinary and familiar

types. Even in comedy that rises to a higher plane and involves the power of ideal conception, the deep emotions and lofty imaginings of our nature are not called into play. Tragedy, on the other hand, deals principally with characters of an heroic strain, and that at a crisis resembling a revolution in a state. They are subjected to extraordinary tests; they throw off the restraints of regulated life, and reveal the abysmal depths and possible aberrations of their nature. To represent such a character worthily, the actor must possess, in addition to a special aptitude for his art, an imagination capable of grasping the grandest conceptions, a sensibility equal to the expression of the strongest and most varied passions, and the physical endowments—how many and great they are need not be said—suited to the requirements of the part. One cannot wonder that this combination should be rare: the doubt must be whether in its entirety it has ever existed.

All the evidence possible in such a matter goes to prove that Garrick was the greatest actor ever seen on the English stage, or perhaps on any stage. In him the histrionic faculty was so abundant and so predominant that we think of him as of a nature in a constant condition of mobility, passing from one impersonation to another, and having no status of its own. Equally at home in comedy and tragedy, in scenes of the lightest gayety and those of the stormiest passion, the truest yet most delicate of mimics, with features, person, and voice all equally flexible and expressive, always acting, yet always natural, he, if any one, was born for his art, and he reached its highest achievements with no apparent effort. We hear nothing in his case of the study, the long training, the gradual development, commonly associated with any artistic career. Stepping from a wine-merchant's counting-room to the boards, and playing successively, with scarcely a single failure, the widest range of characters ever attempted by an actor, he extinguished all rivalry, and was recognized as a paragon, one of nature's marvels. The only question

that can be raised is whether he possessed an imagination capable of sounding the depths of a great Shakespearian character. An artist, however great his genius, cannot but be in some degree a product of his age and subject to its influences. The period at which Garrick lived was not one in which the imaginative faculty was in the ascendant. It was a period when the social instinct was peculiarly strong, and when, consequently, keen observation and the talent for depicting life and character under their ordinary aspects were cultivated to the highest point. The greatest writers—Fielding, Sterne, Goldsmith—were humorists; the greatest artists—Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough—were genre painters or portrait-painters; the greatest poem of the age—Gray's "Elegy"—is an anti-heroic glorification of simple life. The state of society was highly favorable to the development of histrionic talent. Good actors abounded as seldom before or since, and among these Garrick stood peerless. That he not only charmed the fancy but stirred the heart cannot be doubted. But, from all that we know of him and of his audiences, it seems not unfair to question whether he led them to the heights where the grandest peaks of the Shakespearian tragedy stand unveiled in their full sublimity.

When Kean appeared, a great change had taken place in the force and direction of the intellectual currents. The strong and lively perception of what is congruous or grotesque, painful or amusing, in the ordinary phases of life, had given place to a deeper feeling, a more ardent and soaring spirit. Poetry was again pre-eminent, and the appreciation of Shakespeare, not as a "wild and irregular genius," but as the greatest master of his art, had become general. It was men like Byron, Keats, and Coleridge, men like Lamb, Hazlitt, and Hunt, who were thrilled and enraptured by the acting of Kean. His Othello produced an effect such as is not recorded of any other performance in the annals of acting. It was not perfect: it was marred by a lack of artistic conscientiousness



characteristic of the actor, by a slovenliness in details that are essential to the full exhibition of the character, but do not directly belong to its stronger workings. But in its portrayal of the torturing doubt, the overwhelming pathos, the stupendous conflict of love, anguish, and vindictive rage, which make this part second only to Lear in its demands upon the powers of the actor, it would seem to have been supreme. "Oh, Desdemona! away! away! away!" uttered in tones of blended love, reproach, and grief, that floated away like echoes, —who would not wish to have heard that?

It is difficult to speak of Othello as represented on the stage without some mention of a performance which in recent years has suggested comparisons with that of Kean. The fact that in this impersonation the actor uses a different language from that in which Shakespeare wrote is his misfortune as well as ours; but it allows me to notice the main features of the performance without trenching on ground which I deem it prudent as far as possible to avoid. Of Signor Salvini one may write as if he were not a contemporary, yet with the advantage of having no need to describe his splendid endowments of person and voice, his mastery of the resources and technique of his art, or the electrical effects which he produces upon his audiences. In the opening scenes of the play, those in which the groundwork of the character is made visible, and in which Kean is said to have been weak and disappointing, Salvini is confessedly perfect. The noble simplicity which is the leading trait of Othello's nature, that which wins him Desdemona's love and betrays him into the meshes of Iago's treachery, shines out in undimmed lustre: we are willing to accept this embodiment as that which was present to Shakespeare's mind. In the third act, in which the tragic elements of whose gathering there have been as yet only premonitions begin to mass and overspread the action, the performance assumes a corresponding force and intensity, and is generally acknowl-

edged to be the most powerful piece of acting to be seen at the present day on any stage. The gradual transition, under the influence of the poisonous instilment, from a state of serene and confident happiness to that of doubt and fear and wretchedness, is rendered with such subtilty, such truthful and varied indications in tone, in gesture, and, above all, in facial expression, that one may question if anything finer, of the same kind, has ever been witnessed. It is when Othello turns upon his tempter and seems about to break from the coils that the actor exhibits the most "telling" power and makes his great "point." Yet here it is necessary to distinguish. Signor Salvini treats the passage beginning, "Villain, be sure," etc., as a climax of constantly-increasing fury, ending in an outburst of ungovernable wrath in which he throws Iago to the ground and is about to trample on his prostrate body. The display of passion is unsurpassable, but it is based, I venture to think, on a misconception. It seems to me scarcely possible for an intelligent reader of the English text not to perceive that the tide of emotion here runs in a contrary direction to that which Salvini depicts. The sudden access of rage, with the demand for conclusive proofs and the threats of vengeance if they be not adduced, gives place to the thought of the stupendous guilt of the baseless slander, if such it be, and Iago is bidden to go on without remorse, since, after such an act, he can neither hope for grace nor incur a deeper damnation.\* The idea of vengeance has faded under the perception that no adequate vengeance can be conceived of, and one can only think of Othello as himself overpowered by the horrors of the crime and the unspeakable misery it involves. It is this reflux of emotion that relieves Iago from his momentary terror and arms him with audacity to turn upon his victim, taunt-

\* If thou dost slander her, and torture me,  
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;  
On horror's head horrors accumulate;  
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth  
amazed;  
For nothing canst thou to damnation add  
Greater than that.

ing him with ingratitude and simulating the indignation of one whose honest love and faithful service have been basely requited. Salvini's mode of accounting for this change is, as the reader knows, to represent Othello as suddenly recoiling from the exhibition of his own violence, and, under an impulse of shame and remorse, extending the hand that had flung Iago to the ground to aid him in regaining his feet. This is a very effective piece of "business," but it presupposes a gap where none had ever been detected, and interpolates an emotion of which there is no indication or suggestion in the text. But I must not dwell upon details, and in regard to the last two acts there is not, I imagine, any difference of opinion among those who have made the performance a subject of study. The power which the actor exhibits is unmarred by any appearance of effort or any vacillation of intention; but it is confined to a single channel. The pathos which should be, and in Kean's performance was, the predominating element, is eliminated. It is the horror of the situation, not "the pity of it," that overwhelms the mind; and such is the effect of the realistic vividness and force with which the repulsive features of the catastrophe are presented and intensified that one must go back to the play—to Shakespeare—to recover the true conception and the sense of its beauty and grandeur.

One might distinguish the realism of Salvini from a much commoner kind as being an exhibition of misdirected power, not the resort of feebleness. Both kinds, however, are unpoetical and a degradation of the ideal. They do not appeal to the imagination and so lift us to the level of the poet's conceptions, but seek to bring those conceptions down to the level of common knowledge and observation. They either give to the physical signs of strong emotion the harshness and grossness which are recognized as their usual concomitants, but which are excluded, not only as displeasing but as *unessential*, from an idealized representation of life, or they substitute for these

signs the trivial and familiar tricks of habit which often, it is true, accompany a display of emotion, but which cannot be regarded as its proper and characteristic symbols. In the one case we have an Othello who snarls like an enraged tiger and kills the hapless Desdemona in a furious struggle; in the other case we have a Hamlet who, in debating the question whether it be better to live or die, assumes a *déagé* attitude, lolls in an arm-chair, throws one leg over the other, and nurses it with his clasped hands. I do not deny that there is a kind of realism which has its appropriate place in acting, and this not merely in comedy but in the Shakespearian tragedy itself. But its office here is not to belittle the emotion, but to heighten it by contrast. We all know how the sense of some domestic bereavement is made more poignant by the perception that there is an outside world which has no share in it, that the general course of things is not arrested by the calamity,—as when, for example, in the chamber of death sounds from the busy street reach the ear, or an unconscious child in a neighboring room is heard prattling over its playthings, or the birds sing with their wonted gladness and the clock ticks with its accustomed regularity. Effects of this kind Shakespeare continually employs. I need not remind the reader of the knocking on the gate and the gross talk of the sleepy porter that suspend the discovery of the murder of Duncan and render the announcement of it more appalling. The whole texture of the Shakespearian tragedy, in contrast with that of the Greek, is a mingled web of heroic and unheroic or anti-heroic action. The grotesque is blended with the terrible, high-wrought passion with levity, the loftiest flights of poetry with the vulgarities of common speech. In "Lear" these discords rise to the highest pitch, yet combine in the completest harmony. The frenzy of despair is made more lurid by the mocking shadows that play around it. Lear's own utterances range from the meanest details to the profoundest mysteries of life without any loss of appropriateness or of im-

pressiveness. Who could have supposed that such a line as

Pray you undo this button; thank you, sir,

would give the supreme touch to a death-scene of unequalled pathos and sublimity? But the Titanic simplicity of these effects is not to be reached by a style of acting pitched in the key of Mr. Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle. The realism of "Lear" is connected by the subtlest links with its ideal awfulness and grandeur. One cannot wonder that to some critics the play should seem unsuitable for acting. It is tolerably certain that no acting has yet been seen that was suited to it. But in truth it is a play pre-eminently adapted for acting, suggestive beyond all others of the living voice, the gesture, the movement, all the constituents of dramatic action and stage effect. We cannot say that the "Agamemnon" and the "Œdipus" were unsuited to the stage, because we no longer know how to present them. They belonged to the theatre of a past age: "Lear" will perhaps belong to the theatre of some future age.

The present tendency, it must be confessed, is not in the direction of such achievements. Grand conceptions, exalted feeling, are not characteristics of the art of our day in any of its departments. Imagination and passion lie dormant, while the analytical faculty holds sway and directs the self-conscious spirit in its search after truth and beauty. The results must not be undervalued. No mere mechanical and decorative appliances would suffice for the production of "The Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet," and "Much Ado About Nothing," as presented by Mr. Irving's company, if these were not controlled by a fine artistic sense utilizing for the purposes of scenic illustration ideas and perceptions gained by study and experiment in a wider field. There have been representations of Shakespeare's plays before that both pleased the eye and were minutely correct in the matters of scenery and costume; but there have been none, it is safe to say, in which a multitude of details

were so combined as to produce a completely harmonious effect. To speak of these renderings as merely pictorial is grossly unjust. Apart from all debatable points, the animation that pervades them is in striking contrast with what is ordinarily seen in performances of Shakespeare's plays. There is a constant flow of movement, suggestive of the life and spirit of the scene, while full of grace and charm.

One great merit of such performances is that one sees no reason why they should not be perpetuated. They are among the fruits of that ripe culture which distinguishes the age, and whose acquisitions must be supposed to be permanent. Individual genius, on the other hand, cannot be transmitted, and histrionic genius leaves no heritage but traditions, which are sometimes impediments to inspiration. At present they are perhaps too freely discarded. The analytical method naturally leads to experiment. It is patient and laborious, and pursues its way slowly by tentative processes. Macready tells us that Kean, "under the impulse of his genius, seemed to *clutch* the whole idea of the man; but if he missed the character in his first attempt at conception he never could recover it by study." Our modern actors, on the contrary, reach their aim not by sudden springs, but by tortuous approaches; or, rather, they never reach it, since they rightly perceive that it is not a fixed mark, but one that shifts its position with each advance that is made toward it. Hamlet, in particular, has become a mere *corpus vile* for anatomical investigation and experiment. The part is now never *acted*: it is always *interpreted*. It is regarded as a puzzle which every one is eager to have solved. The long line of critics and commentators having exhausted their efforts in vain, the stage has taken up their office. One hears of a distinguished performer who studies ceaselessly the minute obscurities of the text, discovers new meanings which he makes plain by a shake of the head or a twirl of the thumb, and, having, for example, satisfied himself that "the cherub" who

sees the king's purposes is Hamlet's own image reflected in the pupils of his uncle's eyes, communicates this idea to the audience by fixing a microscopic gaze upon those organs. Of another actor we are told by his ardent admirers that he is the first who has made Hamlet's conduct to Ophelia, in the "Go to a nunnery" scene, *intelligible*, the explanation being that, instead of tearing the poor girl's heart-strings by a harsh disclaimer of love, as a thing that can have no part in their lives, he treats her with the utmost sweetness and tenderness, disclosing the passion he affects to hide, and, it is to be feared, encouraging her to expect the speedy renewal of his addresses. It is not strange that a mere reader of the scene should have failed to understand it—in this sense.

Meanwhile, certain facts seem to be overlooked which merit perhaps a brief consideration. It is impossible to suppose that Shakespeare created this character—or any of his characters—by the analytical process, selecting qualities and traits and combining them to form an individuality. No one can doubt that his method was very different from this,—that "under the impulse of his genius he *clutched* the whole idea of the man." Nor is it certain that readers who trust to their own intuitions, and abide by the impression thus produced, feel any need to have the character rendered intelligible. That there is a deep "mystery" in Hamlet may be granted; but the player that shall pluck out its heart has yet, I apprehend, to make his *début* on this terrestrial stage. For my own part, I have not the inquisitive spirit of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. What I ask of the performer is not that he shall clear up this mystery,—which, like those of nature herself, lies far below the plummet of the understanding,—but that he shall make me more sensible of its greatness and profundity; not that he shall give me a new conception of the character, but that he shall make that conception which, in common with all intelligent readers, I have derived from

Shakespeare, more vivid and intense;\* not that he shall settle questions which the labors of a host of scholars have left doubtful, but that, by means of tones, looks, and gestures attuned to the character and expressive of its varied emotions, he shall thrill me with a reawakened sense of its beauty and its truth. This is what the great actors of a former period sought at least to do. The descriptions that have come down to us of the effects produced by Betterton and Garrick show that they kept within the just limits of their art while they employed all its resources. They aimed not at a revelation, but at a realization.

Let us glance at some of the features on which the personator of Hamlet might be expected to concentrate his powers, so as to deepen the impression and intensify the feeling we already possess, and call up in bodily form that image which exists in the mind's eye. In the first place, we have a nature which we know to have been full of sweet qualities and equipped with rare accomplishments, but already, in the first flush of manhood, afflicted, not with some transient sorrow, but with a profound melancholy which has divested life of all its hopes and joys and "uses," making it seem like "an unweeded garden." And now something extraordinary happens to Hamlet: he sees a ghost. The actors and audiences of our day do not believe in ghosts. The actors and audiences of Shakespeare's day did believe in them. Whether Shakespeare himself believed in them can be matter only of conjecture: if it were ascertained that he did, this would be much stronger evidence in support of the belief than any that has yet been adduced. In any case

\* Mr. G. H. Lewes says, "No actor is to be blamed for not presenting *your* conception of Hamlet, Othello, or Macbeth." But if there were no agreement in regard to the elements of Shakespeare's characters, how could there be unanimity in respect to their fidelity to nature? We have surely as much right to criticise the actor's conceptions as to judge of the poet's. The dispute in regard to Hamlet's nature (whether his inaction is the result of weakness of will, etc.) has as little to do with the qualities he actually *displays* as questions about the composition of the sun have to do with the fact of its shining.

his potent imagination has invested the ghosts and other supernatural beings he so often evokes with the same essential reality—correspondence to the ideal—that his other creations possess. The actor of Hamlet ought to possess a similar faculty. We do not require him to believe that he sees the ghost; if he did, he would probably make a rapid exit from the scene; but he must be so penetrated with the sense of Hamlet's feelings in that awful presence, and so capable of expressing it, as to excite a sympathetic thrill in the spectators. This is the effect that Garrick and Betterton are reported to have produced. Nor were they aided in producing it by illusions that rendered the apparition an object of alarm to the whole theatre. In their day, as down to a very recent period, the business of the ghost was very clumsily managed. We have all seen him descend by a trap-door, liable either to stick on its passage or to drop with a jerk before the final "Adieu" was uttered. On the last occasion on which I saw the play I found that all this had been changed. There was an ingenious and beautiful arrangement of blue lights, gauze curtains, and other paraphernalia, by which the mysterious figure was made to recede and vanish in a becoming and even marvellous manner. My admiration of this display was so great, and my interest in its evolutions so absorbing, that I found it impossible to fix my attention on the other figure in the scene, whose utterances from some finely-observed corner of the platform reached my ear from time to time without conveying any definite sense, like the rhythmic mutterings of a wizard in an incantation-scene.

After this dread interview Hamlet's nature exhibits, not unnaturally, a new phase. His moods become variable, and his behavior is not always that which we should expect in a person of his breeding. Here especially it is that the actor finds it difficult to "clutch" the conception. I am not sure that it was so in the pre-analytic days. The theory of Hamlet's "madness" had not then been invented. It originated with the

mad-doctors, who are very potent with such spirits as Hamlet's, and occasionally, no doubt, drive them to insanity. They have never, I believe, fully convinced anybody (except the Rev. Mr. Hudson) of its truth; but they have contrived to raise doubts, to excite a prolonged discussion, and to deepen whatever obscurity rests upon Hamlet's real condition. No unsophisticated reader imagines that this is a case of insanity. If he did, he would be apt to throw down the play in disgust. The temporary madness of Lear, besides being transcendently pathetic, is an inevitable result of the situation, and has the purifying influence which fevers are supposed to exert on certain constitutions. Lear is helpless, and has no resource but resignation or despair. But for Hamlet, on whose conscience a great duty has been laid, and who has "cause and will and strength and means to do't," to lose his wits under the obligation would prove him a very dastard, and consequently a most unfit hero for a tragedy.\* It is true that the observers—with the notable exception of his friend and confidant Horatio—suspect him of insanity. But this is common in cases of almost any aberration from customary methods of life, especially where the cause is not understood. During the Reign of Terror, Butler, the author of the "Analogies," argued seriously that the whole French nation was insane. If we saw an Othello in real life, without knowing anything of Iago, we should certainly set him down as mad. Hamlet, for his own purposes, encourages the notion; but when he is trying to move his guilty mother to repentance, he gives her an assurance to the contrary, coupled with offers of proof that would convince anybody but an "expert." What, then, is Hamlet's real state of mind? It may, I think, be not ill explained by the lines in which Brutus describes his own con-

\* The same class of authorities that pronounce Hamlet insane consider Lear as already mad when he divides the kingdom. Thus the ethical import of the play evaporates, and the case it presents is one of physical disease reported for the edification of the doctors.



dition after he has entertained the idea of Cæsar's death :

Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
And the first motion, all the interim is  
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream ;  
The genius and the mortal instruments  
Are then in council ; and the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection.

The strong Roman spirit was able to quell the mutiny and proceed to action. Hamlet's more sensitive and complex nature—amid circumstances, too, full of confusions and entanglements—could not thus readily clear itself and choose a direct course. It drifted in the currents of speculation ; it admitted doubts whether the "dread command" of the unappeased spirit were not promptings from the evil one ; it deliberated whether suicide were not a lawful mode of escape from the task imposed on it ; it sought to smooth or protract the course by detaching itself from Ophelia's love, by testing the conscience of the king, by persuading the queen to a purer life : in fine, it offered in ways peculiar to itself that resistance to a supreme and terrible decree which is the legitimate subject of tragedy. Precisely how the various causes co-operated to prolong the struggle we do not know : Hamlet, who examines the question with an analytical faculty equal to that of his critics, did not himself know ;\* Shakespeare, it is to be presumed, did not know. It is because Hamlet's nature is so fully and minutely exhibited that it is so incomprehensible. It throws a stronger and broader light on the workings of the human mind than any other in literature, and is, consequently, more suggestive of the inscrutable principle that underlies them. We are interested in Hamlet because we are interested in ourselves. We shall understand him when we understand ourselves,—that is to say, when the biologist, with evolution for his lamp and vivisection for his implement, has

\* Now, whether it be  
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple  
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—  
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part  
wisdom

And ever three parts coward,—I do not know  
Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do.*

unearthed the principle and primary impulses of life. Meanwhile, the actor who is to represent the character should content himself with the guidance of intuition and the instrumentalities of art,—the only means by which a living organism can be comprehended and depicted without marring the symmetry of its form or the harmony of its concerted action.

In glancing at what seem to me characteristic styles of acting at different epochs, I have passed over the period some part of which is covered by my own early recollections. Frankly speaking, it is not without some misgivings that I invite the reader to follow me to this "removed ground." The present is the golden age of the American stage. The theatres are now numerous and handsome, the scenic effects are generally pleasing and often beautiful, the packed audiences are well dressed, well behaved, and attentive, the acting is sometimes admirable, seldom absolutely crude, and the performers, if report speaks truly, are liberally rewarded. Play-going is a favorite recreation with respectable and cultivated people. One sees no reason why the old dream of making it a means of education should not be realized. The comparison, as I look back, is in most respects not favorable to the past, and the picture that rises before me seems too dingy to be exposed to view. Some people love to dwell on their recollections of the Park Theatre and the Walnut Street Theatre in those days, with their troops of excellent comedians ; but the "old comedies" had no great attractions for me, and, like old port, they were a good deal more talked about than tasted, being relished even then chiefly by the seniors. With the exception of these houses there were none, I believe, in the country where good pieces and good acting could be seen except rarely. The stage-appointments everywhere were shabby beyond description. Horrible melodramas, "roaring" farces, and ghastly pantomimes formed the staple entertainments in some of the largest and best "patronized" houses, and the manners of the

audiences were on a level with the performances. Theatre-going, in fact, was scarcely a reputable amusement except on special occasions, and even then could hardly be considered as strongly attractive. The ordinary scale of prices was a third or a fourth of what it is at present, and was often not raised—never more than doubled—during “star” engagements. There were no “speculators,” there was seldom any difficulty in securing seats just before or during the performance, and on stormy evenings the house was apt to be only half filled. Forrest was the popular favorite, but, at the time at least to which I specially refer,—1840–45,—he drew great houses only at the Bowery and similar theatres. Booth—whom it is now necessary to designate as the “elder”—was much admired by a select few, and in one or two of his characters by the multitude. Macready’s was the one name that attracted the class which now, as it seems to me, makes up the mass of *habitués* of the theatre; and when he appeared in Boston the managers, by way of emphasizing this distinction, announced him as “W. C. Macready, *Esquire*,” who would “read and recite” the parts mentioned in the bill.

There were several other actors who essayed from time to time the highest rôles of the “legitimate drama;” but only the three I have named were known specifically as “eminent tragedians.” It is of them, therefore, that I shall speak, in the hope that I may be able to give to such readers as care for it a tolerably distinct notion of their qualities and methods. Of Forrest I shall have much less to say than of the others, and this little must be said with diffidence. He was the first actor of any note whom I saw, and my impressions of him, formed at that early period, were never subsequently refreshed or corrected. I saw him in some half-dozen characters, of which two only—Othello and Lear—were Shakespearian. Booth I saw in nine parts, and of these six were Shakespearian,—Richard, Iago, Shylock, Lear, Hamlet, and Macbeth. Macready I saw in Macbeth, Hamlet, Lear, Othello, and

Shylock, and in Werner, Melantius, Richelieu, Virginius, and the Stranger. I saw Macready much oftener than I have ever seen any other actor, and I studied him more closely, watching him not only from seats that afforded the best view, but occasionally from behind the scenes and while he was superintending rehearsals. I had some conversations with him, one of several hours’ duration, chiefly on the subjects of Shakespeare and acting. One night, when he was playing Macbeth, I donned the robe of the Doctor, and made my first—and last—appearance “on any stage.” I paid no attention to the audience, and the audience, it is to be hoped, paid no attention to me. But I gained the object of the experiment, that of getting a glimpse of the matter from the actor’s point of view, comprehending the different perspective, feeling the whirr and bustle of the scene instead of looking at and hearing it from a distance. Macbeth, at my entrance, left the attendants, to whom he was giving impatient and imperious orders, and, striding across the stage with a step that seemed to shake the boards, stationed himself so near me that all the lines in his face appeared to be magnified, like those of a picture to the close gaze of a short-sighted man. In tones that sounded like thunder he demanded of me that I should minister to a mind diseased and do other things not then recognized as within the scope of the healing art. On receiving my disclaimer of any such power, he turned his back upon me,—as one is so apt to do on the doctor who makes a candid acknowledgment of his impotency,—and, with that scornful ejaculation which shows how little love Shakespeare had for the canine species,—“Throw physic to the dogs!”—strode back to have his armor buckled on, turning, in the intervals of his stormy chidings, to direct some inquiry or splenetic remark to me, and at last rushing off to meet the approaching foe. It was like being suddenly transported from the shore to the deck of a vessel tossed by the waves and straining beneath the gale.

## MOTHERLESS.

I SAW two song-birds in the spring  
 Nest-building in the elm-tree's shade;  
 Ah, shrill and sweet their voices through the glade!  
 For life is such a joyous thing  
 When birds are building in the spring.

And later, when the dawns were long,  
 At earliest break of day I heard  
 The call of nestlings and of mother-bird.  
 The boughs were full of scent and song,  
 And love their theme the whole day long.

But what swift gleam of happier state,  
 What luring voice of sky or star,  
 Suddenly bade the mother soar afar,  
 Leaving on wind-rocked boughs her mate  
 And songless birdlings desolate?

Ah! who can tell her skyward quest?  
 Yet is she fled, and evermore  
 She sings apart upon an unknown shore.  
 Oh, mother bird! oh, broken nest!  
 Oh, storm-clouds hanging in the west!

FRANCES L. MACE.

## THE REV. NAHUM.

IN a large sunny room a gentleman sat writing. All about him rose shelves filled with books in sober bindings. The room seemed the "study" of a minister in some New-England town; but the view from the window on this afternoon in January was vastly different from any in snow-clad New England. If one had looked over the shoulder of the writer, he would have read the words "Umsueba, South Africa, January 8, 1882."

The gentleman was fine-looking, with a face which might have been called somewhat grave and care-worn when in repose. Perhaps this appearance was the result of his early life.

The son of missionaries in India,

after his parents' death Nahum King had returned to America, at the age of fifteen, to enter the family of a college friend of his father. Indignant at the oft-repeated remark, "Missionaries' children are always a burden to other people," he had rejected overtures of help, and had worked his way through college, and afterward through a theological seminary. He had graduated at the age of thirty, at the time when there was a demand for missionaries to Africa, and had immediately sailed for that country. Five years had passed since that time on the afternoon on which the Rev. Nahum King sat with pen in hand among his books.

After some moments the writer rose

and walked around the table, where a white path, worn in the carpet, gave evidence that such excursions were of frequent occurrence. Evidently there was no Mrs. Nahum King, or these promenades would have been prevented, or a drugget put over the place.

The walk seemed to accomplish its purpose, for the missionary returned to his desk, and wrote steadily for fifteen minutes.

This was the letter :

"DEAR EDWARD,—It is now five years since we parted on the wharf at New York, and, although you then spoke of a correspondence, my 'morbid fear' of intrusion (at which you used to laugh of old) has prevented my writing. I conclude that you feel annoyed at my remissness, since your note of July 11th only tells me of your settlement in Layton, that I 'may know where to address you in case I write.' Do not think that I have forgotten you, —you to whom I now turn for help in a most important matter.

"You used to laugh at my 'fits of the indigoes.' You would pity me now if you could see how blue I am about my work at this station.

"The women of this tribe are very degraded; and it is only after their elevation that Christianity can gain a firm foothold here. There should be work in the houses of the people such as only a woman can do. And this brings me to my request. Will you tell Miss Mary Thomas of my work, and my desire that she should assist me in it? You doubtless remember her in Paxon as a lovely girl and very active in all the good work of her church. Her father (do you remember?) was a missionary, and had charge, it seems, of a station near this. Here Miss Mary spent her childhood; and although that was fifteen years ago, and the people saw her only occasionally, when her father rode over to preach, yet they remember her well, and often speak of her. I have the sincerest respect and admiration for her, and would try my best to make such a noble woman happy, as my wife.

Her presence would be a blessing to these poor people. I know that she has a missionary spirit; and what field could be more favorable than this, where her knowledge of the language would be such a help? Mr. and Mrs. Hill return to Africa in about four months, and Miss Mary could come with them.

"I would not ask this help from you if I were not uncertain of Miss Thomas's address. I saw in a paper of a year ago that her house in Paxon was 'for sale,' and inquirers were directed to apply to her in Layton. It has occurred to me that she may be connected with the church in L. over which you are settled. If that is the case, you are probably well acquainted with her, and she would be influenced by the words of her pastor.

"You will find enclosed a letter to her, in case you think that it would be better to send it than to plead my cause yourself.

"Write as soon as you can to your old friend,

"NAHUM KING."

After this letter was completed, the missionary wrote one to Miss Mary, and gave it, enclosed in the other, to one of the natives to mail.

It was several weeks later that the Rev. Nahum rode to Koolala, twelve miles distant, to visit a brother missionary and his young wife. As he neared the house, he noticed signs of an unusual excitement among the native servants around the door, and, when he alighted from his horse, he was met by the lady of the house, a pretty little woman with dark eyes and soft brown hair, who hastened to say,—

"Do not be alarmed, Mr. King, at the confusion. My sister has but just arrived. She came on yesterday's steamer."

"How very pleasant for you, Mrs. Small!" he replied. "I was not aware that you were expecting your sister."

"Not so soon; and so her arrival is all the more delightful. She had written that she was not well, and meant to try our climate, but we had no thought

of her sailing so soon. But do come in."

So urged, Mr. King entered, and was presented to Miss Walker, a delicate-looking girl, apparently a little over twenty, with her sister's brown hair, but large gray eyes of her own. She seemed tired, and on the entrance of Mr. Small the two ladies excused themselves, and soon after Mr. King rose to go.

A week later, one of the natives at his station was ill, and the missionary rode again to Koolala for suitable medicine. He found the family on the broad piazza,—the ladies occupied with fancy-work, while Mr. Small was reading aloud from American papers just received. The younger lady wore a thin white dress, fastened at the throat with a number of the pink everlastings in which the country abounds. She had a delicate color, which seemed almost a reflection from her flowers, as she bent over her work,—a head-arrangement of white worsted, which to the Rev. Nahum's inexperienced eyes seemed marvellously lovely. It was so long since he had seen any woman at work, that he gazed in fascination at her hands moving in and out of the worsted, while he replied somewhat mechanically to the questions of his friends.

The medicine was procured, and his horse was brought to the door. As he mounted, Mrs. Small called her sister's attention to the horse, and when Miss Walker had gone in search of sugar for the beautiful animal, Mrs. Small said, with that pretty matronly air which young married women adopt toward their bachelor friends,—

"You should ride more. You are looking pale."

"I enjoy riding," he responded; "but it is not so pleasant to go alone."

"My sister Helen is passionately fond of riding; but Mr. Small dislikes it, and I am afraid to have her go without an escort. I wish you would ride with her. I should feel so safe about her then."

At this moment the girl returned, and while the horse was nibbling the sugar his rider ventured to say,—

"Your sister tells me that you are

fond of riding, Miss Walker. I should be very glad if you would try a pony that I have."

"Oh, thank you," said she impulsively; "there is nothing I should enjoy more."

"To-morrow afternoon at four, then?"

"Yes; thank you."

The next day, as he rode up the avenue leading to Mr. Small's house, the Rev. Nahum caught sight of a slender figure darting here and there in the shrubbery, while peals of laughter reached him. Evidently the girl had seen the horseman, for she called "Jack," and came forward with a young man, both of them flushed and laughing.

"Mr. King, my cousin, Mr. Black," said she, introducing the gentlemen. "What a beautiful pony!" she exclaimed, noticing the horse which Mr. King's servant was holding. "Perhaps you will think such a wild creature as I is not to be trusted with him. Cousin Jack stole my whip, and so I gave chase."

Soon they were off. As they rode along, Mr. King asked,—

"Is Mr. Small at home? There has been a little trouble at my station, and I should like to consult your brother when we return."

"Unfortunately, he is away," she replied; and, noticing his look of perplexity, she added, "Is there anything that my sister or I could do?"

Moved by her tone of sympathy, he found himself telling her of his trouble,—a curious difficulty, which required just that tact in which the Rev. Nahum was deficient.

When she had heard the story, she said, "What did you do?"

"Well, I visited the man, and I prayed with him."

"What effect did that have?" she asked.

"None whatever, it seemed. He stood stolidly in the middle of the room, and when I got through was entirely unmoved."

Then her woman's wit came to the rescue, and she suggested a way out of the difficulty.



He gazed at her in admiration: "How could you ever have thought of that?"

She laughed: "Why, that is nothing; it would have occurred to any woman."

"You cut the knot immediately. I should never have dreamed of that way."

"Well, ministers are usually supposed to be more concerned with tying knots than cutting them."

Then, fearful lest this grave man should be shocked by her flippancy, she blushed painfully, but was reassured by his boyish laughter, and the rest of the ride was delightful to both.

Mrs. Small and Mr. Black were on the piazza as the two rode up, and the gentleman sprang forward to help his cousin from her horse. In dismounting, she slipped and fell into his arms.

"Awkward fellow!" thought the Rev. Nahum: "why didn't he let me lift her down?"

He turned his horse to go, but Mrs. Small said,—

"Wait a moment, Mr. King: I want you to promise to go with us to 'the Cascade' next week. Mr. Small and I will drive in the drag, and you and Helen can go on horseback. It is too bad, Jack, that you will not be with us," said she, turning to the younger man.

"I'm sorry that I can't stay," he replied.

But Mr. King was not sorry, and he readily promised to join the party. On his way home he congratulated himself that he should become quite accustomed to the society of ladies before Miss Mary came (if she came).

That night, when Mr. and Mrs. Small were in their own rooms, the little woman said, after a long silence,—

"It would be so nice if Mr. King should take a fancy to our Helen."

"What makes you have so much compassion for your unmarried friends? Do you see such an improvement in the man committed to your charge that—"

"Now, Hal, stop and listen to me. Nahum King is just the man with whom a woman could work wonders,—a noble fellow, but a trifle morbid and self-centred; and no wonder, living alone so long. Helen is just the one for him."

"But he may have a Helen elsewhere."

"You are so aggravating! and you wouldn't say so if you had seen him look at Helen Walker to-day. I believe that he couldn't even bear having Jack lift her from her horse."

A day or two after, Mr. King received a note which read thus:

"DEAR MR. KING,—Mr. Small has been called to Durban, where he is obliged to remain for some weeks, and we have decided to defer our excursion to the falls until his return. Mr. Small was so hurried at the last moment that he could not see you, but he wished me to ask you to preach here Sunday afternoons during his absence. Please consent, and oblige him, and yours very sincerely,

"LUCY N. SMALL."

Yes, of course he would go; and he sent back word to that effect.

Then followed for several weeks a life like a dream. The Rev. Nahum had been trained "after the strictest sect" a puritan, and was almost fearful of his keen enjoyment of the cosey Sunday teas which Mrs. Small insisted upon as a preparation for his long ride home. It was with an unaccountable reluctance that he left the two ladies, and rode, in the cool of the evening, toward his solitary dwelling. Once it occurred to him to wonder with what feelings, after Miss Mary came, if she did come (for he always inserted this parenthesis), he should anticipate the return to the house which now seemed so lonely.

One Tuesday, Mrs. Small, while coming down-stairs, was startled to hear the voice of Mr. King from the piazza. "Why does he come during the week, so soon after Sunday? Can anything have happened?" was her first thought; but she was reassured by the voice of her sister, followed immediately by gay peals of laughter. The little lady on the stairs mounted to her room again, seated herself, and smiled complacently for fully five minutes.

No words spoken on the piazza could

have occasioned this singular behavior. The subject under discussion was the novel which Miss Walker held in her hand.

"Have you read any other books of this author, Mr. King?" she inquired.

"No; I have read but few novels,—none since I left America."

"Ah! you think it a waste of time; and it certainly is foolish to read of such creatures."

"Tell me, please, what they did."

"They *didn't* do. I know that you are amused by my excitement, but they seem to me alive." And, after giving him a sketch of the story, she went on, "You see, he knew that Alice loved him, and yet he allowed this matter to come between them, when, of course, she would have forgiven him." Suddenly she stopped: "How tiresome I am to run on about these imaginary troubles, when you look as though you had a real one!"

"Pray pardon me," he said. "I was rude not to seem interested in the story. Indeed I *did* like to hear it."

"Let me help you, if I can," she said simply. So he told her of one of his most promising converts who had recently appeared with another wife. Polygamy was the prevailing custom of the heathen, and this man had refused to see the missionary, and returned to his old friends. Miss Walker was so sympathetic that, although she could not remove the burden, it seemed lighter to bear.

When Mrs. Small came down-stairs again, she heard no sound, and went in search of her sister, whom she found in the arbor.

"Mr. King has but just gone," said Helen.

"How strange that he should come again so soon! And he did not inquire for me?"

"No. He did not stay long, and he seemed to be preoccupied." And she told his story. "I think he knows that you take a nap at this hour, or he would have asked to see you." It was evident to her sister's keen eyes that Helen's thoughts were upon the story and not the narrator.

On the two following Sundays the

Rev. Nahum resisted all Mrs. Small's inducements to stay to tea. Cousin Jack had come again, and seemed to be "very much at home," the missionary reflected rather bitterly as he rode away in the heat of the day.

The next Sunday he was ill and could not preach. He felt better on Monday, and determined to ride to Koolala, the more because he thought that Jack had gone and the ladies might feel timid at the rumors of outbreak among natives near them. When he reached the house he saw no one, but, guided by the sound of voices, he walked slowly toward a clump of tulip-trees near the house. On a bench sat Miss Walker, and, bending over her, Cousin Jack. A deadly faintness came upon Mr. King. "The ride in the sun after my illness was too much for me," he thought, and turned to go; but Helen had seen him, and called him back.

"Cousin Jack is taking a splinter from my hand. It is in very far; but Jack is quite a surgeon."

Mr. King came forward. Jack held the soft white hand in one of his, while with the other he cut the tender flesh with his sharp knife.

The spectator thought the operation unnecessarily long. The surgeon stopped from time to time to converse with his patient, still holding her hand. Finally, the splinter was extracted, and Jack turned to go for ointment. "Kiss the place to make it well," he said gayly, and pressed her hand to his lips, then strode into the house.

The Rev. Nahum started, and muttered something under his breath, then, turning to the lady, asked, "Are you engaged to that—that—"

She had risen, and now confronted him indignantly. "That is my cousin. How dare— What right have you to ask such a question?"

He leaned against a tree and said wearily, "No right." Then, straightening himself proudly, "Yes!—the best of rights. I love you." He bowed his head. Of course she did not care for him, he thought. He must go, and not distress her by the sight of

his wretchedness. With an effort he roused himself. What was this?

A beautiful rosy red suffused her face; she had taken a step toward him, and, as he raised his eyes, her usual reserve vanished. With the abandonment of love only seen in a proud woman, because the kiss on her hand had first aroused his jealousy, she seized his hand and raised it to her lips.

He clasped her to his breast, and turned her sweet face up to his.

"I am afraid that I haven't a true missionary spirit," said she archly.

"That doesn't matter," he cried impulsively; but a gay whistle was heard, and Jack appeared.

Helen's last words had dispelled the lover's dream. "A missionary spirit,"—that was one of the recommendations of Miss Mary, of which he had written. Wretch that he had been to offer a woman anything but love, or to be willing to take anything less! He must tell Helen.

All this time Jack was chatting gayly, never noting the absorption of the other two.

The Rev. Nahum turned abruptly: "He would come again soon; he must go," and so strode away, leaving Jack in puzzled silence, and Helen with a look of resentment in her soft eyes.

The carpet of the study became more threadbare that night, as the missionary, holding his aching head, walked the room in an agony of self-accusation. By the light of the love which he felt for one woman, the dishonor shown to the other appeared unpardonable. He, a missionary to these poor, unenlightened people, was worse than they.

He would tell Helen all. Miss Mary might arrive in a few weeks; no word could reach her. Perhaps she would not come; but the feeling of relief which the thought gave was too great for it to be safely indulged.

The next day he set out on his ride to Koolala, but soon met the two ladies and their cousin on their way to a neighboring planter's. He saw from Mrs. Small's manner that Helen had told her of yesterday's disclosure, and a look of

mingled surprise and indignation deepened upon her face as he talked solely of Mr. Small and the convention in Durban, only bowing gravely to Helen, who collected herself to return his formal greeting. She appeared absorbed in conversation with her cousin, but every now and then darted a look of pained inquiry toward her lover. He could not endure it long, and, making some excuse, rode swiftly away. "The explanation must be deferred yet another day," he thought. "And I cannot bear to see her suffer as she did to-day, though she tried to conceal it. Yet she would forgive me all, if only Miss Mary would refuse me. From what Helen said of that story which she told the other day, I feel sure that she would not let pride separate us. But I cannot see her again until the explanation is made." So pondering, he reached home and went to his study. The mail had arrived, and there were three letters on the table for him. He turned them over hastily. "Yes, one from Edward!" He left the table and walked the floor nervously, then, returning, tore open the envelope, and read,—

"DEAR 'OLD PATRIARCH,'—So we boys always called you,—and a fitting name it is, judging from your letter which arrived yesterday. Who but one of those old worthies would make such a simple matter of taking to himself a wife? You, like Isaac, send into a far country, and expect me to say, 'Rebecca' ('Miss Mary') 'is before thee; take her and go.'

"My experience in courtship resembled more closely that of Jacob. (But you haven't heard of my marriage, have you?) I did not serve twice seven years, but I waited and waited, and 'suaded and 'suaded,' as the little boy said. At last the lady yielded, and I have been astonished at my ill-deserved good fortune ever since.

"I am inclined to think, old fellow, that you are too sure that your 'Miss Mary' will have you. Don't you think that women are born with any but missionary instincts?

"But, now that I have tried to 'take you down a peg,' I'll tell you that I have interviewed the lady in question on the subject of the Rev. Nahum King, and she assures me of the 'respect,' nay, 'admiration' (your words, you see), which she has ever had for you. As you so flatteringly intimate, she does seem to be influenced by her pastor's opinion in most things, and is not the less inclined to think kindly of you because you are my friend. Now, don't retort by trying to lower my self-esteem. You may hear from the lady in a few days,—although she did not say that she would write. She wishes to ask

some questions about your work, I believe.

"How does the climate affect you? Have you met pleasant people among the missionaries? How do your schools prosper? All such items would interest me greatly. Yours, as ever,

"EDWARD.

"P.S.—Mrs. Edward has read this letter, and insists upon a postscript. Well, then, you dear old gosling, know that for the last two years your 'Miss Mary' has been—*my wife!*"

M. R. FRANCIS.

### A DAY IN EARLY SPRING.

THE wind to-day is not from the northeast, whence for so long it has blown from the snows of the higher latitudes and from the icebergs of the Northern seas, bringing in its breath and scattering in its track rheumatism, pneumonia, and other diseases to which the New-Englander is heir. All day long it seems to have come from the heated equator, passing through different strata of coolness till it reached us rightly tempered to ethereal mildness. There is a hazy, "dreamy, magical light" pervading the atmosphere which corresponds to our pleasant October days, but with the peculiar spring odors,—the earthy scents furnished by the disturbing ploughshares and the aromatic smoke of burning applewood, raspberry- and blackberry-bushes. The day is so warm that the robin, whose voice for a week has been a half-regretful chirp, mounts a high branch, after a bountiful repast from the spongy meadows, and, with a crop full of wriggling worms, gives his regulation summer song. Everywhere the elms and red maples are beginning to "show belief;" their topmost branches

stand out in darker relief against the sky. The buds of the white oaks in the low ground are already swollen very large, while those on the uplands can hardly be seen. The young beeches are putting forth their slender, thorn-like buds, and the catkins of the alders droop in graceful maroon tassels from the tips of last year's twigs.

How carefully nature has looked after and kept green the radical leaves of the perennial herbs! Here is the five-finger, the swamp blackberry-vine, and some of the composites, as freshly supplied with chlorophyl as any of the after-leaves will be a month from this date. The frost, strange as it may appear, has not affected them: their roots, stored with starch, keep them ever fresh and ready with their gainful handicap to begin their race with the annuals. The thick descending root-stocks of the skunk cabbage are sending up everywhere in the bogs the pink-hooded spathes which shelter the round-head clusters of flowers. The bunches of young violet-leaves beside them are doing their work differently: the blossoms come after the leaf,

and are strangely unlike their neighbors to the nostrils of humanity; yet in the great economy of nature "she knows only vegetable life existing to a universal and not to a particular end." The offensive *foetidus* is as good in her eyes as the sweet-scented *cucullata*, and, like the tender mother she is, she nourishes each, and knows not the difference between the repulsive child and the lovely blue-eyed flower.

The harmony of this arrangement of the blossom coming before the leaf is very interesting to contemplate. In many of our large trees and shrubs this is the case. The alder, willow, walnut, oak, beech, etc., are catkin-bearing trees. They have two kinds of flowers, staminate and pistillate, which are situated either on the same stem or on different individual plants. Now, if the leaves came first, they would interfere and to a great extent prevent the wind from scattering the pollen of the catkins, which fertilizes the pistillate blossom. Nature has said to the leaves, "Wait; do not come yet: the boughs must be naked, that the wind may have a free chance to strew the propagating dust on every fertile flower."

These quarter-blown elm-blossoms furnish a change of diet for the red and gray squirrels, who are out to-day in goodly numbers. They all appear to have been well kept through the winter. Here comes a sleek fellow down this trunk; he stops in his descent to eye me, and remains as motionless as a stuffed specimen fixed to the bark, clinging to it with his hind feet, which are turned completely round, as if his joints were worked like swivels. Now he starts, as if the motionless model had been acted upon by some electrical machine, tilts his tail, and scampers over the mosses and dead leaves, gives short sniffs at empty acorn-shells, and hurries on confusedly from one object to another, every movement expressing his sense of insecurity while on the ground, finally arrives at the foot of another elm, and, after looking up, apparently to ascertain the kind of tree it is, runs up the trunk so quickly as to appear like a moving

streak of bark, and settles down on the opposite side of a topmost branch, nibbling a tender bud.

These gray squirrels are great gymnasts, and, when startled, make valiant leaps. It seems hardly possible that muscles and sinews could send them from spray to spray so far apart and that this should be accomplished by the mere force of the will. Ah, but sometimes they fail. I have seen one miss his foothold and fall forty feet, striking the ground with a heavy blow, where he lay for an instant like a clod. I can hardly think that such adventures can be natural; yet this fellow obviously had the physical ability to endure just such "short stops" as this, for he afterward glided along the ground as though nothing ailed him, and was soon up another tree.

The warm day has also thawed into activity that little burrowing storekeeper the chipmunk. I hear his sharp voice among the rocks in the wall, and, though I do not see him, I well know that his bright, bead-like eyes are peering at me from his covert. He is not a great climber, rarely ascending tall trees; yet he likes fresh food in the early spring, and is out to see how the red maples are getting on.

It is remarkable to what a degree the pond in Spenser's Meadow swarms with different living creatures. The warm rays of the sun have brought into being, as if by magic, myriads of gnats that fringe the shore. One can watch through a glass with deep interest the process of shuffling off their mortal coils and taking wings to sport above the water. Here among the species of green confervoid algæ the water-boatman rows or turns its pearl wing-covers to view and makes attempts at flight. The large lavender-tinted cyclops, with egg-panniers attached, are seen, while the bivalved cypris sails along in its shell like a miniature argonaut. I find here a species of aquatic coleoptera, a little ovate beetle, entirely a stranger to me, which I have nowhere seen described in the books. Unlike any of the other beetles noticed, the thorax seems to project over the abdo-



men, leaving a space or groove between this appendage and the beautifully-marked bronzed-and-black wing-covers. In this channel, where it carries its bubble very conveniently, play the long, slender posterior legs which are active in propelling the creature through the water. These beetles are able to remain a long time beneath the surface, and, unlike those of the genus *Dysticus*, do not swim up and then turn round to obtain their supply of air, but simply let go the objects to which they cling, and, without using their paddles, rise, tail first, remaining an instant only to perform that wonderful operation, and then scamper down again to feed on the decaying matter at the bottom of the pond.

The bull-frogs poke their noses above the green slime and chuckle. They have hardly found their voices yet. A week's practising on the scale is necessary before they will have attained the deep bass and the clear articulation which characterize this species of batrachians. Some of the huge fellows have actually hopped on the banks to sun themselves and tempt the epicures, after their long winter's burial in the mud; and as I come upon them suddenly they express their alarm by uttering sharply a short squeak or *yip*, followed instantly by a heavy plunge into the water. They are more strictly aquatic than the other species, never appearing at a great distance from their native pond or stream. Three weeks from now, these waters will be full of corpulent, squirming tadpoles, hiding themselves in the mud, where daily miracles will be performed,—the changing of the gill-breathing fish into the highest form of air-breathing amphibians. Notwithstanding the mildness of the day, the *peep* of the smaller frogs and the trilling chorus of the toads has not been heard. They seem by common consent to have established, in this vicinity, a certain date on which to appear. It is not usually before the 20th of April that their pleasant dreamy tenor is heard in contrast to the hoarse croaking of the above-named species.

Another harbinger of the warm days,

which I see the sun has limbered and set in motion, is that pretty butterfly, *Vanessa antiopa*, with purple wings so beautifully marked with yellow borders and blue spots. It is the first butterfly of the season. While most of the species hibernate in the pupal state, and take to themselves wings later in the year, this particular kind crawls, as a perfect insect, into some shelter during the coldest weather, and remains torpid until such days as this bring it back to cheerful life once more. Although the table of sweets has not yet been spread, I doubt not that its long tongue will find something tasteful among the knots of spruces toward which it is now winging its bird-like way.

The blue-jays, grackles, and woodpeckers are merry too over the gala-day. A flock of sparrows has just flown over the bushes that line the wall. They behave like strangers lately arrived. Probably these same birds, not two weeks ago, were foraging by the streams that feed the Santee and Roanoke Rivers. To the casual observer these emigrants appear to be of the same species; yet if he notes closely through the glass their markings, and watches carefully the difference in the manner of feeding, he will be interested in knowing that there are two kinds,—the swamp-sparrow, *Melospiza palustris*, and the song-sparrow, *Melospiza melodia*. The crown of the swamp-sparrow is chestnut, while that of the song-sparrow is brownish red, with a medial stripe of dull gray. The former has a jet-black forehead, which is lacking in the latter. The breast of the song-sparrow is whitish, with clearly-defined dark-brown streaks, and a spot nearly in the centre. This ornament his first-cousin does not have, but a plain ashy front, with only a few dull streaks near the wings, and just a hint of yellow on the sides. For a month after their arrival here, before the seeds have well grown, both species love to forage by this stream, as they are doing to-day. The song-sparrow hops along the shore, looking into all the hollows and openings in the banks, which he has inspected

a hundred times before, but where each time he finds an overlooked seed or grub. While engaged in his meals, he does not care to wet his stockings. His relative, however, is half aquatic in his habits, apparently caring no more for the water than the real long-legged waders. Here is one at this moment standing almost up to his feathers on a submerged rock, flirting over the soaked dead leaves which have been caught by a small snag, and ludicrously scanning their surfaces for bits of mollusks and water-beetles. It is peculiar that these birds of the same genus should entertain such distinct views of the world and mankind. Later in the season the swamp-sparrow hastens to the low ground, where he is suspicious and distrustful, seldom showing himself excepting in times of anxiety, but skulking here and there among the rank weeds and sedges, occasionally uttering his *cheap-cheap*, as though he

were treating you with sneers. The other bird is as open and free from reserve and cheerful as the sunshine, occupying every rock and bush and fence, on which the persistent little songster, from early spring to late fall, pours from his inexhaustible throat the softest, sweetest melodies.

A chill comes from the east. The retreating sun paints the clouds in orange, then red and purple and brown, till he has travelled farther, when the curve of the old revolver intervenes, leaving them cold gray blotches of vapor sailing across the sky. The new moon appears a narrow, curved line of white; the evening star lights its lamp and goes careering down the west. Before evening is ended, the clouds overspread the heavens, and to-morrow morning the east wind will be pelting the earth with snow.

HORACE LUNT.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

### Queer Occupations.

**A** SPRIGHTLY, genial old gentleman, whose post-prandial fruit and nuts the writer often shares, is possessed by a quaint little sprite which has a mania for exploring all sorts of queer nooks and out-of-the-way places. He is abroad every pleasant day,—having nothing else to do,—ministering to the whims of the sprite, now making the tour of the docks, now peering into the dark crannies of the Tombs, again prowling round the old city church-yards, St. Patrick's, the Marble Cemetery, old St. Paul's, Trinity's, for a queer inscription or a handful of dust once honored and famous. These are his morning fancies. In the afternoon one may see him loitering about the taxidermists' and bird-fanciers'-shops in Chatham and North William Streets, mousing among the col-

lections of the old-book-men on Nassau, or hear his cane merrily thumping the stairs in the old business-rookeries of the streets leading west from City Hall Park, bent on a confab with several old cronies whom he has unearthed there in their seven-by-nine holes and thawed out by his geniality. His reminiscences over the coffee are pleasing. "The census of 1880," he observed on a recent occasion, "gives New York 1,206,299 inhabitants, Brooklyn—practically one with her—had 566,663, and within what but for natural obstacles would be the city limits we may count a population of fully two millions, all requiring to be fed, clothed, housed, and amused, and the majority under the necessity of earning with hand or brain the wherewithal to compass it. Of this great mass of people not all will be butchers, bakers,

and manufacturers of candelabra,—trades patent to every observer. Some will have the genius to invent new and untried avocations: hence the curious may find in the city a sort of inner world of busy toilers, whose signs are never displayed to the public gaze, whose patrons are found only among a restricted class, and whose existence is unsuspected by the mass of their fellow-citizens. Perhaps the most distinctive member of this order I have ever met is a decayed gentlewoman, gifted with a fine literary instinct, who gains a comfortable and honorable livelihood by coaching—I cannot find a more expressive term—the fashionable ladies of her acquaintance in the current literature of the day. This lady absorbs the new books and magazines as they appear, and imparts a digest of their contents—a description of the plot or plan, a summary of the more striking passages and sentiments—to her patronesses, too much employed themselves with their round of social duties and charities to attempt it. Thus, with little outlay of time or application, the smattering of literature and art so necessary to preserve one's standing in polite society is gained. Sometimes the information is given in the form of literary conversations, at which several ladies are present, and which are said to be very enjoyable affairs. I met a whimsical little lady in a bird-fancier's shop one day who gained her bread—very well buttered it was, too,—a person of fine vocal and histrionic powers, and who reminded me forcibly of Dickens's 'dolls' dress-maker'—by teaching parrots and mocking-birds to mimic and canaries to sing. The professional models are fast becoming an important guild, and yet the young artist who first introduced them into America only won his spurs at the Academy exhibition some three years since. Five years ago, he told me, when he returned to New York from Paris, a professional model was not to be found here; and he gave me an amusing account of his mishaps and queer adventures in securing and training his first. There are now scores of men and women in the city whose faces

and forms are literally their fortunes, who have no regular occupation other than posing for the artists; and there are many more who pose occasionally, as their services are needed. I do not include in the latter class those fair ladies who sit now and then for a Diana or an Astræa, simply to oblige a friend. I have often come in personal contact with the artists' model, and always to my entertainment. A pleasant memory now comes to me of being in a friend's studio one day when, after a timid knock, the door opened, and one of those ragged little Italian match-sellers so common in the streets of New York came in; but with what a face!—like one of Raphael's cherubs, instinct with the delicate personality of the poet. My friend went into ecstasies, and, seizing his note-book, circled about the boy, overwhelming him with questions as to his name, age, and residence, and only dismissed him on his promise to come and sit whenever he should send him word. 'It is thus you get your models,' I remarked.—'We are always looking for them,' he replied. 'I have been so reduced as to take my seat in the public squares and scan the faces of passing beauties till my ideal came.'

"Walking down Broadway one day with an artist-friend, we passed a fruit-stand at which sat an old man whose face seemed strangely familiar: it was shrewd and quizzical and framed in with white, flowing locks and a full white beard. 'Where have I seen that face?' I remarked musingly.—'On the walls of the Academy for years past,' replied my friend. And then I recognized it as having figured in several notable paintings at the Academy exhibitions. The face interested me so strongly that I begged its owner's address, and one day paid him a visit. The number given took me to a mildewed old rookery on South Fifth Avenue, below Bleecker Street, its basement occupied by an old-clo'es-shop. 'You go up yer,' said the old crone who kept it, in answer to my inquiries, indicating a narrow, noisome alley, 'an' take the fust basement-door on the left, under the fust high stoop.' The court to which this alley gave access

was the dingiest I had ever entered. Garbage was strewn plentifully about. The houses that hemmed it in were of wood, and so old I fancied them to have been standing when Captain Kidd was hobnobbing with the city merchants. Broken bricks on the chimneys, clapboards swinging and creaking, windows stuffed with straw and old rags, testified to their general dilapidation. The old model's room contained a rude settle, a ruder table, a cook-stove, sadly in need of blacking, in which smouldered a fire that did not make its presence felt; there was no carpet on the floor, and the blasts came freely in through the cracks of door and window. I had rarely seen a more comfortless poor man's domicile. An old woman, his wife, lay on the settle, groaning with rheumatism. The old man received me affably, evidently scenting a customer, and his fingers closed greedily on the coin with which I atoned for my intrusion. By degrees I learned his history. Landing in Boston, from Ireland, he found a place as messenger-boy at the Tremont Hotel, and, when the Astor House was opened, was transferred thither. The Astor at that time was the resort of the great men of the nation when visiting the city, with most of whom 'Dan' became a great favorite, and several of whom he attended on their journeys as valet. He remembered preparing Governor Morgan and Thurlow Weed for their journey to Washington on the day of Lincoln's inauguration. After a while he drifted out to Buffalo, and, in the employ of the Erie Railway Company, lost his sight for a time through inflammation of the eyes. Then, because he could do nothing else, he came back to New York, and opened a fruit-stand on Broadway, continuing there until an artist discovered him and opened up a more lucrative occupation. 'I still keep my stand, though,' he added, in conclusion.—'But how do you manage when summoned to the studios?' I asked. 'Oh, close it up,' he said. The artists, he further told me, paid him fifty cents an hour for his services; 'but it's hard

work,' he added, 'and I play so many parts I lose myself half the time. Let me see, now,' counting on his fingers: 'durin' the past week I've been a Santa Claus, an' a St. Christopher, a Scotch shepherd in the Highlands, a Norman peasant, a Brigand of the Sierras, and 'Old Age.' Then it's hard work sittin' still so long. I like the lady artists best. Here is one, you see, wants me to sit for her lady students to-morrow. They keep one amused, an' don't forget you are eighty-four, and have a cup o' tea ready when the sittin's done. If it wasn't for the cold winters, I would leave the profession an' stick to the stand; but when the sun leaves I have to leave: apples 'll freeze, ye know, an' an old man too, on some of these January days.'

"A business errand for a friend introduced me one day to a queer sort of literary man,—an advertisement-writer for whoever would employ him. If you are familiar with country newspapers you've often been stranded on articles sandwiched in among the reading-matter that opened prosperously with some historic or poetic incident, or perhaps some allusion to a recent event of public interest, and, after continuing for half a column, ended in a barefaced puff of some patent medicine. You can fancy them as being written on a rude pine table, in a room in which only the barest comforts appear, by a thin, blear-eyed man, whose haggard face still bears traces of a former refinement. Once, I heard, he was a journalist attached to a reputable city journal, but drink or incapacity lost him his position. Then he was engaged by a large concern at a stated salary to write their advertisements. This too he lost by the same means, and so drifted down to the catch-penny employment in which I found him. You saw me the other day—my cane and I—toiling up the stairs of that old building on Murray Street. Well, up five flights in that old building is the studio of another queer genius,—an heraldic painter,—a person as admirable for his antiquarian lore as for his artistic skill and invention. Who would sup-

pose that here in republican America a man could sustain himself by emblazoning family arms and preparing genealogical trees? Yet this gentleman has lived for forty years by his art, and, I have heard, has amassed quite a competence. His two dingy little rooms give the visitor an impression of the mediæval. The emblems and paraphernalia of his peculiar art confront one everywhere on the walls,—genealogical trees, family arms emblazoned in the brightest colors, portraits in mats and mildewed frames, helmet, shield, crest, supporters, lambrequin, wreath, mottoes, and all the quaint inventions of heraldry. There are mouldy volumes, too, filled with ponderous lore, charts, genealogies, historical engravings, monuments, and other minutiae of his queer calling. For forty years the old painter's world has been these dingy little rooms, his books, and his work. He has had many visitors in his retirement; some fragments of family history, and many a tragedy and romance stranger than fiction, have come to his notice; but one must be much more than a casual visitor to win from him even a word as to the nature of these experiences.

"He has a neighbor equally gray, reticent, and peculiar in his vocation. 'Old-claim lawyer,' this genius styles himself in his circulars, and his specialty is recovering lost or unclaimed estates, or searching for missing heirs or next of kin. Almost every issue of your morning paper contains an advertisement telling an old, old story,—the death of the English or German father, the name of his son and heir, when last heard from in some State or Territory in America, and asking information as to his present residence. These advertisements the old-claim lawyer cuts out and pastes in a volume which he styles his Library of Records, and which, in the course of twenty years of clipping, has grown to fifteen hundred volumes, referring to one hundred and fifty thousand claims to property advertised in England and on the Continent for heirs or legal representatives. He has besides this the Directory of every considerable town in

the Union, nearly every family genealogy published, and a scrap-book containing the account of every accidental death, and every case of suicide or murder or execution, that comes within his notice. Quite often, by means of these, he is able to give the information sought by the foreign attorneys, and receives a liberal fee. His chief revenues, however, are derived from those who believe themselves heirs to property in the 'old country,' and who employ him to make an investigation, and, if successful in this, to prosecute their claims in the foreign courts.

"I might go on to enumerate scores of other queer craftsmen—the old-bookmen, the dealers in coins, autographs, and minerals, the taxidermists, the old-print-sellers—who gain a livelihood in the great city by means which would be totally inadequate in less thronged communities; but we will reserve that for another sitting."

• C. B. T.

#### A French Album.

TWELVE years ago, albums with five-and-twenty questions were the fashion in all the *salons* of France. The "*Figaro Littéraire*" publishes a page from that of Madame Emilie Ernst, in a *fac-simile* of the handwriting of the elder Alexandre Dumas, the author of "*Monte-Christo*."

What is your favorite virtue? Charity.

What are your favorite qualities in a man? Indulgence.

What in a woman? Lovingness.

What is your favorite occupation? Hard work.

What is the most prominent feature in your character? Careless indifference.

What is your idea of happiness? Love reciprocated.

What is your idea of unhappiness? The loss of one beloved.

Your favorite flower and your favorite color? The tea-rose and garnet.

If you were not yourself, who would you like to be? Victor Hugo.



Where would you like best to live? Anywhere,—provided I had a wife, pen, ink, and paper.

Who are your favorite prose writers? Walther Scott [*sic*], Cooper, Mérimée.

Who are your favorite poets? Hugo, Lamartine, De Musset.

Your favorite painters and favorite musical composers? Rembrandt [spelled Rembrad], Rubens, Weber, Bellini.

Your favorite male characters in history? Jesus Christ, Julius Cæsar.

Your favorite heroines in history? Madeleine, Jeanne d'Arc, Charlotte Corday.

Your favorite heroes in poetry or fiction? Childe Harold, Monte-Christo, D'Artagnan, Don Juan, Hamlet.

Your favorite heroines in romance or fiction? Diana Vernon, Mercedes, Niobe.

Your favorite food and favorite beverage? Bread and water.

Your favorite names? Emma, Maria, Petrus.

The object of your greatest aversion? I hate nothing and nobody.

What historical characters do you most detest? Cato, Philip II., Louis XIV.

What is your present state of mind? I am waiting for death.

What fault can you pardon most easily? I can pardon any faults except calumny, theft, and falsehood.

What is your favorite motto? Liberty, *Deus dedit, Deus dabit*, God gave, God will give.

#### Military Women of France.

"IN looking over the old chronicles of France, one is astounded," says M. Tranchand in his "*Femmes Militaires*," "at the long list of soldier-women, whose very names are forgotten at this day." And he cites a long list, indeed, beginning with feudal times. The following are some of those who distinguished themselves during the First Empire, or, more definitely, in the time of the First Napoleon:

Théophile Fernig and her sister Félécite served as lieutenants in the cavalry

of Dumouriez, and fought bravely at Valmy in 1792, at Anderlecht, and especially at Jemmapes, where one of them, unaided, captured two Hungarian soldiers.

Rose Barreau, surnamed "Liberté," enlisted with her husband and brother, and served in Spain under La Tour d'Auvergne. In an attack upon a redoubt she saw both husband and brother fall. In the desperate struggle, having used her last cartridge, she laid open the head of a Spaniard with the butt-end of her musket. Napoleon gave her a pension and had her received at the Invalides at Avignon.

Anne Biget, one of the vivandières of the Revolution, was decorated with the cross of honor by Napoleon, who seems to have had a great dislike to women-soldiers. He tolerated only vivandières.

The famous Ducoud-Laborde served in the Sixteenth Hussars, enlisting under the name Breton-Double. She won the shoulder-straps of quartermaster. At Eylau she killed a Russian captain. At Friedland she was seriously wounded. She dressed the wound herself, remounted her horse, and made prisoners of six Prussians. At Waterloo she saw her husband fall, had her leg shattered by a shell, and submitted to having it amputated on the battle-field.

Angélique Brulon was chosen ensign in 1822. She had served as quartermaster under Napoleon in the Forty-second Infantry. Daughter, sister, and wife of soldiers, she saw all that belonged to her perish on the field of glory. She distinguished herself especially at the siege of Calvi in Corsica. She was decorated in 1851.

Thérèse Sutter, a cavalry soldier in the Sixteenth Dragoons, saved the life of a superior officer. She was wounded and taken prisoner by the Austrians. She was pensioned by the government, and died recently at the Hospice des Menages.

Marie Schellinck carried the colors at Jena, where she was wounded. She was sous-lieutenant, having risen through all the ranks below that.

The *joli sergent* ("handsome ser-

geant") of the Twenty-seventh of the line was Virginie Ghesquière, decorated with the cross of the legion of honor for a daring act (*haut fait d'armes*).

Elizabeth Hatzler, who died recently in Philadelphia, was a survivor of the "Grande Armée." She was an Alsatian. She enlisted in the cavalry, and followed her husband to Moscow. At the terrible passage of the Beresina she stayed in the rear to succor her wounded husband, who was an officer. For many days she dragged him over the snow upon a sled; but, after all her heroism, they were both captured by the Cossacks.

Two years later, in 1814, having succeeded in getting back to France, she lost her husband, and then she emigrated to America, and settled in Philadelphia, where, according to the French journals, she died lately, at the age of ninety-one, in the full possession of her sad reminiscences.

Marie Fetter still lives in Paris, at No. 3 Rue des Martyrs. She was a *vivandière* in the battles of Dresden, Wagram, and Austerlitz, where she was noted for her self-abnegation and courage. Napoleon gave her a pension from his own purse. M. H.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"My House: An Ideal." By Oliver B. Bunce. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

AMERICANS of this generation, rejecting as they do their traditions of household habits and tastes, are eager for handbooks, manuals, primers, and suggestions of all kinds. Travel has shown them that every-day life against a picturesque background gains fresh values. As Iago declares of Cassio,—

There is a daily beauty in his life  
Which makes me ugly,—

so they are ready to say of Europe; and, with the easy acquisitiveness and adaptability which characterize them, they at once set about transforming their own *entourage* into something that suggests the Old World's mellowness and depth of coloring, comfort, and substantiality.

Accordingly, Mr. Bunce's little book, which is a compendium of the best ideas on the subject of building and furnishing which Americans have so far arrived at, is both useful and suggestive. He calls his house an "ideal," and confesses that it has an existence only in his "mind's eye,"—so that no reader can quarrel with his having rather impractically depicted delightful results without hinting at difficult processes. He says, for instance, "My house stands among trees and flowers; but there is not one distinctive flower-bed in all its grounds," which is a pretty idea, but impossible to realize, since cultivated flowers at least do not take

kindly to the companionship of trees, which deprive them of moisture, light, and soil. But it frees one from the oppression of commonplace and conventional standards to gain an impression of a stone house, with low, wide windows opening on meadows where buttercups and daisies spring about the feet and "tangleries" of roses, honeysuckles, and lilies charm the senses in every nook; where, on a pleasant slope, an orchard offers a play-ground for lovely girls who pick the blossoms in spring and merry men and women who gather the ripened fruit in the fall.

Once *within* his house, the author's views become more definite, realistic, and easy of accomplishment. He never loses sight of the general effect he wishes to produce, and refuses to shackle himself by accepting any color, no matter how beautiful in itself, which might dominate and thin away into insignificance his tapestries and bric-à-brac. He dislikes painted walls, and considers paper an excellent medium of color, besides being the most pleasing background. He likes to multiply draperies, and, to his mind, "a room liberally hung with curtains and portières seems to have shut out the disagreeable conditions of the world and to have enclosed within itself the peaceful serenities of home." His views of pictures and the style in which they are to be framed are very good, and whatever

subject he touches upon has interest for any one building, remodelling, or fitting up a dwelling-place. Few people have that infallible inward monitor called good taste which is to be relied upon in matters of choice, and it is well for the beauty of modern houses that such books are written to aid in the selection of forms, colors, and arrangements that shall be neither grotesque, pretentious, nor absurd. Still, no house is so pleasant to us as that which offers us friends whose surroundings all suggest themselves and their own charming play of intelligence displayed in what they like and what they buy. And the best beauty of a house, both within and without, comes from its gradual accretion of effects, habits, and customs which have roused associations and kindled sentiment quite independently of prescribed rules of beauty and taste.

"A Roundabout Journey." By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

EUROPE has by this time been so thoroughly gone over by the tourist and its representative features so fully noted down for the benefit of the general reader that the literary traveller needs to be on the alert not to utter fine sentences better phrased before, praise what has been already glorified too much, and strenuously insist on what is obvious. To avoid falling into this mistake, and to achieve originality in some way, many American writers have made their account of what they have seen a sort of miscellaneous burlesque, by lowering the worth of every inspiring fact and tradition, and, with an irrelevant sense of the ridiculous, detecting incongruities and absurdities where others had been stirred by a sense of the sacred, the heroic, and the sublime. Mr. Warner does not, we rejoice to say, belong to this class. He has plenty of humor, but realizes that there are times when an over-display of it has to be guarded against. For a writer to be worth our reading nowadays we insist that he shall have a power of seeing clearly and noting truly; and the author of "A Roundabout Journey" is a delicately veracious writer where his own impressions are concerned. He misses little of the suggestiveness of common things which lie about him; and even when he needs to use his imagination more than his eyes, his mental vision is singularly fine and accurate. The chapters on Spain and "Across

Africa" are especially lively and felicitous in treatment. He has the most perfect good humor and coolness with which to accept whatever comes in his way: even a bull-fight is vividly described, with plenty of sensibility, but without laying undue stress upon his own impressions of the scene. It must, however, be confessed that all his descriptions have a somewhat literary flavor, as if his perceptions were by this time trained to seize and classify objects and events with a view to their easy adaptability to the requirements of the pen. Pleasant as are his pictures of Southern Europe, many of them have the disadvantage of coming into direct comparison with those of Symonds, who can not alone arouse interest in great epochs, but answer it with a scholarship and a poetic imaginativeness that kindle interest and enthusiasm in the reader. A capacity for the free handling of historical and classical allusions belongs to but few Americans, for it is the result of no encyclopædic research, but only of long, ardent, and disinterested study. In the notes on Syracuse, Mr. Warner makes an unlucky blunder in saying that it is necessary to "study the scene with *Herodotus* in hand." It is, of course, a slip of the pen, but in connection with the theme it is suggestive and ludicrous. But his description of Sicily as it is to-day is pleasant reading enough, with droll accounts of the scanty adaptability of inns and landlords to the wants of the traveller. "It is an exciting place," he remarks of an hotel at Girgenti,— "a place where you struggle for existence and the landlord looks on in an amused manner." The table in the dining-room, he goes on to say, offers the clever invention of an electric bell. "I never saw anything so convenient. Without rising from the table, we could ring this as much as we liked." The only difficulty was that nobody by any accident ever answered the bell; and Mr. Warner suggests that a placard should be put up in Sicilian dining-rooms, saying, "The Lord will provide."

#### Fiction.

"Bethesda." By Barbara Eldon. New York: Macmillan & Co.

"Mumu, and The Diary of a Superfluous Man." Translated from the Russian of Turgeneff by Henry Gersoni. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

"Memorie and Rime." By Joaquin Miller. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

"Her Washington Season." By Jeanie Gould Lincoln. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

THERE is an evident striving after lofty ideals in "Bethesda" which, taken in conjunction with the foolish, futile plot of the story, points it out as the work of a youthful writer, who has gained her views of life more from exciting episodes in novels she has read than from observation of real men and women and study of the mainsprings of human action. The situation she has chosen is a forced and displeasing one, opposed to morality and reason, and palliated by none of those circumstances which sometimes act as a strongly-compelling force superior to the human agents who do and suffer under the decrees of fate against their own will. The style is turgid; there is a hazy obscurity about essential facts, and a redundancy of irrelevant descriptions, phrases, and richly-colored epithets which have the effect of confusing the reader's mind. Names, relationships, dates, seem to shift and alter on every page. Bethesda, the heroine, rejoices at first in the engaging diminutive of "Beth," but soon becomes "Esda," besides "Lily," "Girlie," "Sweetheart," and the like. Her lover at one time, moved to poetry, terms her "My Pool of Bethesda." A brilliant prima-donna who is a friend of the heroine's has so many appellations that one has frequently to weigh and compare chances as to her identity. The book is full of riddles of this sort, which perplex the attention yet do not arouse sufficient curiosity to prompt one to study out the intricacies of the subject.

Bethesda is a beautiful girl with a vague longing to undergo and renounce something, as a means of becoming nobler. She is twenty years old, and has a conviction that she shall never marry, yet at the same time looks forward to the coming of the "demi-god" who shall make her forget such presentiments. She has had lovers who failed to move her, and on meeting René d'Isten, who has a young wife now in Italy, her first idea is not of falling in love with him, but of striking up a complete friendship which shall bring out his softer emotions and round, complete, and define her own intellectual powers. She realizes that a possible precipice may lie hidden by these banks of roses she wishes to gather, but her thoughts run like this: "He was noble: it would not be degrading to admire, even to love, mentally, a married man, so that they remained ever on the

heights where base fogs could not reach them." A few days later, however, she discovers that the heights she has gained are not so impregnable but that a man in love, with evidently no inclination to live among the clouds in solitary grandeur, may scale them. At his demonstrations there is little trace of any proud virginity in Bethesda's attitude toward him, but instead a "mother's forgiving solicitude." "Perhaps I have hurt him, been a temptress to him, my noble, pure René," she says to herself.

René, however (as the author says at one time when he hides himself behind a window-curtain to watch Bethesda, who believed herself to be alone), "had a remarkable faculty for blotting himself out;" and although the fire of his passion burned up dangerously on occasions, Bethesda's extinguiser could muffle it when it seemed to threaten "the delicacy of their situation." The leading idea of the story is intended to be that of Dante led up to heaven through hell by the pure ministrations of Beatrice; but Beatrice in this case has to thread the labyrinths of the lower region herself before her own temptation passes away. After putting the ocean between herself and her married lover, she "investigates the abysses of her own mind," reads Goethe's "Elective Affinities," and deduces from its teachings the "majesty of virtue." There is much that is palpably absurd in the story, more that is hysterical and wearisome, almost nothing that is dramatically faithful or humanly true: it is never quite coherent, and, toward the end, thins out into utter insignificance.

"Mumu" first appeared in English in the pages of LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE in 1871, in the form of a translation from the French. There are some half-dozen of Tourgenieff's short stories absolutely perfect, each in its way, but none perhaps quite so exquisitely as "Mumu" shows the great artist's power to transfigure to our eyes the tenderesses, passions, agonies, which lie beyond speech and almost beyond sign in the silent heart of a strong, simple man. Carlyle gives the tale mention in one of his letters, and awards it high praise. The tragedy of the little story is, like all Tourgenieff's tragedy, of the most hopeless kind. No vista of happiness opens out of the harsh, savage facts of every-day life. We can see no prospect for Mumu except that of dogged endurance: no good comes out of the evil he has endured and must continue to endure. There is no conscious-

ness either for him or for us that his suffering is even made important by its relation to the general sense of human struggle and heroic example.

In this respect, the second story printed in this volume, "The Diary of a Superfluous Man," although more painful in some respects than "Mumu," leaves a less unbearable pressure upon the mind. Chulkaturin's miseries and failures seem to us largely the result of faults he might have corrected and avoided. He was in some degree a free agent, and not utterly crushed by an oppressive destiny against which his will was powerless to struggle. The reader, hating to be coerced by the dark realism of such a history into the belief that anything in life is utterly hopeless, hastens to argue that this man who found himself cut off from all the sweet and sacred ties of life was not humble enough, patient enough, faithful enough,—that, after all, he was an egotist who demanded much and gave little. Still, that the entire experience is true in some of its phases to almost every man and woman, no one can fail to admit.

This translation of the two stories has the merit of being the work of a native of Russia. He has not, however, as Russians are said to do easily, mastered the intricacies of the English tongue, and uses "will" and "would" in place of "shall" and "should" in a way to give a really grotesque effect to some of the most moving passages. Even a competent proof-reader, it might be supposed, would have been able to correct these blunders.

"Memorie and Rime" is perhaps too much of a medley to be correctly classified under the head of fiction, being a collection of notes from a diary in England, impromptu verses, sketches, and short stories. Altogether, the book is rather diverting, having much the same effect on the mind as an evening at a variety theatre, where one form of entertainment succeeds another,—no one thing very good, but each in its turn making way for something novel before one becomes critical. Mr. Joaquin Miller's London experience was quite well worth telling; and the talk at the "Rossetti dinner," where he met the pre-Raphaelites and æsthetes and heard their "wonderful utterances," is very characteristic. It

does not, however, give one the highest impression of the critical spirit which prevailed, and seems to have been suited in a measure to the taste of a wild child of nature, like the author of "Songs of the Sierras."

"Her Washington Season" ought to go far toward healing any sensibilities of Washington society-leaders, wounded by unfavorable comments upon, and descriptions of, their habits and customs in previous stories of life in the national capital. It is a series of letters written by two young ladies on a visit to that city, describing people and entertainments, and containing a slender thread of plot. Almost every person they meet is refined, high-bred, and courteous; vulgar Senators are unknown; indeed, the wives of Western members, hitherto beld up to contumely, are described as meeting Bostonians on their own ground of culture and refinement. Any one, in fact, who has the *entrée* of the best houses finds the manners and the ideas of the Faubourg St. Germain. Family and good breeding are all that are required of ladies: they "that have had losses" do not lose caste by seeking remunerative occupations; the "dress standard" is not regarded; in fact, society is as little spoiled and corrupted by worldliness and vulgarity as it is possible for society to be. There are many portraits from life, some labelled, and others too suggestive to be mistaken. President Arthur, the "first gentleman of the land," is flatteringly described. Foreign ministers are met in abundance, and some literary men—among others Mr. Charles Dudley Warner and Mr. Bancroft—walk through the pleasant scene.

"I wish somebody," one of the characters says on one occasion, "would write a book with a grain or so of truth in it,—somebody who will suggest that we are *not* all lobbyism, bad English, and tobacco-juice, that our manners are precisely the same as those of well-bred people elsewhere, and that we are tired of being made the butt and laughing-stock for our English cousins across the water by a clan of pseudo-literary people who see us through the distorting medium of their own vulgarity." And this the author of "Her Washington Season" seems to have made the effort to do.